



The Printer to the Reader!

Epnge delperous to knowe the name of the autoure of this mot worthy worke, (gentle reader) and the tyme of the writings of the same: I did not onely gather together such aunciente copies as I could come by, but also consult such me as I knew to be more exercised in the studie of auxiquities, then I my selfe haue ben. And by some of them I have learned that the Autour was named in oberte langelande, a Shropshere man borne in Elephinic, aboute. Distingles from Maluerne hiltes.

for the time when it was written; it chaunced me to ce an auncient coppe, in the later ende wherof was noted, that the fame coppe was written in the pere of oute I orde. an . till. C. and upne, which was before thes prefente pere, an bundred & rli.percs . And in the feconde lide of the . Ixbiti.leafe of thes printed coppe. I finde metion of a dere pere that was in the pere of oure Lorde, an.iti. bunded and. L : John Chichefter than bernge mapre of Loudon. So toat this a map be bold to reporte, that it was frate made and wapten after the yeare of our lord. M. iti. C. L. and before the pere, My, itit C, and it which meane Cpale was.lir. peres. Me may tuffy coiect thet fore, bit was firfte written about two hundred peres patte, in the trine of kringe Cowarde the thylde. In whose tyme it pleased Bod to open the epes of many to fe brs truth, geuing them boldenes of berte, to open their mouthes and cree oute agapuffe the morches of barckenes, as did John wicklefe. who also in those dayes translated the bolve Bible into the Anglice tonge, and this writer who in reportpuge certaine visions and dreames, that he farned him felfe to have dreas med: doeth mote christianlye entituct the weake, and harvly rebuke the oblinate blynde. There is no maner of vice, that reigneth in anye effate of men , whiche this tozpter bath not godly.learnedlye, and wittilge tebuked. Be wzote altogyther in miter: but not after f maner of our timers that write nome adaves (for his beries ende not alike) but the nature of bys miter is, to have thre wordes at the leaste in curry berce whiche beginne with some one letter . As for ensample, the firste two verses of the boke remie boon. Cas thus.

In a comer leason whan cette was the Sunne, in ope me into wrobbes, as I a hepe were.
The next runneth ppon. A. as thus.

The Brologe.

In habite as an Dermite buholy of werches, et.
This thinge noted, the miter that be very pleataunt to read.
The Englishe is according to the time it was written in, and the sence somewhat darcke, but not so harde, but that it may be understande of suche as will not kicke to breake the shell of the nutte for the kernelles sake.

As for that is written in the exervi, leafe of thys boke consecuringe a dearth theto come; is spoke by the knowledge of aftronomic as may well be gathered bithat he saith, Saturne sente him to tell And that whiche followeth and geneth it the face of a prophere; is lyke to be a thinge added of some other man than the syrke autour. For dinerse copies have it dinerally for where the copie that I followe hath thus.

And when you le the funne amille, & two monkes beades And a mapbe have the mailtre, and multiplie by erght.

Some other haue. Thre topppes and a thefe, with an eight folowinge Shall bringe bale and battell, on both halfe the mone.

Mowe for that whiche is written in the.l. leafe, cocerning the suppression of Abbaies: the scripture there alledged, desciareth it to be gathered of the insteadyment of god, whose well not suffer abomination to raigne unpunished. Loke not upon this boke therefore, to take of wonders pase or to come, but to amende there owne misse, which thou shalt fend here most charitably rebuked. The spirite of god grue

the grace to walks in the wape of truthe, to Gods glozy, & thyne owne coules healthe.

So beit.

The vicion of sierce ploughman, Sol.t. A a somer season when sette was the funne I hope me into throubes as I atherewere Inhabyte as an hermer bubolie of werkes wend myde in thys world moders to here, and on a Maye moznynge on Maluerne bylles De befel a ferly of fayzymethought. I was wery of wandzynge and wente me to refte Under a brode banke by a bourne fyde and as I lave and lened and loked on the water I flom bred into a flep ying, it floyed to mery. Than gan I to meter a marueyloule sweven That Iwas in worldeenes I wyste newer where as I behelde into theade an typhe to the dinne amis pli I lawe a tower on a toffetychely che ymaked A depe date benerhe a dimografithetin. accept depe openes a durche and diendfull of fyght A fayte felde full offolke, found Tellere betwene Df all maner of men the meane and the cyclic Werkynge and wandsprige as the westbeatheth. Some pat hem to the ploughe, pleden full kide In lettynge and fologinge Cwonken fuff harde And wonnen that wasters with glotony bistopen And some put hem to paybe apparelde thereafter In countinauce of clothynge commenly difgiled In prayers and penaunce putten hem manye In hope to have after beauenryche blyffe And for the love of our lorde lyueden full harde As Ankers and Bermets that hold hem in her felles And toweren nought in contrey to carten aboute fot no igqueroute livele de her likam to pleafe. And forme chosen chaffer, they cheueden the better As it semeth to once sighte that suche do theinen 91112 And

Comon Achars And mythes to makenas mynstrelles kunneth
and gerten golde wyth her glee, synles I leve
as Japers and Janglers Judas chyldren
fayneth hem fantasies, and foles hem maketh
And han her wytte at wyll to worke if they shoulde
That Paule preacheth of hem I not not prevent here
and loquitur turpitoquium.
Sydderis and beggeris faste aboute yede
Wyth hyr bealies a hyr bagges of bread ful cramed
Faytenden for her sode, soughten at the ale
In glotony Bod wote gone they to bedde
And tyle wyth tybaudy as thebertes knaues
Stepe and sory south seweth hem ever

e figtims

pligrames a Palmers plyght hem togyther for to leke. S. James and layntes at Rome
They went forth they way, with many wife tales,
And had leave to live all hyr lyte after
I see some that sayd they had sought sayntes
To eth a tale of they tolde, her tong was tepred to lye
More then to say sothe, it semed by hyr speache.

Dermets

Bermets on a beape with hoked staues with the weether after. Wenten to Moallingham, a her weether after. Greate loubeix and longe y loth were to swynke Clothed hem incopes to be knowen from other and shopen hem Hermets her ease to have

Arpars

Preached to the people for profite of hem selves

Diosed the gospellas hem good lyked

for conetous of copes, construct as they would

Many of these maister friers might cloth he at liking

for her money a her marchasoise marchen togither,

for lith charitie was chapma a chefe to thrive lordes

Wany

Many ferieis haue fallen in fette peres

But holy churche and 3 hold better togyther

The most mischiefe on molde is mountinge welfast.

There preached a pardoner as he a priest were pardon Brought forthe a buil with many bythoppes seales nave and said that him selfe myght absorie hein all

Of fallehode and of fastinge, and of bowes broken Lewde men leved hym well and lyked hys wordes

Commen by buelynge to kyllehys bulles and ber eles

And raught with his ragmaboth ringes and brothes

Thus they give they? gold glotons to kepe and the

Bys seale thouse not be fent to deceyue the people

And it is nought by the bilbop that the boy precheth

That the powerty of the paryth Could have if they ne

perlos a per priestes pleyned heto y bishop (were Rontes

That her parithes were pooze lithe p peltilece time

To have a lycence and leve at London to dwell

To lynge there for Simony, for filuer is swete.

Bilhops and bachilozs, both malters a doctours That have cure buder Christe, and crowning in toke And ligne that they should thry ue her parishynges Dreache and pray for hem, and the pore fede,

A pe at London in lenten and elles

some serven the kynge, and hys sylver tell

In Cheker and in chauncery, chaleng his dettes.

Of wardes a warmottes of waynes and strayues and some serve as servautes to lordes and to ladyes

and in stede of Stewardes litte and deme,

3.ii,

Her

Her masses and her mattens, and many of her hours Are done budewoutlye diedeis at the laste Lest Chist in consistory accure full many.

I percepued of the powie that Peter had to kepe To bynden and bubinden, as the boketellerh How che left it with love, as our lovde highe Amonges foure between, the best of all bettues, That Cardinalles ben called and closing yates.

There Christis in kingedome to close and to thit, And to open it to hem, and heisens blille thewe Indoor Cardinals at court y caught of that name and power presumed in hem a Pope to make To have that power that Peter had impunge I nel, for in love and letture the election belongeth, for thy I can and cannor, of court speke more.

Then came there a kynge, knyghthode hym ledde Myght of the commons made him to reygne, and than came kinde wytte, and clerkes he made for to counsell the king and the communes saue.

The kynge and knyghthode, and clergy bothe Calten that the commons thoulde hem selnes fynde, The commons contrined of kinde wytte crastes and for profit of all the people plowe men orderned To tyli and to travel as true lyfe asketh.

The kynge and the commons, and kind wit the third Shope lawe a leauty every man to know his owne.

Then loked by a Lunatike, a leane thinge with all and knelpinge to the kinge clergially he fayd this kepe the fyz kinge, and thy kingeyche and leve the lede thy londe so leavely the loveth and for thy rightfull rulynge, be rewarded in heven, and sithen in the agreen height an aungel of heven

Lowde

Lowde to speake in latin, for lewde menne rouldes Jangle ne indge that instifie hem thoulde and secuen, forthye sayd the angell

Sum tex fum princeps, urutrum fortalle beinceps

O qui Jura regis, Chifit specialia regis,

Borquod agas melius, lustus es ello pius

Rudum iusa re vekiri valt pierate,

Qualia vismetere, talta grand sere
Si ius nudatur, nudo de iure metatur,

Si seritur pirtas, de pietate metas.

Than greued hum a Goleardeis a gloto of words. And to the angell on hygh answered after

Dum Rera regere, dicatur nomen habere, Bomen habet line te, ni!i fluder iura tenere.

Than gan all the commons crye in berfe of latine To the binges counsel construe who so woulde in recepta regis, funt nobis vincula legis.

The tale of the rat tous.

and small mise with hem most then athousand and commen to counsel for the common profit. For a Catte of a contrive came whan him tyked and overleapt hem lyghtly a caught hem at his will and plated with hem perclously, and possed aboute, for doubt of divers diedes we dare not welloke and if we grutche at his game, he will greven by al Scratching by a clawfung by, ain his clawes hold. That we both the leseor he letters passe.

Myght we with any write his will withstand over myght be Lordes aloft, and lyve at our ease.

A ration of renowne most renable of tonge Sayd for a sourraygne helpe to him selfe. I have sene segges, quod he, in the city of Lodon: Bere bigbes ful bryghte about they neckes

A.III.

3nd

And some colers of craftie werke, becopled they wete Both in waren and in walte where hem felflyked Ind other whyle they arels wher, as I beare tell were there a bel on her bight bi Jefu as me thinkith Men might wet where they went and a warn tine.

and right fo quob that ratton reason me thewest To by a bell of braffe, or of bryght fyluer and knyt it on hys coller for oure comen profet Whether he ritte or reft or runto piere and if hym lift for to lake than loke we myght Ind pere in his pielens the while hym playe liketh and if he weath, be ware and his wave honne al this rowt of Battons to this reason they affented And the the bel was brought, a on the bight hanged There ne was a ratte in al p rowte for al p realme of That durst bynd the bel aboute p cats necke (frauce De hang it abowt the catts halfe al Englande to win Andhelde hem buhardie and ter cowncell feble And irther labor loffe and al their longe ftubie.

a mowifethat muche goode coude as me thought LD muis um bottis Stroke furth Gernelye and Gode befoze hem all filmorum And to the rowte of rations reherled thes wordes fuffragio, Though we kylthys cate, pet thulde ther cu an other, per de la Co catch by a al our kind, though we crep buder bes finis, fatu forthie I coucel al p comens to let peat worch) ches epris prin And be we never to bolde, the bel hym to the we for I barde mi lite lap leuen vere palled cipibus, non de ca mherethecat is a kylling, the courte is full elenge tare tenel That wytheffeth holy writinge who so will it rede fi dicat, b. + We terre Wbi puer meren lis Qua: bi rer pue foz may no reuke there reft haue, foz ratons binight The whil he catcheth conies be conitethnot our cario tills eft.

2But

But fedeth bim topeb beneto, defame we hom neuer for better is alpttelloffethen alonge forome The mase amonge be al though we mille a the me for manie mens malte we mple wolde defirore and also the rowte of rattons rente mens clothes Per the cat of that courte that can be ouerleape for had you rats poure work, you could not rule your Tale for me, quod p moule, I le comekel after (lelfe Shal neither p Cat ne p anling bi mi coucel be greuid De carpinge of this coler that colled me neuer And thought had coft me Catel, beknownit Inold But luffre as hym felfe wolde to done as hym liketh Coupled and bucopled to catche what they maye. fouthie ethe a wife wight I warn, wit wel his own sobat this metteles by meneth, pementhat be mery Deumeye for I Darenot by Dere God in beauen

Setgeats of plame.

pet houed ther an hundred in hownes of sike Sergeaunts pt besemed that seruen at the barre Deten for penies and poundes the lawe And not for love of our lord buclofen their lips once Thou myghtest better mete p mill on maluerne hils Tha gette a mume ofher mouth til mony be the wed Barons and burgeles, and bonde men allo I fee in thys assemble as re thall bereafter Bakefters, and bruefters and bothers many wollen websters, and wevers of lynnen Taylors and turkers, and tollers in markettes. Malons and minors, and many other craftes Dfall krnne lybbynge labozers lopen forth fome As dikers and deluers that done their dedes yll And dayne forth the long day with dieux faue daine Cokes and herknaues criden bote pies bote Good MIII K

The billion of site

Good geeleand gris goo wee dyne goo we Tauerners bnepli them tolde the fame with write of Diep, and redbe wone of Galcorne Of the rynne and of the Rochel the rolle to defre Thys lawe I fleppinge, and seven subes moze. in shar course bort can be on

Disaffus primus de bifione.

Dat this moutein bemeineth & p merke dale and p feld ful of folke & that you faire the to a louely lady of lere in lynen clothed it dans

Came Downe from a cattel a cailed me faire And laybe fonue fleapeft thou, feeft thou thys people

Howe buly they be all aboute the male?

The most part of this puple & palleth on this earth Daue they worthyp inchis world, they wil no better Df other heaven then here holde they no tale

I was afraged of her face, though the fagge were And fayd mercy madame, what is thys to meane?

The tour

The toure bpon the toft, quod the truth is therin. and wouldethat ve wrought as his word teacheth for heis father offayth, and former of you all Both with fel and w face, and gave you frue wittes for to worthy him ther wirea whyle re ben here And therfoze be berght the erth, to helpe you eche one Of wollen of lynnen and of lynelode at nede In mesurable maner to make you at ease And comanded of his curtefy in comenthie thringes.

Arn none nedful but tho, and named hem I thinke and rekened hem by rewe, reherfe ge hem after.

That one is besture from chevie to faue And incate at megle for difease of thy felfe

2nd

And dzinke wha thou dzielt, a do nought out of realo That & worth the worle, wha thou worke thouldett

For Lothe in his lyue dayes for lykynge of dryncke Lord, Did with hys doughters that the deuil lyked Delited in drynke as the deuyll woulde And Lechery him laught, and lay by hem both, And all he write the wyne that wicked dede

Incbriamus cum vino, dormiamulque cum co bt ceruare pollimus de patre nofiro femen.

Through women there was Lothaccubred And there gat in glotony gyzles that were cherels forthy drede delectable drinke, a thou halt do p bet-Deafure is medicine, though you michel perne (ter At is not all for the gofte that the gutte afteth Leefenot thy lykam foz a lyer bym techeth That is the wretched worlde woulde f betrap for the fende and the flethe foloweth the togythers This a that feeth thy foule, and feeth it in thine herte. And for thou houldest beware, I wythe the the best Badame mercy, quod I, me liketh wel your words and the monye of this mold that men to fast holdeth Tell me to whom madame that treasure appendeth Go the gospell, quod the, that god sayd hym selfe Tho p people him apposed to a peny in the teple Whether thei thould ther wouthip the king Celar And God afketh hem of whom spake the letter And the image plike that therein flandeth Cefares they fayde, we fene her well ichone Beddite Cefariquod god, that Cefari belongeth Et que funt bei beo,02 els re Done pll for tyghtfull reason Choulde rule you all And kynd witt be warden your wealth to kepe

25.1.

and

Bietce Bloughman.

Ind tutoz of your treasure, and take you at nede for hulbandre and hit holden togither. Than I frayned hyz fayze for hym that me made The bun Chat Dungeon in the bale, that Diedfull is of foght 200 hat may it be to mcane, madame I you befech. gcou. That is the castell of care, who so commeth therin Day banne that he borne was, to body or to foule, Therin wonneth a wyght that Wzongeis Ihote father of fallehead, and founded it him felfe Adam and Eucheegged to pil, Councelled Carne to hyll hys brother Judas he taped with Jewes filmer Judas And lithen on an elder hanged hym after He is letter of love, and lyeth hem all That trule in hys treasure betraieth he sonest That had I woder in my wyt, what womait were That luche wrie wordes of holy write the wed And I alked her on & height name oz the thece rede w hat the were wyfely, that wythed me so fayze Dolp church I am, quod the, poughtett me to know I boderfeng the frast, and the fayth taught Thou broughtest me borowers, my bidbings to fuls And to love me lelly, b whyle the life dureth Than I courbid on my knees and cried her of grace And prayed hyr pituoully pray for my fynnes And also kenne me kyndelp, on Christe to beleue That I myght worke hys will & wrought me to ma Teache me to no treasure, but tell me thys tike Howe I map faue mp foule, that faynt art pholoen. Whan al treasures aretried, quod the, truth is best I Doit on Deus charitas, to Deme the fothe It is as dere worth a drury, as beare Godhim feife, who

But

Ind both the workes, therew, and welleth no may let me is a god by the golpella grounde, a a loft. And lyke to our Lord by laint Lukes wordes. The clerkes that knowe thys, thould kenne it about for christen, and buchristen claymeth it echone kynges and knyghtes thoulde kepe it by reason. Aiden and tapen downe in realmes aboute. And taken transgressours and tye hem falle. Tyll Truth termined her trespace to thende. And p is the profession apartly p appedeth to knyghts. And not to fast one stiday, in fyue sore wynter. But hold with him and whir, that wolden al truth, Ind neuer leve hem for love, no for lackyng of silver.

for David in hys dayes dubbed knyghtes And did hem fwere on her fwerdto ferue Truth euer madennia And who so passed p point was apostata in pordre ghtes But Chrifte kyngot kyngis made knyghtes ten Cheruben and Seraphyn fuche feuen and other and gaue he might in his matellie, p merter he thous And ouer his mene meiny made be archangels (abt Taught by the triniere Truth to knowe To be burome at hys byddinge, he bade benought Lucifer with legions, lerned it in heauen (cls Tucifer But for he brake buromnes, hys blyffe can be tyne mas caffe And fel from that felowthyp, in a fendes lykenes out of bea Into adepedarke hell to dwell there for ener uebicaule And moothoulandes whym, tha man could nubre, pride of bys Loppen out wyth Luciferin lothlych forme forthele leuidenapon hrm that fred on thys maner 18 onam pedem in aquilone et fimiliscro Altiffimo. And al y hoped it might be so, no heue might he hold

25.ii.

But fell out in fendes lykenes nyne dayes togyther Tyll god of bys goodnes gan stable and fignte And garbe the heuen to Aycke and Aond in quiet mhen thele wycked went out, in woder wife they fell Some in agre, some in earth, and some in hell depe. And Lucifer lowest leth ret of hem all for pride that he pult out hys payne hath no ende And al that worke with wrong wende they that After their death day, and dwell with that threwe And tho that worke well, as holy wryte telleth And end as I ere fayd in Truth that is the best May be liker that they? soules that wende to heaven There Truth is in trinific and troweth hem all Forthy I lay as I laydere, by lyght of these textes, so han all treasures are tried truth is the beste Lerne on thys lewd men, for lettred men ir knoweth Truth is That Truth is treasure the triest on earth. the greas I have no kind knowing quod I, re mote me ke bets By what craft in mi copps it comfeth, wher Thou doteft daffe, quod the, dull are thy wyttes To tel latin thou learnedest leade in thy youth Ben mibi, quia derilem buri, bitam tuuenilem It is a kind knowing, quod he, that kenneth in g bett Hozto louethy Lozde leuer than thy felfe. Do deadly synne to do, dye thoughe thou chouldeste, Thys I trowe be truth, who can teach the better Loke thou luffer hym to fay, and fith lerne it after for Truth telleth that love is triacle for finne May no synne be on hym sene, that bleth that spyce Andal hys works he wrought with love as him lift And lernedit Moles for pleuteft thing, of all And also the plant of peace, most precious of bertues TO2

reft treas fute.

forbenen myght not hold it, it was fo heavy of him Tyll it had of the erthe poten it felue and and (felfe And whan it had of this folde flethe and bloud taken mas neuer leafe apon linde, lyghterthere after des And portative and persante as the poynt of annedle That might non armoure it let, ne none heigh walles Forthie is love leader of the lordisfolke of heaven And a meane as the Maire is betwene pking a the Right fo is loue a leader, a the lawe thapeth (comons Ulpon man for his misoedes, the mercyinet he tareth And for to knoweit kyndlie, it cometh by mighte And in the hert there is the hefde, and the hygh wyll Fozofkyndknowing in hart therea might begineth And that falleth to the father that formed be at Delooked on be wyth lone, and let his cone die De ekelie for oure misoedis to amende bs all And yet wold he he no woo & wrought him & payne But mellie wyth mouth mercie he besought To have pitty on that people that pained him to beth Here might you see cramples in selfe one That he was mightfull and meke pmercie can graut To hem that hange him on height, a his harr thirled for the Tred you Ryche haueruthe on the pore Though ye be mightti to mot be meke in poure woz for the same mesure & ye mete amis, other ells (kes Pe that be weien therewith whan ve wenden hence Cabem menfura qua menti faeritis, temetietur vobis Toz though ye be true of your toung a truelich wyn And as chaft as a childe that in churche wepeth But if ye loue lelie, and leue the poze Such good as God you fent goodliche parte You have no moze merit in malle noz in houres 2B.iti. Than

pierce ploughman.

Than Malken of her may benhede o no man beliteth for James the Jentle Judged in bys bokes That faythe wo wte p frate is right nothing worth And as deade as doze tree, but if the dedes followe Jides fine operibus mortua ca & c Forthi chastiti wought chariti worthi cheines in hel It is as lew be as a lampe that no lyght is m Manie chaplens ar chaft and charitie is awaye ar no me anariciouler that they, what thei be anauced Tinkynde to theyze kynne and to all christen Chewen theyze charitie and chiden after moze Such chastitie wout charitie worthie charnes in hel Mante curators kepe hem clene of here bodies They be acubied to couleties they canot do it frothe So harbe hath auarice hafped them togrthers And that is no trueth of p trinitie but trechery of bel And lernyge to lewde men the latter for to dele Forthiethele wordis be written in the gospel Date et Dabitur bobis. for I Dele you all That is the locke of loue that letteth owtemp grace To comforten the carefull accombred to finne Loue is leche oflyfe andnert owze lozde felfe And also the grayth gate that goith into heuch Forthie I layeas I laydeer by the textes Whan all trefutes be tryed truthe is the best So have I told you what truthis p no trefoz is bet I may no loger leng ye to, now loke re oure lozd (tet

Daffus fecundus de bifione

Et I cozbed on mi knees a tried her of grace And feid merci mada for maris lone of heue That bare p blifful barne p bought be on p then me bi some craft to know pfals. (rode Loke apon thy lefte halfe and lo where he Condeth Both falle and faucl and her feris many I loked on my left halfeas the ladie me taught and was ware of a woman worthilech clothed Durfiled with plefure thefynelt apon erthe Crowned with a crowne the kinge hath non bittter fettilleche ber fyngers were fretted wi goldewrer And there on ted Kubies as redas any glede And dyamods of dereft prices double maner laphirs Dienrales and Ewages benemis todestrope 1) 12 to be was full riche, of red fcarlet engrayued sorth Rybandes of red golde and of rych fiones Ber arraye me rauiched, fuch Biches fame Ineuer I had wonder what the was, a whole wyfe the were What is this woman quod I so worthille atyred. That is Dede p maid quod the hath noise meful oft and lacked my lemman that leautie is hote and biloweher to lordes that lawes have to kepe In the popes palaice, the is preup as my felfe But Sothenes weide not fo, foz the is a baftarde for falle was her father that hath a fyckell tounge And never fothe fand lithen he cam to erth And Dedeis maried after hom right as kind afketh Qualis pater, talis filius, bona arbor, bonum frucit facit. I ought be hier than the I cam of a better My father the gret Godis, and ground of al graces One God woute bigininge, a Thys good daughter and bath gruen me mercie to matrie with my selfe And

And what man be mercifull and lelie me loueth Shalbe mylozde and I his life in the heigh heuen And what man taketh mede inp hede dare I leve That he that leafe for her loue a lyppe of Charitatis Dow constructh Dauid the kong of me p take mede and men of this molde that magnitagnith truthe and howeve thould faue youre felfe p pfalter berith Domine quis habitabit in Tabernaculo tho & c And nowe worthe this Abede marted buto a mazed To one fals fikell tounge a fendes byete (threwe fauel through his fair (pech hath this folkenchautid And al his liers ledinge that the is thus wedded The mozowe was made the mardens bridake And there might thou wit if f wilt, which thei ben al That longen to that lost thip, the leffe and the more knowe hym thereifthou cand, a kepe though toug And lak he not, but let he worke tol leutie be Juftice And have powe to punyth he than put forth thi realo for I bikene the Chist quod the a his clene mother and let no conscience acubre the forconetife of Debe Thus lefte me that ladie ligging a nepe and howe mede was marted in metals me thought That al the riche reteinaunce o teineth to the falle were bounden to the bridale on both twoo fides Df al maner of men the meane and the riche To marie the maybe was manie a man affembled As of knights a of clarkes and other comon people As lifozes and formoners, Shrenes and ther clerks Bedelles and bailiffes and brokers of chaffer. forgoers and bitellers and advocates of tharches I can not reken the route that ranne aboute Bede And Simonre and Civile and Silours of courtes mere and fauell was the fyilte that fet her out of boure, and as a broker brought hir to be to falle eniogned

They afferted for squer to saye as bothe woulde Than leepe Lyer forthe and sayde to here Charter That Gyle to hys greate othes gave hem togyders and prayed Cyuyll to see, and Simony to reade it Than Simony and Civyl stond forth both togyther and busfolde the feosfemente that Kalle hath ymade and thus beginneth these gomes to grede ful hergh.

Osciant presenteset futurt.e. Waritas

That Mede is marred more for hir goodes num cum feotteme-Than for anye bertue or fayrence, or anye free kynd, to in ma: Callenes is fague of hyz, for he wooteth hyz ryche lo fcodo And fauell wyth his ficle speach feffeth him by thys et de per-To be paynce in payo, a Pouerty to despile (charter uerla te-To backe bite and to boffen a to beare falle wytnes To storne and to scould, and sclaunder to make Unborome and bold to breake the ten beftes and the Erledome of Enuye and 200 rathe togythers worth the Chastilet of Cheeste and chateryng out of The contry of couetife a al the coffes about (reason That is blury and auarife, all hem graunt In bargaines a in brocages wal p borough of theft

And all the lozdethyp of Lechery in length a in brede As in workes a in wordes a in waytinges with eyes And in wedes a in withynges, a with idle thoughtes There as wyl woulde a the workmanthippe fayleth.

The all daye to dirncke at divertetabernes

C.f.

and

picres Bloughman.

Ind thereto langle a to lape, a indge hir enenchzisten Ind in fastringe daves to frete ere full trine were And than to litte and soupe, tyll seepe bem asayle and brede furth as bozonghe fwine, and bedden hem Tril Sleuth and slepe styken hyz froes And than Wanhope to awaken hem fo with no wil for they liven by lufte that is hir lafte ende (to amed And they to have and to holde and hyz heyzs after A Dwellynge wyth the deuplia damped be fozener wythal fappertinances of purgatory into ppaine Peldyngefor thys thringe at one reres end, (of hell Their foules to Satan to fuffer with him paynes And white to wone woo, while god is in heuen In witnes of which shinge, woronge was the fyrite and Dierce the pardoner of Paulines doctryne Bette the bedell of Buckyngham Chiere Raynolde the reue, of Rutlande lokene Maude the inginer, with many moother In the Date of the Doupl thys debe Tenfeale By fratt of fre Simony and Ciuris leave.

The trive

That ened him Theology whehe this tale harde and layd to Tinyl, nowe lozowe myght you have Such weddinges to worke to wrath with Truth, and er this wedding be wrought now god give plocated And Edge is mulier of amendes engended (rowe and God graunteth to grue Mede to Truth and phast gene hir to a giloz wo the betyde Thie text telleth the not so, Truth woote p Sothe for Dignus en operatius, his hyre to have And thou hast fastened hir to False, fre on thy lawe for al by lesynges thou livest and lecherous workes symony and thy selfe shenden holy church

The

Brybes

The Aptaries and penove the people pe hall abre it both by god that made me amell ve mytte wernardes, but if your wort fayle That falle is faythles and fykil in hys werkes and was a baftard bome of Belfabubs kynne and Debe is a multer a mayben of good And inyght kylle the kynge for colin if the would. Therefore worke by wylDome, and by my wyt alfo And leadely to London there it is thewed If anye lawe well loke, they lygge togyther And thoughe justice judge hir to be to yned to falle Pet beware of weddrige, for wrttpis Truth And Colcièce is of his could a knoweth you rehone And if he find you in default, and wyth faile hold It thall bifet your foules full fore at the latte Dereto affent Cyuyle and Simony ne wolbe Tyl he had mony for hys feruice, a alfo the notaries

Than fet Kauell forth florences inowe

And bade opie to grue golde aboute

And namely to the Potaries that hem none fagle

And feffe Kalle wrines with florence inowe

For they may Wede may fire and make at my wil.

Tho this gold was genen great was the thaking To falle and to fauell for hir farre gyftes And come to conforten fro care the falle And lythen ceries ly cealen thail we never Til Mede be wedded wife through p wits of us al for we have Nede maistred with our merye. That the granteth to go with a good will (speach To London to loke if the lawe woulde Judge you to yntly in tore for ener Than was fallenes sayne, and fauell as blyth,

pierce Bloughman.

And letten sommon all segges in thires aboute
And bade hem al to be bowne beggers and other
To wend whem to westmister to witnes this dede.
And that caried they forth caples to cary hem thither
And fauell fette forth then foles inowe
And set Wede byon a Shireue thode all newe
And faile sate on a Sisoure that softly trotted
And fauel on a platterer feetily attired.

Tho had Potaries none anoied they were for Simony and Civill thoulde on they fete gange, and than two se Simony and Civill bothe That conners thould be fadled, a ferue hem echeone and tet apparel these provisors in palfreis wise Sir Simony hym selfe thall sit on their backes

Deanes and Subdeanes drawe you togyther Archedecons and officials and all your regellers Let laddle hem with sylver our synne to suffer As advourry and divorces, and derne voury To be are Bilhops about abrode in distringe Daulines prives, for pleyntes in consistorie Shal serve my selfe that Civyll is named And carte saddle the Comisary, our cart that he lead And fetche by bitayles at fornicatores and maketh of Lier a long cart, to scad althese other As friers and faytours that on their fete runnen And thus false and favel faren forth togyther and Wede in the myddes and all these men after.

I have no tyme to tel the taile that here foloweth and Gyle was forgoer and guyded hem all Sothnes feethe hem well, and fayth but lyttle And pricked his palfrey and palled hem all And came to the kinges court, a Confeience it told

And

And Conscience to the kinge carped it after.

Row bi Chilt quod p kyng and I catch might fals of fauctof anie of there feeres
I wolde be wroken of tho wreches p worken thys il and done he hang bi p hals a al that he meinterneth Shal neuer man of thys molde maynprife the leect But ryght as the lawe wolloke, let falon hem all and communde a Constable that can at the fyrst. To attache tho Tyrauntes for any thing I hote and fetter fast falmes for any kynnes gyftes and gyrde of Gyles hed and let hym go no ferther and if ye cache Lycr let hymnotescape Or he be put on the pillerye for any prayers I hote and bringe Mede to me in mauger them all

Prede at the doze stode, and the dome harde How the king comaudid Constables a Sargeantes Falines and his feloship to fetter and to binden

Than dread went wyghtlye and warned the fals

And bad hym fle for fere. And his fellows ail
falsenes for feare than fledde to the Freers
And Gyle doth hym to go agast for to die
And Marchaunts meten whim and made him abide
And thitte hym in her shoppes to shewen here ware
Apparelled hym as a Prentice the people to serve

Lyghtlie Lyer leped awaye than
Lurkynge through Lanes to be lodged of manye
He was no where welcome for his manietales
Duerall hunted out, and I hote trusse
Cyll Pardoners had putie and pulled him in to house
They wash him a wipe him a wounde him in clouts
And sent hym wyth seales on sondayes to churches
Ind gave hym pardon for pence poundmele abowt
C.iii. Than

Bictet 15 loughman.

Then loured Leches and Letters they sente
That he houlde wonne with hem waters to loke
Spicers speken wyth hym to spie theire ware
for he coude of ther craste, and knewe many gomes
And minstreles and messengers mete with hym once
and helde hym halfe a yere and a lenen dayes
freers with faire speche fet hym thence
and for knowinge of comers coped him as a frere
and he hath lene to leppe owte as ofte as him liketh
And is welcome whan he wil a wonneth we the ofte
all stedden for seare and sloone in to hernes
saue mede the maide, no mo durst abyde
and trusic to tell the trembled for drede
and cke we pre and wronge whan the was atached

paffus tertius de vifione

Die is Bede the maide ano mo of he all m Bedels a bailifs brought before p kong The king called a clark can I not his name To take Dede the maybe a make her ateale I thall affaye hir mi felfe and fouthely che appofe What man of this molde that her were leuck And if the worke by wye, and my wyl followe I wolforgene her thys gylte so me God helpe Curtellie the clarke than as the kynge hyght Toke mede biethe middle a brought her into chabre And there was mirth and minstrelli, Abede to please They that woune In westminster worthippidher al Gentlie with Jore, The Justices some Busked hem to the bower there the bride dwelled To comforthe her kindlye by clergies leaue And sayte morne not Dede ne make pe no sozobe \$02

for we will withe the kinge and the chape To be weddyd at thy will, and where the leefe liketh For al conscience cast and crafte as I trowe. Mildie Medethan, mercide them all Of her grece goodnes and gave hem echone Copes of clene golde and Copes of Aluer Rynges with Rubies and Ryches mante The left man of ther menie, a moton of golde. Than lafte they leve these loadis at Mede. orththat comon Clarks to comforther sone Ind by oden her be blyth for we be thine owne for to worke thy well the while we moune laste Bendiliche the than bihyaht them the same To louen hem lellie and lozdis to make To beage hem benifices, pluralities to have Ind in confiftozic at courte do calle per names Shal no lew dnes lette the clerke that I loue That he ne worthe fyrit augunced for Jam biknowe Ther cunning clarkis tholen cloke behynde

Than came there a confessor copid as a frere To Mede the mayde he mellud thes wordes and sayde full softlie in thisfte as it were Though lewd me a terned me had lien by thee both and falsenes had Ifolowed the all thys fortiwinter hall assorbe the my selse for a seme of whete and also be thy bedman and bere well thy message

Amoungest knyghtis a Clarkes conscience to turne Than Mede for her misdedis to that man kneled And through her of her spoudenes thamles I trowe Tolde hym a tale and toke hym a noble for to be her bedman and brokar also

Than he assopled her some and sithen he sayde we have a wendowe in workinge, wol set us high woldest

Cotestors

sicece 16 loughman.

Woldest thou glase y gable, a grave thereinthiname

Seber Guld thy foule be heuen to haue.

work I that quod the woman, I wold not spare for to be your frende freet, and fayle you never Whyle you loue lordes that lecherie haunten And lake not Ladies that love wel the faine It is frailenes of the flethe, pe fynde it in bokes and a course of kynde, wherof we comen all Who so may escape p sauderp scath is sone ameded

It is frime of the feuen foueft teleffed.

Baue mercy quod mede of menthat it haunten and I chalcouer your krike, pour cloyfure do make swalles do whyten and wyndowes glasen Do pernten and postrage and pare for the making That every leage thall fay I am fyster of your house And God to al good folke such araumae defend To wayte in wyndowes of her well deades On aueture 192yd be painted there, a pomp of boz for Christ knoweth thi colience athi kind wil And thy cost and thy couetis, a who thy cattel ought

Therfore I lerne you lordes, leave such workes To writen in wyndowe of your wel dedes Di to gredde after goddelmen whan thei belen boles On auerure you haue your hier here, a your heue allo Reftiat finifira quib faciat bertera. Lettenot thy lefte halfe late ne rathe wrt what thou workest with the right side for thus beddith p gospel, good me done her almeg.

Maires and Maceris that meanes be betwene The kynge and the comon to kepe the lawes To punythen on pyleries and pynning foles Brufferes and bakefters, bochers and cokes

foz

for these arme on this mold & most harme worketh To the pore people that percei mele byghe for they poylon the people privile and ofte They richen thrughe Regrattie & rentis hem bighen with & the pore people hould put in here wombes for toke they all truite they tymbred not so high De bought no burgages be they full certen

and Dede p mayde the Dayze hath belought

Of al fuche Sellers filuer to take

Dr presentes wythoute pence as peces of squer Ryngis or other riches the Regrators to mainteine for my love quod that Ladie love hem echeone and suffer hem to sell some drale agazost reason

Salomon the lage a Sermon he made
for amende Mayres and men that kepe lawes
and tolde hem this teme that I tell thinke
Ignis devotabit tabernacula corn qui libenter accipint mus
amog thele lettred leades this late is to mene (nera Job, to
That fyre halfal and brenne, al to blo athes
The houses and homes of hem that delireth
Gyftes or yeres grues bicause of her offices

The king fro the councel came a called after mede And lent for her a lwith with largeantes manie That brought her to boure with blis and with tope Curtestie the krnge than comfed to tell To mede the may demelleth these words Unwittelie woman wrought hast thou ofte And wurse wroughteste fineuer than tho fisals toke But I forgeve the that grite a gravit the my grace Hence to this deth days do so no more. I have knyght Conscience came late from beyond If he willeththeto wrse will thou hym have?

D.L.

The villion of

Dea lorde quod that ladie God forbydels. But I be wholie at your hefte let hange me fone. And than was conscience called to come and appere Before the kynge and hys councell as clarks a other knelynge Conscience to the kinge louted To wit what hys wyl were and what he do thould. Boylt i wedthis woma quod phing if I wil allete for the is farne of thy fellothip for to be thy make. Duod conscience to thekyng Chaiste it me fozbydde Di Twede suchea wife woo me betide For the is fraile of her fayth fykel of her speche And maketh mildo many fcoze tymes Truft of ber treasure betraveth full manie wyurs and wdydowes wantones the teacheth Ind lerneth hem lechertethat loue hyz gyftes pour father the felled throughe falle bybelt And bath poyloned Popes and perzed bolie churche Is not a better baude by hym that me made Betwene heaven and hel in erth thoughe men fought for the is Cikel of her tayle, talewyle of her tonge As come as a cartwave to eche a knaue that walkerh To monkes a to minstrels to mesels in hedges Sifours and. Commours fuch men her praifeth Shrreues of thires ware thent if the were not for the doth men lefe her lond and her life bothe. She letteth palle prisoners, and prayeth for them oft And acruith the Gailors golde and grotes togethers Cabnfettren the falle fle where hym lyketh And taketh the true by the top and tieth him fast and hangeth hem for hatred that harme byd neuer To be cursed in Consistozie the couteth not a beane for the copieb the Comidarie and coteth bys clarkes She She is a foyled as sone as her selfe liketh And may nighe as moch do in a monthe one As mare poure lecret Seale in spricoze dares. for the is printe with the pope prouisors it knoweth for fir fimonie and her felfe fealeth the bulles. She blyffeth these buthops though they be lewde Dequendreth persons and preffes mernteineth To have lemmans and lottebies al her live dayes And bringeth furth barnes agayne for bode lawes Therethe is wel withekyng woo is the Realme for the is fauorable to falle and fouleth truth oft Bi Jefus with her Iwels your Juflicis the thedith And lieth agerne the lawe and letteth hym the gate That farth mainot be of force her florens fliso thick She leadeth the law as her lift a louedaies maketh And doth me lefe through hyr loue p law might win The mase for a meane man though be mote hereuer Laweis so lordleche, and lothe to make ende wythouten presents or pence the pleaseth ful fetre Barons and Burgelies the bringeth in forome And al the comon in care that coveteth live in truethe for Clargic and couetis the coupleth togyther This is the life of that lady now load give hir forow And ai that meyntineth hyz men melchance he betide for pore me mai haueno powe to plain he when they Suche a mafter is mede among me of God (finatte Than morned APede and mened her to the kinge To have spale to speke spede if the myaht The kynge graunted ber grace to a good well Excuse the if thou canst I can no moze sayne for conscience accuseth the to congarne the for ever. Ray lorde quod that ladie leue hym the wurse D.II. **a**whan Bierce Bloughman.

Whan ye witten witterlie where the woonge lieth There that mischefe is great, mede mave healpe Ind thou knowest conscience I came not to chibe De Depraue thie perfon with a proude herte mel thou woteste warnarde but if thouwell gabbe Thou halt hanged on me halfe a leuen trines and also griped my golde, give it where the liked And why thou wrathell the now, woder me thinkith pet I male as I might menske the with gifts and mainteine thie manhod moze than thou knowelt And thou halt famed me foule befoze the kynge here for kylled I neuer no kinge ne councelled therafter Re did as thou demest 3 do it on the kynge In Aozmandie was he not noved fozmy fake And thou thy felfe fourblie chameoft him ofte Crope into a Chabane for colde of thie nailes Wendest that wynter wolde have lasted ever And dredeft to be deade for a dym cloude And hydest byward for hounger of thy wombe soyth oute pittie Diloz poze men thou robbedelt And bare hyz braffe at thy backe to Calleis to felle There I latte with my loade hys life for to faue I made his men merie and mourning let I battred hem on here backe and boldid here hertes I did hem hoppe for hope to bane meat well had I bene marchall of his men by Marie of heuen I durit have lepde my lyfe and no latte wede De Chould have be lozde of pland in length a bredth and also kynge of that kyth his kyne for to helpe Theleft broll of bys bloube, a barons were Cowardie thou conscience counceleds hym theng To leuen bis tozdibipe foz a little fyluer

That

That is the richest realme that raygneth over beigh. It becometh to a kyng that kepeth a realme To apue Debe to men that mekely bym ferneth To aliences and to all men to honerne hem to giftes Debe maketh him beloued, and for a man holden Emperours and Eries, and all maner Lordes for avfres have yong men to runne and to rybe The Pope aal the prelates presetes buderfoggen And medeth men hem selves to maintaine her lawes Sergeauntes for their feruice, we le wei the fouth Taken Mede for her mailtris as they may accorde. Beagers for their bydding bydden me mede Mynstrels for byr myrth mede they aske The king bath mede of bys me, to make peace in lad, Men t hat teachen children crauen after mede Drieftes that preache the people to good afken mede And malle pence and her meate at the meale tymes. All krine craftes men crauen mede for her pretiles Marchauntes and mede muste nedes go togyther Po wyaht as I wene wouten mede may lyue. Duod the king to coscience by Christ as me thinketh Mede is wel worthy the mailtry to have May quod Coscience to p king, a kneled on the earth Ther are it maner of Dedes my load to your leave, That one Bod of hys grace graunteth in hys blyffe To hem that wyll worke whyle they be here The prophete preacheth therof, & put it in the platter plater is fal. rb. Domine quis habitabit in tabernacule tuo.ac. Lord who that wone in thy wonnes, and w thy holy Dr refte in thy holy hils this asketh Dauid (saintes And Dauid alloileth it him felfe as the pfalter telleth Qui ingreditur line macula et operatur iuftitiam. They **10.111.**

The vision of

They that entren of one coloure and of one wyll
and have wrought workes, w right a wyth reason
and he that bleth not the lyfe of blurge
And enfourmeth pore men and preferueth truth.
Dui pecuniam fuam non dedit ad bluram
Et munera super Innocentem non accipit.

And al & helpe the innocent, a holden to the rightfull, without Apede doth the good, a the truth helpeth buch maner men my Lozd, that have this first mede Of God at her great nede, when they gone hence. Ther is an other mede mesureles, & masters descreth To meynteyne missoers mede they take.

and thereof farth the pfalter in a pfalmes ende

In quorum manibus iniquitates lunt Bertira corum repleta en muneribus.

Ind he that gripeth her golde so me god helpe Shall abre it bytter, or the boke lyeth priestes and persons that pleasinges destereth That take Wede a money for mastes that they synge Taken her mede here, as Wathew by teacheth.

That labourers and lowe folke take of her masters It is no maner mede, but a measurable hype In marchaundise, is no mede, I may it well anowe It is a permutation apertly, a peniworth for an other and reddest y neuer Regum thou recraed mede whethe begeauce fel on Saule, a on hype chyldren God sent to Saule, by Samuel the prophete That Agag, and Amelec, and all hype people after should dre for a dede that done had her elders Therfore said Samuel to Saul god him self hoteth The be burome at his biddynge hype wyll to fulfyll, swende

med to Amalec w thine boft a what of findefte there Burnes and Beaftes brene hem to death appones, and wrues, women and children Douable, a bamouable, a al v thou might fynd Bzenne it, beare not away, be it neuer fo ryche for mede nor for money, loke thou deftroy it Spyll it, and spare it not, thou Chalt the better and for he coueted her cattell, and the king fpared. forbarehim ahis beattes both, as puble witneffes Dtherwyle then be was warned of the prophete God fard to Samuel that Saule Choulde Dre And all hys Coe for that fonne chamefully ende Suche a mischiefe mede made Saule p king to haue That God hated him for euer, Fall hys herres after The colour of thys case, ne kepe I not to tell Dn auenture it noped men, no ende will 3 make for so is thys world wont to hem that have power That who so sayeth sothe, is sonel polamed I Conscience knowe this for kind wet it me taught That reason that raigne, and realmes gouerne And ryaht as Agag had, happe chal come Samuel Chal flea hem, and Saule Chal be blamed And Dauid'halbe diademed, & daunten bem all And one christen kyng kepe hem eche one Shall no moze mede be mailtry, as the is no me And love and lownes, and leauty togyther These chall be maisters on molde truthe to saue And who fo trespaceth against truth, or taketh again Leauty Chal done him lawe, a no life els Shal no fergeant for his feruice, weare no filte bode Reno Pelurein his cloke, for pledyng at the barre Mede of micooers maketh many Lozdes, and sterce ploughman.

And over Loides lawes, tuleth the realmes
and kinde love that come yet, and conscience togyther
and make of lawe a labourer, such love that arise
and such a peace amonge the people, a a persit truth
That Jewes that were in their wit, a ware woders
That Moses a Mesia be come into this erth (glad
and have wonder in her hertes that men be so true,
all that beareth ballarde brode sweede or launce
are, or pet hachet, or any weaponels
halbe deined to death, but if he do it smythy.
Into sycle or into sythe, to tharepy to culter.
Constability gladios suos in bomeres.

Mai ii.

Every man to play to a plowe, pykeare, or spade, Spynne or spread donge, or spil him selfe to houghe, priches or persons with Place to to himte and dringe apon Dauid every day til even Huntringe or haukynge, if any of hem ble that of benistice worth by nome him after that neither kinge ne knyght constable nor mayre Duerleade the common, ne to the courte sommon Duerleade the deep done done that reward Offercy, or no mercy, as truth wyllaccorde.

kinges court, comon court, collstozie, and chapter All hall be but one courte, and one Baron byiustice Tha wel worth true tog, a tidy may tened meneuer Battels hall none be, ne no man beare weapon And what smith that any snithed, be smite there to Mon scuadit gens contra gentem gladium. e. Death

Rfa.ii.

And or thys fortune fall, fynde men thall f werste, By six sones and a thippe and halfe a these of arowes and f mydle of a mone that make f Jewes to turne And Bierre Bloughman,

fol. rbt.

And Saralines of that fyght thall linge. Bloria in excellis des.sc.

for Makometh and Mede michap that the for melius en bonum nomen quam binitie multe. As wrothe as the wynde ware Mede in a whyle I can no latin, quod the, clerkes wote the sothe Se what Salomon sayth, in Sapientie bokes. That they h grue gyftes, the victory wynneth and most worthip have therw as holy write telleth. Bonorem acquiret, qui dat munera.

I leue wel lady quod coscience that the latin be true And thou art like a lady that radde a lellon once 200 as Omnia probate, and that pleased her well for that was no longer at the leaves ende In 10 the loked that over halfe and the lefe turned She thuld have foud fel words folowing therafter Quod bonum eft tenete. Truth that terte made And so fared ye Madame, ye could no moze finde Tho ye loked on Sapience sytttynge in your studye Thys texte that ye have tolde were good for lordes, And you failed a good clerk & could plefe haue turned And if ye feke Sapiece oft, finde ye that & foloweth A full tenefull text to bein that taketh mede And that is animam autem aufert accipientium. &c. And y is the tale of the text of that that the thewed That thoughe wee won worthyp a with mede haue The foule that the fonde taketh by, (bictory So muche is bounde

pallus quartus de bilione.



Case saieth the kinge, I suffer you no longer ye that sangtle forsoth, a serve me both kysse hyr quod the kynge, conscience I hote E.i.

Dierce Ploughman.

Daye by Chain quod Confeience, cogay mefor euer But Reason rede me therto, rather wyl I dye. Ind I command you quod the king to Colcience the Rape the to ride, and Reason to fetthe. Commande bym that be come, my councel to hear, For he thall rule my realine, and reade me the belt And accourten with the Consciece, so me Christ helpe, Dowe thou learnest p people, the learned, a the lewd I am faine of that forward Said the fraike than. Ind ret regit to Bealon, and roundeth in hys care, And sayd as the king bade, and syth toke his leave I that aray me to tyde quod is eason, rest the a while Ind called Caton hys.knaue, curteffe of Speche epocthon And also Thome trae tonge, tell me no tales, De lefong to laughen of, for I loued hem neuer, And fet my fable apon Sufferauce, til I fe mptime, And let waroken him wel, w wytty words girthes And hag on him the heavy bridle, to holde his head 1 02 he wil make wehe twofeer he come ther (lowe Tha Colcience apon bis caple, carieth forth fast and Reason with him, rit rowninge to gythers, whyche maiftris Debe maketh on this earth. One warpn wyledome, and writy hys feer, folowed hym falte, for they had to done, In the Efcheker, ain Chauceri, to be discharged of And riden falt, foz Realo hould rede he best (things Hoz to faue hem for filuer, fro thame and harmes And Colcience knewe hem well, they loued couetres And bade Reason ride fast, a reck of hem neither. Ther be wiles in her words, a with Bede thei Dwel Ther as weath a weangling is, there get they fpluer, And wher is Loue a Leauty, they wil not come there Cons

Treason Cufferace Contritioet in felicitas in viis corum. & c.
They ne grue not of God, one goofe mynge.
Ron en rimor Domini ance oculos corum & c.
For God wot they wyll do more for a doin chickens
Dras many Capons, or for a feame of Otes,

Than for loue of our Lord, or al his leue layntes.
Therfore reason let hem ryde, the ryche by he selfe

for Colefèce knowert he not , ne Chill as I trome.

Ind than Reason to be faste the tight hee gate Ind Confeience bim kenneth, tolthey came to p king Cuttelly the king than came agayult Realon, and betwene him felfe and bys sonne, set him on bech And wordeden wel wifely a greate while togythers. And tha came Beace into parlimet, a put fortha byl Howe wronge against hys will had his wife taken And howe he rausched Bose, Bainoldes loue and Margaret of hy maidehed, maugre hir chekes Both my geele and my gris, his gablinges fetcheth, Toare not for feare of him fyght ne chice, He bozowed my bayard, a brought him neuerhome De no ferthing therfore, for ought I could pleade De mainteyneth his men to murther myne ewne forfalleth my fayres, fyghteth in my chepruge, And bucketh up my barne dooze: a ftelethawage mp And taketh me bnt a taile, for tequarter otes (whet Pet he beateth me therto, and lyeth by my maybe I am not hardy for hym vimeth to loke.

The king knew he said sorh, for Coscience him told, That Wrog was a wycked luske, a wrought much wrog was afraied the, a wildome he sought (sorow To make peace whis pence, and proferd him manye and said, had I some of the king, little would I reche

E.ii. Though

The Dilion of

Thoughe Beace and hys power playned hym euer, Tho wende wyledome, and lit Maren the wrety for that 200 zong had wrought fo worked a dede And warned acconge the with fuch a wyle tale ambo so worketh by wyll, wrath makethoft A cap it by my felfe, you wal it well funde. But if Dede it make, thre myschrefe is bp. for bothe thy lyfe and thy lande lyethe in hyr arace, Than wowed wronge sorfedome full yerne To make hys peace with hys pence, hady dady paid mysedome and mytrethan went bothe togythers And toke Wede myd hem mercy to wynne. Deace put forth hys head, and hys pan bloudy mythoute gilt God wot, gate I thys scape, Conscience and the Commune knowen the sothe And Wyledome and Wytte weren aboute falte, Toouercome the kynge with cattell, if they myght, The king swoze by Thrift, a by his crowne both That a zong for his werkes chould woo thorowly And commaunded a Constable to caste hym in yrong And let hym not these seven reres see hys fete once God wot quod wyfedome, that were not the beffe And he amedes might make, let mainprice him haue And be bosowe for hys bale, and byggen hym boote And so emende that is missio, and ever the better 200 ytte accorded therewith, and saybethe same Better is that boote bale adoune bavinge. Than bale be bett, and boote neuer the better. Tha came Dede to meue hir, a mercy the besought. And profeto Deace a prefent, all of pure gold Daue this man of me, quod the, to amend thy frathe for I wil wage for woronge, he wil do so no more Ditto

19 ferce 19 loughman.

fol.tiz.

19 vituoullie Beace than praved for the Lynge To have merci on that man, that misoid hym so oft for he hath waged me wel as wisdometym taught And I forgene him that grite with a good will So that the affente, I can lage no bettre For Medehath me ameds made I mai no more alke Pay quod the kyngetho fo Chaift me helpe 2002onge wendeth not so awaye, erft I wil wit moze for lope he so lyantlie, laughen he woulde Andefte be the bolder to bete myneeuen. 28 ut Reald have ruth on him be Chal reft in my flocks And that as log as beliveth, but lownes him bozow Some men red Reason tho, haue ruth on that threw and to conncell the kynge and conscince after That mede might be meinperner Belo they bisought Rede me noughte quod Reason, no rueth to have Tri lordes and ladies love al truthe And haten all harlotrie to heare or to mouth it Tell Pernellis Purfill be put in her huthe And childernes cheriching be chaftinge wyth vardes And harlots bolines be holden for an hyne Tyl clerken couetis be to cloth the poore and fede And religious comers Recordatiem here cloiftures As faynte Bennet hem bad, Barnard and frauces And til prechours prechinge be preuto on hem felfe Tyl the kynais cowncel be the comon profyte Tyl bythops barns be beggers chambers Their hauks and their hounds to poze relygious And tyl faynt James be fought there I chall alfygne That no man go to Callice but if he go foz euer And alkome renners for robbers beyonde Bereno siluer ouer sea that signe of kinge Geweth Reyther pierce po loughman.

Derther grauen noz beigrauen goldenettherfpluer Apon forfeture of that fee, who to fride it at bouer Butifhe be marchant oz his ma oz melleger th levers Diouifor or prieft or penant for bys frines And yet quod Kralo bi p roode I chall no tuthe haue an hile Debehath the matterit in this mouth hal and I maye theweeramples as I fe otherwhile I favit be my felfe quod he, Andit so were That I were king with croune to kepe the realine Shoulde neuer wiong in this world & I wit might Be buyunithed in my poure for perilof my foule Regermy grace foz gifts fo me God faue Defor Dede have mercie but if mekenes it made For Autum malum the man mette worth Impunitum And babbe that Rulum bonnin be Fremuneratum Let thy cofessoure sur king constructhis buglozed And if ye worken it in warke, I wed myne eates That lawe fhalbea laborer aud teabe afelde bounge And love that leade the lande as the leefe lykith. Clarkes bwere Confesiours coupled hem touthers Alto construe this clause for the kongre profit And not for p comforte of p poze como, ne kings foule For I se Abede in the mouth hal, on me of law winke And they laughing lope to her and lefte reason manie oaren wildome wynckid apon Mede And fard madame I am your ma, what so mi mony I faile flozens quod p freke a fail speche oft, langleth Alrightfulrecordenthat Reason truth tolde And wyt acorded therwith and comeded his wordis And the most e people in the hal and mani of the grete And letten mekenes a maftera mede a manged Grew Loue lett of ber light, and leautie ret laffe And lard it to higher that althe halft hall it hard so ho so wilneth hir to wyfe for welth of her goodes

Butie beinowne for a Cokcolde cut of myne no le Apedemourned forethe and made beuie chere for the most comon of that court called hir an hoze And alilos and a fommoure fued ber fafte And a freues clarke by through althoroute forofte haue I quod he holpon you at the bar and vet caue remeneuer the worth of a rythe The kyng called Conscience and after ward reason And recorde that reason had rightfully thewed and moodelich apon Mede, w might the king loked And can war wroth w law for mede had te uere thet And faid through law as I leeve I loft maniefchets Debe over maftrich law, and mychtrueth letteth And reason that reken with youlf I reigne while And demethon by thys dare as re have deferred Debe that not mainepaile you by the mary of beuen I wri have Leavey in law a let beal your langinge And as mod folke wytneieth wzong Calbedemybe. Quodconscience to the kinge but p comon wil allent It is ful hard be myne bed herto to bringe it and and All your lege leodes to leben thus cuen 28 y brm o raught on the rode quod reason to o kinge But if I rule thus your realme rent own my auties If ye bydden boromnes beof myne affent. And I affent farth the king by farnt matimpladre 28 y my coucel comune of clarkes and oferles And reddyly reason thau halt not ride from me for as longe as I lyue leave the Inelle I am tedy quod reason to rest with you ener So conscience be of oure councell Tkepe no better And I graunt quod the king gods forbod it faile As long as our lyues lasteth lyue we togythers 19 affus quintus de vilione pet

The viction of

he kyng and his knights to the kyrke wete To here mattes of the day and p malle after Tha waked I of my winking, a wo was we That I ne had flept fabber a fighen moze (al Ind er I had faren a furlonge fentile me hente That I ne might farder a fote for defaute of flepinge and fat foftile adoune and fayde my teleue And so I bablid on mi beads, thei brought me allepe And than I fame moch moze than I befoze of tolde for I fe the felde ful of folke, that I before of fayde And how Reafo can araie brin al prealme to preche And with a Cros afore p king comfed thus to teché De preuid that these Destilences were for pure synne And the fouthwestozne winde on Satter Daie at euen was partly for pure pryde, and for no poynt els Diries and plumtres were puffed to the erth In ensample the seages reshould done the better Beches and brode okes, were blowen to the grounde Turned by warde her tayles in tokeninge of brede That dedlie fynneer domes daye thal fordone hem al Of thys matter I might mamelieful longe And I chall saye as I sawe so me God helpe Dow partely afoze the people, Reald began to prech the bad waster go worke, what he best coude And wynne hys wallyng wyth som manner craft De praped Bernelher purple to lete And kepe it in her cofer for cattel at her nede Tomme Stowne betaught totaken two flaues And feche felice home from the wynen pyne And he warned wat his wife was to blame That her hed was worth halfa marke a his hod not And he bad Bet kut abow in twain (worth a grot And

15 letce 16 loughiman; Fol rri. And beate Beton thereb, but if the will wetke And that he charged chapmen to chaften ber chylbren Let no winning hem forward, whyle they be gonge The for no ponite of petitionice, please bemnot oute of DBy fier faid to me, and to did my bame, That the lener child, the more love behoueth 2nd Salomon laid the lame, that Sapientie made Dui pareit birge,obit filium. The Englythe of the latine, who to well knowe 200ho to spareth the sprynge, spilleth the chyldren so And lythen he praved prelates and prieftes toutther That ye preache to the people name on your felle. Ind Doct in dede it that deame you to good. If ye lyue as ye learne bs, we that leve your better.

And lithen he radde religion her rule to holde Left the king and bys councel, your commons apere And be fluardes of your fledes, tyl pe be ruled better. And lithen be counseled the hinge bys comous to loue It is thy trefure if trefo ne were, a treache at thy nede And lithe he praied & Bope, have pyry on holy church And ere he geue any grace, gouerne fyzit himfelfe. And ye y have lawes to kepe, let trueth be your coues Moze the gold or gifts, if ye wil god pleale (tife for who to cotrarieth trueth, he telleth in the gorpel, That god knoweth him not ne no favnte in beauen.

Amen dico bobis, nefcio bos. And re that leketh laint James, a laintes at Bome Sieke faynt truth, for he may faue you all, Quitum patre et filio, that fayze bem befall. That fuethmy fermon, and thus fayd Beafon.

Than raune Repentaunce and reherfed his teme And gart wyl to wepe water with hys eyen, the taunce

f.i.

1Dernell

The biffon of

Bernell proude herte platte byr to the earth and lage longe or the loked, and lorde mercy cryed and behyghe to hym that he all made she thoulde but owe hir ferke, and let theron herte shalnever hygh hert me hente but hold me lowe and luffer me to be myslayde, and so byd I never but now wil I meke me, and mercy beseche for all thys I have hated in my hert.

Lechoute

Enup.

Than Lechoure faydalas, a on our lady he cryed, 200 yeby be thould the laturday, for feuen yere after Daynke but myd the day, and byne but once Enuy borth heur bert afked after Chaiffe And carfully egea culpa, he comfed to the we And was as pale as a pellet in the Palley he semed And clothed in Caurymaury, I can it not discrive, In kratril and cuttepy, and a knyfe by hys fyde Df a fryers frocke were the fozelleaues And as a leekethat had ived longe in the funne, so loked he worth leane chekes lourynge foule Dis body was bowne for wrath, phe botehis lips and wringig w the fill to week him felf he thought with workes or w wordes, wha he se his time Ech word that he warped was of an edders tonge Df chidyng a of chalenging was his chiefelyfelode With backebyting a bilme, a bearing of falle witnes This was al his curtely wher y ever he themed him I wuld bechayue o this threw, if I for thame durit, I wuld be gladder by god, y Gibbe had mischauce, Tháif I had wonne this weke a wey of Ellere chele I have a neighbour nye me, I have noved him ofte And lowen on him to lozes, to don him lose his silver And made his frend be his foe, through my falle tog His

Imonges

Dis grace a bis good bappes greueth me fut foze. Betwene many and many, I make debate oft That both lyfe and lyme is tofte throughe my frech. And when I mete him in market that I most hate I halfe hom hendlech, as I has frende were Porheis doughtier then I, I dare do no other And had I mailtry and myght, god wot my wyl. And wha I come to p kyzke, a thould knele to v rode And pray for the people as the prieste teacheth for pilgrames a for palmers, a for al p people after Than I cry on my knees, p Christe grue bin forow That bare away my bole, amy broke thete. Away from the aulter than turne I mone even And beholde how Clen hath a newe cote I wishe that it were mone, wall the webbe after And at mens lefinge I laughe, that lyketh mine bert And for their wynninge I wepe, and wele the tyme, And deme that they do yil, thoughe I do well worke who so budermineth me hereof. I have him deadipe I mouid that ech a wight were my knaue for who to bath more then I, pangreth me fore And thus I lyue loueles lyke a Luther dogge That al my body bolneth for bytter of my gall A myaht not eten many yeres as a man ought for Enuy and eupli woll is enito defie Day no suger noz no swete thia asway my swelling De no Diapenidion drive it from mone herte Dether Guffenether Chame, but Chraping ofmi mam. Pes redily quod repentaunce, a red him to p belte Sozowe for lynnes, Caluation is of Coules. I am forge quod that legge, I am but felde other Ind p maketh me thus megre, for I ne mai me beng

The bilion of

Amonges Burgelis have I be dwelling at London and gard backbiting be a broker to blame mes ware Whan he folde and I not then was I ready, To lie a to lour on mi neighbour, a to lak his chaffer

I wil amed this if I mate, through might of god als Pow awaketh accept, to two white even (mighty And muelynge with the note and his necke hanging am wath quodhe, I was continually a fryer And the covenies gardiner for to graft Impes

On limitors and lifters, lefynges Timped Tyll they beare leaves of final freach, lords to please and fithe they blosomed abrod in bour to hir shrifts And now is falle therof a frut, p foike hen wei leuer Shew her chifts to hem, tha chaque he to her perfos And persons have perceived that friers part to hem

These possessioners preach, and deprace fryers And friers findeth he in default, as folk bear witnes

And whathei prech the people in many places about 13 202 ath walke with hem, a with hem of my bokes Thus thei fpeke of mi fpiritualtie. a despile ech other Tyl they be both beggers, a by my spirituakie libbe

D2 els all ryche, and ryden aboute.

3 2002 ath have such a fortune, \$7 folow stil this folk

I have an aunte to Dune, and an Abbefte both

Ber had leuer Iwo wne og Iwelt, tha fuffer any paine, I haue bene coke in hir kitchen, and her couet ferued, Many monthes with hem, and with Monkes both T was the Priores potager, and other pore ladies And made he Towts of facigna, y dame Tone was

And dame Clarence a knightes daughter, (a baftard

a cok olde was byz frze.

And dame Duel a priest file priores was the neuer For the had child in cherytyme, al our chapter it wift

Runnes

Math.

Df

Stette Bloughman.

Fol. rritt.

Of worked wordes (T wrath) ber wortis made Tol thou lift and thou lieft, lopon oute atonce And evther byt other buder the cheke wad thei had knives bi Chroft either had kolled other Saynt Gregori was a good Bope a had a good for gregorie That no priorelle were priest, for phe promoto (wyt Left happeli thei had bad no drace to hold barlatti in For they are ticle of her tonges a must al secretes tel Among monks I myght be and mani tyme I chame for they ben many fel frekes my ferys to fute Bothe prior and Subpror and oure pater abbas And if I tel any tales they taken hem togethers And do me fast fridayes to beed and to water I am chaleged a chyde in chapter house, as I a chyld and balafed on p bare arle a no brech betwen (were Therfore have I no lykinge witho lends to wonne Tete there bubende frebe, and feble ale Daynke Dther while wha wine cometh, I dzink wine at eue Thave a flux of a foule mouthe, wel five Dates after Al the wyckednes that I wote by any of mi brether A kouthit in our clopitur, that al our Couent wot it Aow repet you qued Repetauce a reherce you neuer Coucel that thou knowelt by coutenauce ne by ryght And Devnke not ouer belicatelie ne to depe neyther That thie worl because therof to wrath myght turne the cours he lapbe and afforled hom after And badhym wyl to wepe his wykednes to amende And than came Couetis can I hym not descrive So hungrelye and hollowe: So feerly hym loked De was bietil beowed and babburlyppyd alfo worth two bleted even as a blinde hagge And as a lethern purse lolled hys chekes F.lif. Well

The vicion of

mel lyder then bys chynne they theuered for olde And as a boud mã of his baco his berd was bidzaus with an bood on his bed a a loufe hat aboue (leb And a tauny taberde of twelve wynter age af totozne and bawble and ful of lyce crepinge 28 ut yfthat a loufe coude have lopen the better She had not walkt on p welth to was it thied bare? I have ben coverous quod thys katife I be know its for someyme I ferued Symme at ftyle (bere And was hys prentice plight, his profet to wayt fralt I lerned to lie a leefe, on ther twayne 300 yekediye to were was mi fruit leston To wo and to wynchester I wente to the fayze with mani maner merchadile as mimafter me biobt De had the grace of Gyle Igoo amongest my chaffer It had bene bufolde thys feuen pere fo me god helpe Than draue I me among drapers, my donet to lerne To drawe the lyfer a longe the lenger it femed Amonge the riche Bayes I rendzed a lesson To broche the to a packevedle a plitte hem togithers And put hem in a presseand princed them therin Til ten pardes or twelve had talled owte viii. My wyfe was a webster and wollecloth made She wake to synthets to synnen it out And the pound & the paied be paileda quarternmoze Than myne owne auncer, who so waved trueth I bought ber barely malte, the brewed it to fell Denyale and puddying ale the poured togethers for laborars and lowe folke that lay by it felfe. The best ale lay in my boure ozels in my chambre And whoso bummed therof bought it there after a gallon foza grote god wote no lelle And

Stette Bloughman. Fol. etuit And yet it came in cupemele thys craft the bled. Roofe the Regrater was her ryght name She bath holden hukkerth al hire lyfe tyme and I Cwere nowe fothelick that finne wolde I let And neuer wyckedly wey, ne wicked chaffee ble, But wenden to wallingham, and my wyfe alis And byd & Roode of bzoholme bzing me out of bette Repentest thou ever (quod Repentaunce) De restitucion mabelt : pes once I was herberd quod he, to a hepe of chaps I role wha they were at reft a rifled their males (me That was not restitucto or repetauce but robers theft Thou hadelt bene better worthy be hanged therfore Than for al that, that thou haft here the wed. I toke rifting for restitutio p be, for I neuer red boke And I cano frech infaith, but of p fer end of Aozfolk Wied Beuer blarie quod repetauce, inal thy life time? Ray fothly be fayde faue in my youthe I lerned amonge Lumbards and Tewes a lesson To wer pence to a paves and pare the heuvest and leue it for loue of the croffe to lepa web a lefen it Suche dedes I dyd wryte, yf he his bare brake A baue mo maners by reragis, that houghe micerea-Thanelent lords a ladies mithaffer (ture comodat And bene her broker after and bought it my felfe Escheaunges and cheussauncis to such chaffer I dele And lende folke that leafe wyll, a lyp at euerie noble, And with lumbards letters I lad golde to Rome And toke it by tale here and tolde hem there leste. 1 Edeft thou ever lordis for love of her meinteinauce? pea I have lent lordes that loved me never after And have made mente a knight both mercer a draper

That

The vicion of

That paled not for his pretithode one paire of glouis Daft thou pitie on poze men p muft nedes bozo ber Thaue as mich pitie on p poze as pedler hath of cats That kilth hem if he ca he catch, for couet of her fking art i malich emog thy neibours of thi mete a dzinker I am holden quod be as hinde as is hound in Bitchin. Amongest my neibourg namely such a name & baue. God leue p neuer quod repetauce, but prepet p rather Grace on thes ground this good well to briet De thone hepres after p haue Jope of p thou wineft De thine executors wel bifet p fyluet p thou the leueft and b was wone to wrog to wicked me be difvedin for were I frier of phouse ther good feith a chariti is I nold cope by wyth thy cattel ne oure baike amende De haue a penye to mi pettauce fo God my foul beip for o best boke in our house, bryght golde if it were. And I west wetterlie thou were such as thou telles.

pane tuo portus befer ce liber eris

Thou art an bukynde creature I can the not assolle

Tyl thou make resitusion and rekenyng to them as

Ind syth that reason rolle it in the regester of heaven

That p hast made ethe ma good. I may p not assole.

Pon demittur peccatum rifice dicustur abiatum

for al that have of thy good have God my trouth

Bene holde at the heygh dome to help the to resitue

Od hoso leveth not this be soth loke in p psalter clayse

In miserere mei deus whether I menet puche

Shalneuer workeman is this worlde thrive in that thou winest

Construme that in englyth, Than

Than war & threw in wahop a wold hang him telfe Me had repetauce prather recoforted him in this mamate merci in thy minde a with mouth belehit (ner Jor Gods mercy is more than all hys other workes and al wikednes in & world & ma mat work or think Is no more, to & mercie of God than in & lea a glied omnis iniquitas quantum ad misericordiam dei

Therfore have himerci in minda merchädise leve it; for thou halt no good ground to get ther we wastell. But it it were with the roug or else with the two hads for the good him that gotten, began all wis falched and as log as himist therwing paist not but borowst. And if hwy never to which ne to whome to restore Bere it to the byshop and byd hym of hys grace. Bilet it hymselfe as best is for the soulle. For the a formanie mood man shall give a reckening what he lerned you in lent, leve you none other. And him he lerned you in lent, leve you none other.

Add beginneth Gloton for to go to hapfte
and carieth him to the kyrkward hys coppe to thew
and Beton the bruffer bad hym god morowe
and alked of hym withat, whether warde he wolde
To holy churche quod he, for to beremalle
and lythen I woulde be threuen and lyn no more.
I have good ale gollip quod he, Bloton wold gallay
halt thou ought in thy purse any hote spices:
I have pepper a piones quod he, as poud of garlyk
and a farthing worth of fennel sede for fasting dayes
Than goeth Gloton m and greate other after
Sus the soutetes sat on the beache

Bloton

5.1.

wat

pierce Ploughman!

Wat the warner and hys wyfe bothe Tome the tynker and tweine of hys prentices Dycke the hackeney man, and Bughe the medlet Claryle of Cockellane, and the clerke of the church Dawe the Diker and a Dosen other S. Dierce of Dilor, and Dernell of flaunders A Ribibour, a ratoner, a rakier of chepe, A Roper, a reding king, and rose the dicheris Godfray of garlyke hrue, and Gryffin the walthe And boholders an heave early by the morrowe Beuen Bloton weth glade chere good ale to hanfell, Clement the cobler caft of hys cloke And at the newefavre, he nempned it to fell bycke the hackener man bytte his hode after, and bade Bete the bother be on bys lyde There were chapmen ichofe thys chaffer to prayle Who to hath p bood thould have amendes of p cloke Ttoo rylen by in rape, and to uned togythers And prayled these peny worthes aparte by the selfe They could not by their conscience accorden in truthe Tyll Robyn the roper arose by the south And named him fozan bmper that no debatenere Hycke the hosteler hadde the cloke In covenaunt that Clement thould the cuppe fol And have Byckes hodde hoftler, a holde him ferued and who so repented rathell thould aryse after And greten fyz gloton with a gallon of ale, There were laughing a louringe, a let go the cuppe and fytten fo tyl enenfonge, and fongen fomewhyle Tyll glotton had ygoiped a galon and a gyle, his guttes began to gothlen as two gredy fowes He pylled a pottell in a Pater nofter whyle, dak And blem his round rewet at his rugge bones ende That al that harde that home, belde his note after And withed it had bene wyved to a wyfpe of firtes Demight neyther flepe noz fland, oz he a flaffe had And than gan he to go, lyke a glewe mans bytch Sometyme a lybe, and lometyme a rere As who so laverhlynes for to latche foules And whan be drough the doze tha dimmed his even The Aobledon ptherchold, a threwe to the earth Clement the cobler caught hym by the myddle Torto lyft hym a lofte, and laied him byon his kneek And Gloto was a great churle a a gryme in & lifting And konaht bo a candle in Clementes lappe There is none so hongry bounde in Herforte there Durft lap of the leuinges So bulouely they amaughe actitud the wo of thys world, his wife a bys wench Bare hym home to bys bedde a brought him therin. And after al this excelle he had an accidie That he flope faturday a fonday til funne wet to reft Than waked he of hys wynking, a wyped hys eyes, The first word that he warped was, wheris o boile Dys wife ganedwite hun tho, how wickedlybe fined And Repentaunce right fo rebuked him that time. As to words a workes thou wroughft vilin thy lyfe Shrive & a be alhamed therof, a thew it to thimouth I Gloton quod the grome, apltye me pelde That I have trespaced wmytog, I ca not tel howe Sworne gods soule, a so god me helpe a p holidome There no nede was none hundred trimes And over feme at my loupe, and sometyme at nones That I Gloton grate bp , ere I had gone a mile. And I spilt p might be spared a spet on some hügtpe B.II. Duec Sterce Bloughman.

Quer delicatly on fasting daies droke and eaten both and fat fritime to long there & I flept a eate at once for lone of tales in taberns to brink o more I dined And hied to pmete er none whan faiting dates were This thoing theift quod repentauce, thalbe merit to p And than gan gloton gred and great dole to make fortys lew delyfe that hely ued had And bowed to falt for honger and for thurste Shal neuer fiche onfriday diffien in my wombe Tyl abstynence myne aunt haue gyuen me leue And pet haue I hated ber al my lyfe tyme Than came Sloth al bellabered to two lymy eyne I muft fit fayde the Segge ozels I muft nedeg nap I maye not frand ne foupe ne to out mi fole knele were I brought abed but if my talendeit made Sould no ringing do me ryle cz I were ripe to dine De bega Benedicite wa belke and hys breft knoked And rafkled and rozed and rutte at the last onhat wake reuk quod repentauce, a rape p to thift If I would dye by thys daye mely anot to loke A ca not parfitly mi pater nofter as p preift it fingeth But Tcaryms of Robehode a Band of erl of chefter But of our lozde oz our lady, I lerne nothong at all. A haue made bowes .ri. a forgotte the on p morowe I performed neuer penaunce as the preist me hyght De right forte for my finnis yet was I neuer and if I byd any bedes but if yt be meath Chat I tel w my tounge is two mile from my berte am occupied every daye holy daye and other worth Hole tales at the ale and other while in church Gods papne a his pattion full felde thynke I theron

I byllted neuer feble men ne fettred folke in puttes

3 haus

Thane letter here an harlotry oz a fomers game De leasynges to laughe at and bilyemy neighbourg The all y euer marke made, Mathi, John, Lucas. And bigiles and fastynge dayes, al thefelet I passe And lye in bedde in lent, amp lemma in myne armes. Tri mattens a maffe be done, atha co I to p ferers Come I to Ite mida en, I holde me ferued, am not Chryuen Cometyme, but if fickenes it make Pot twyfein two pere, and that op goffe I chine me I have ben priefte and person passynge thyrty winter pet can I nether folfe ne finge, ne fayntes lyues read But I ca find ina field, oz in a furlong an hare, Better than in Beatus vir, 02 in Beati omnes, Conftrue one claufe well , a kenne it to my parithens I can holde love dayes, and here a reues rekenynge. And in Cannon or in decretals, I can not read a lyne If I beage a bozowe ought, but if it be tayled I forget it as yerne, as if men me it alke Spre fythes or feuen, I forfake it with othes And thus tene I a true man ten hundred tymes And my feruauntes somtymes their falary is behind Ruth is to here p rekning, wha we that make acouts So w wicked wil and w weath, mi workeme I pay If any do me a benifite, oz helpe me at nede I am bukind against his curresp, a ca not buderstad for I have a have had some deale haukes maners (it am not lured wlove, but ought be bnder o thombe That kindnes that mine evenchzisten kyd me ferther Spre fothes I flougth, have forgottenit foth In spence, a in sparing of spence, I spilt many a time Both flethe and fythe, and many other bitailes Both breade and ale, butter inglke and chefe G.iii. for

pletce fo loughman.

for Couthed in my leruice tyll it myght ferne noman 3 ranne aboute in youth, and gaue me not to lerning and euer lith haue ben beggery for my foule Couth Beu mibi quia acritem duri bitam innenilem

Repetelt f quod repentauce, a ryght whe swowned Tyll Aiguare the betie let water at hys eyes And flat it on hys face, and fall on hym cried, And sayde ware the, for wanhope wyl the betray I am sory for my synnes, say to thy selfe And beat thy selfe on y brest, a byd god of grace,

Foris no gelte bere fo greate but p bes goodnes is Thá fate Sloth bp, a farned hrm Swith (moze And made a bowe tofoze god, for his foule Slothe, Shal no Soday bethis feue yere, but fikenes it let That I ne that do me or day to the dere church And here mattens and maffe, as I a monke were shall no ale after mete hold me thence Tyli I have evenfeng harde I behote to the Roobe And ret woll I relde agarne, if I so muche have All that I wyckely wan, sythen I wytte had. Ind thoughe my livelodelake, letten I nell That eche manne thall have his or I bence wend And with the relidue and the remnaunt by frode of I chal seke Trutherst, 02 I see Rome (Chefter Robert the robber, on Meddice, loked. and for there was not wherof, he wept fwyth fore And pet the frufull threwe lay de to hym felfe Chaifte that on Caluerie apon the croffe dideft Tho Dilinas my brother belought you of arace and haddelf mercy on that man for memento, fake So Live on thys tobber that is endere, ne hath. Reneuce wene to wynne wyth craft that I knowe. 2But But for thy mykyl mercy mitigation I beleche Re dapmeme not at domicday for y I dyd so yll.

What befel on this felowe, I can not farre theme well I wot he wept fast water with his eyen and knowleged his gilt, to Chist pet eft sones. That penitentia his prick, he thould polithe newe and leap with him over lande all his life tyme for he had legne by Larro Lucifers aunte. And than Repentaunce Ruth, a radde hem alto knele for I thall befech for al sinful our Sautour of grace. To amende his of our missedes and mercy to his all, Now god of he, hof this goodnes coud hworld make and of naught madelt ought, a má most like thiselse. And sythen suffeedest for synne, a sekenes to his all and al for hele as I leve what ever hoketelleth.

For that symethy some sent was to the earth

Ind became man of a mayde, mankynde to saue

And makest thy selfe withy some, a vs synful plyche.

Facianus homine ad imaginem et similitudinem nostra, Le alibi. Qui manet in charitate in dec manet, et deus in eo.

And sythe with selfe some in our suite didest, On good fryday for mas sake, at full tyme of y day There thy selfe in thy some, no sorow in death feled. But in our sect was the sorowe, and thy son it ladde.

The some for sozowe therof, lost light for a tyme, At middate wha most light is, a meletime of saintes. Feddest with fresh bloud our foresathers in darknes populus qui ambulabat intenebris, vidit lucem magnam. And by y lyght y leaped out of y, Luciser was blind and blewe all thy blessed into y blysse of Paradyse,

The

Sierce 15 loughman.

The thyide daye after thou yeldest into our sute.

A synful Mary the sawe, er saynt Mary thy dame,

And al to solace synful, thou suffredest it soner.

And al that Marche made, Mathew John & Lucas

Of thy doubty bedes were done in our Armes.

Actum carofactum est, et habitauit in nobis.

And by so mucheme semeth the siker we may Bidde and beseche if it be thy well.

That art out father a out brother, be merciful to bs and haueruth on these ribauds & repet he selfs sore. That ever they warped the in this worlde

in worde thought, or dede.

Thá hent Hope an hó2n of Dens in couercus viuificabis And blew it w Beari quoru remille lut iniquitates. (nos. That all Sayntes in heaven longen at once,

Bomines et gumeta faluabis quemadinodum multiplicafti, mifericozdiam tuam deus

Athousand of men tho througen togither Criden bywarde to Christe, a to hys cleane mother To have gracero go with hem, Truth to seken.

And there was none so wyle, the way thy ther could But blusteringe forthas beatles over bankes a hils Trillate was and longe, that they a lade mette Appareid as a paynime in pylgrymes wyle. He bare a burden bounden was brode lyste In a wythe wandes wyle bounden aboute A bole and a bagge he bare by hys lyde, an hundred Amples on hys hatte lette Sygnes of Sinay, and Shelles of Calice And many a crouch on his cloke and kares of Rome And the bernicle before for men should knowe.

and

Bierce Bloughman,

Fol. exte

And le by hys fignes, whome be fought hadde. Thes folke frained bim fyzit, from whence he came. from Sinap be feid, and from our Lords fepulchre. In Bethlem and in Babilon, I haue benein both, In Ermonie and Alexander, and many other placis. pe maye lee by my lignis, that be fet on my hatte That I have walked full wyde, in wette aud in daye 2nd fought many good Seints, for my foulis helpe knoweste thou not a colsent, that men call truthe Coudit p not with by p wai, where p wight wonithe Raye fo me God belpe, feyd that gome than I faw neuer Palmer wyth poke noz weth fcrippe Alke after boin ere, tyll nowe in thys place. Deter ouod a plowe man, and put forth hys heade I knowe hym as kyndly as clerke doeth hys bokes Constience and kynd wytte kennid me to his place And dyd me furen bym fykerly, to ferue hym for ener Both to fowe and to fet, the whyle I fwinke myant. I have ben hos folower, all thos fifty wonter Boeth lowen his feed and fued hys beaftes wythm and wythoute, I wayted his profite. I dyke and delue and do that truth hoteth Some tyme I fo we and some tyme I threib In Tailars and tinkars craft, what truth can denife I wene and I wynde and do what truthhoteth. For though I fey it my felf, I ferue bym to pave. Tche haue mone hoze well and other wholes moze. Deis prestiste payar that pore menknoweth. The ne whalt none helk his hire, p he ne hath it at euen De is as lowe as a lambe, and louely of fpech. And if ye well wette where he wonnith: I chall wyth you witterly the type ware to his place.

The biffion of

Pealeue Bers quod these pilgras a profetd him hove for to wende it them to Cruths dwellyng place Pay bi my fouls helth quod piers a gan for to frere I nold fond aferthing for laynt Thomas theine Trenth wold loue me p worfe logtime therfor after And if you wil to wed wel this is the way thither

bompiers

Pemult gothzough mekenes both men a wincs teac beibe Wil you cume in to Coscience that Chaist wit the soth to trebth That ye louen oure lorde God leuest of al thrings And that your enerbourg nert in no wyle appense Dtherwise than thou woldest he wzoaht to thy selfe. And to boweth furth bi a broke beeth buroc of spech Tyll you fyndeu a forde your fathers bonoreth

> Donorapatrem et matrem & c. 200 ade in that water and wath you welthere And you Challeape the lyahter al your lyfe after And to that thou fee, Swere not but if it be fornede And namely on Tole the name of God almyghtie Tha Chalty come by a croft but come thou not therin That croft hight Couet not mes catel ne ber wines Denone of hyr farmants that noven hem might Loke ye bicke no bows there but ifthei be your own

> Two Rocks ther fronden and fignt you not ther Theihight Stelenot , ne Sle not Arike forth bi both and leve them on the left hande a loke not thereafter And holde welthie holyday beigh till euen Tha Chalt thou bleth at a berch, bere no falle witnes De is friched in flozens and other foes manye Loke thou pluck no plant there for perels of thi foule Than that pefec Sepfoth so it beto done In no maner els not, for no mans bybbynge

Than thalt thou come to a court as clere as the fun

The

The moteis of mercie the manera bowte And al the mailes bene of wort to holden wil oute Ind berneled wyth chailtendome, mankindeto faue Botraled with beleue lo oz thou beeft not fatted And at the houses bene byled hales and chambres with no lead but to loue a louespech as bretherne The havae is of bide well the better may thou fpede Every piller is of pennaunce of praiers of farnts Of almes beds arey bokes that the gates hange on Grace bygh the Bate warde a good man fozfothe Dig må bigbt Amed you, for many me bym knowith Telleth hym thys taken that truth wetthe foth I performed the penauce that the priest me entoyned and am full forie for my funes a fo that Tever soon a thinke theron though I mere a nove Beddeth amende you meke hym, tylbis mafter once Cowarne by the west that the woman shute Tho Adam and Euteren apples bnrofted.

19 ena cunctis claufa eft, et per birginem

And if grace grannt to the to come in thys wyle Thou that feein this felte Truth in thyne herte In a cheque of charytie as thou a childe were To suffer hym and se not agaynst thy Siers wyll And beware thou of weath that is a wyked shewe He hath Enuye to hym that in thy hert sixteth And poketh for pride to praise thy selfe The bolones of the benefites maketh the blynde than And that wast y dryue out eas down a the dore closede keyed and clyketted to kepe the wyth oute Pappilye an hundred wynter er thou est entre

别.4.

Thus

The vilion of

Thus mighteft b lefen his loue to let wel by thy felue And neuer bappily efte enter, but arace if thou baue. And there are feuen fyfterne that feruen truth euer And are porters of the posterns that to p place biloa That one of hem hight Abftinece. Dumilitie an other Charitie and chastitte bene the chiefe maydens there. Dactence and Deace, do much people helpe Largenes the Ladye, lettith in full many She hath holpe an hundred out of the deuils pinfold and who is lybbe to these seuen, so me God belpe De is wonderly welcome, and fapie bnderfonge. And but pe be lybbe to some of these lysters fenen It is ful hard, bimy head, & Diers, for any of you al To get ingog at any gate there, but grace be y moze Dow by Chill o a cutpurs tha. I have no kyn there 202 I quod an apewarde, by ought & I can knowe. wort God guoda wafrefter, wolf I this forfoth Shuld I neuer furdir a fote for anifriers preaching. pisquod Diers o plowman, a pokid hem al to good Mercie is a mayben there, bath myght ouer them all And the is lybbe to all fynfull and her sonne also. And through the helpe of hem two hope ye noe other Thou might get grace therby, fo thou go by tyme. Bi.f. Daul o a pardoner, on a beture I benot knowe I world go ferch my bore wo my bacnets al. And also a buil with a Bythops letters. By Chift, pa como woma, thy copany wil I folow Thou halt lage I am thy lifter, I ne wote whether (theibe gon

paffus quintus de vilione.

Thys

his werea wickid way, but if we had a give That wold wede w bs ech a fote, a b wei tel Duod perkin p plowina, bi.f. Deter of come I have an halfe acre to erie by p hygh wave Bad Aeried thys balfe acre, and fowed it after I woulde wend with you, and the way teach. The were a longe letteng of a lade in a Sklevie Bow 19 is what hould we women worke in the meane whyle ers aftign Some that fow the lacke of pierce for theding of the eth wome And relouely ladies to rour log fringers That pe have like and landel to low whan tyme is Thefibles for chaplagnes churches to honour wynes and widdowes wolle and flare spinneth Make cloth I counsell you, a ken so your doughters The nedy and the naked, nimeth hede how they liage And caft hem clothes, for fo commaundeth Truth For I challene hem livelode, but if the lande farle flethe and breade both to tyche and to pore As longe as Ilyue, for the lordes loue of heaven And al maner of me p through meat a drinke libbeth Belpehim to worke wightly that winneth your fode

By Christ quod a knight tho, he kenneth be p best And on the teme truly taught was I never And ken me q the knight a by Chill I wylassage By faint Daule of Derbin ve profer me fayre That I chall swynke and sweter some for by bothe And other labours do for thy lone aimy lyfe tyme In covenaunt that thou kepe holy kyzke a my selfe fro walters a fro wycked me p this world deftrop, beipe to (eth church. And go bunt hardely to hares and to fores To bozes a to brocks p breken adowne my hedges Bid go affagte the fawcoing wylde foles to kyll

H.iu.

19 icts praperty a knyght to kepcheip

102

The viction of

for fuch cumeth to my croft and croppeth mi whete Curtellye the knyght than comfed thefe wordes By my power Pers quod he, I plight the my trouth To fulfill thes forwarde though I fraht boulde As longe as I lyue I chal the mayntaine

wixip.

bom piers pea and ret a pornt quod Pers, I prai you of more rouccliety Loke ve teme no tenaunt, but truthe wolaffent & knight And though ye may amarcie him, let merci be tarous And mekenes thie mafter, mauger Bedes chekes And though pore men proffre you prefents and gyfts Aymitnoton a benture pemaye it not befeeue for pe that reide it agayne at one pers ende In a ful parilous place Durgator it hight

And mifbed northy bond meg better migh pipede Though he bethi buberling here, wel it may happen That he were worthier let & w morebus (in beaut

Amice afcende fuperius

for ind charnel at churche cheris be ful cuel to know Dra knight from a knauethere, know this in thi bert And & thou betrue of thy toung, a tales & thou hate Butif thei be of wilde oz of wit thi wozkme to chafte Polde with no harlots nehere not her tales And namelie at the meate luche men efchw for it be the deuills deffours Ido the to und erchobe I affent by faint Tame fayde the knyoht thame for to work bithy wordes & while my life endureth And I chal aparci me quod Barken in pilorems mile And wend with you I wpltyl we finde truthe And caft on my clothes clouted and bole My cokers and mi cuftes for colde on my nailes And hang my hoperat my hals in flede of a fcripe I buthel of brede corne bring me therein

fol. reril.

for I wolde so weit my felfe and spth wyl I wende To pylgramages as palmers doe pardo for to haue and who so helpeth me to excie and so we or I wend Shal haue leue bi our lord god to gier here in heruift Ind make he merri ther, maugre who fobigrudge it And al kynne crafti menthat can lyue in truthe Thail fynde hem fode that fagthfullie lybbeth Saue Jakethe Jugloute and Jonet of the Gewes And Daniell the dyspleyer and Denot the bawde And fryer faytoz and folke of bys ozder. And Roben the Rybauder for his ruftie wordes. Truth tolde me once and bad me tel it after Deleantur delibzo binetium. I Choulde not deale to hom for holy churche is hote, of hem no tithe to take Quiacum Inftis non Cribantur.

They beefcaped good aventure, God hem amende, Dame werche whan tyme is Diers wyle hyght Dis daughter hight Doright lo, oz p dae chal p beat Dis conebight Suffrethy conerains to have her will Deme the not for if thou doft thou halt it dere abve Let god weake with all for so his worde teacheth. for nowe I am olde a hore and have of mine owne To penauce a to pilgrimag I wil pallew their other Therefore I wol or I wende de write iny bequeit

IR DET ROMIRE ame I make it mi selfe. Bow 196-De thal have mi foule that best hath Deferuid it And from the fende it defende for fo I beleue Tol I com to my counts as my Credo int telleth To have a relesse and a remission, on that retal I leve The kyrke that have my carene, and kepe my bones, for of my come and cattel the craued my tythe I payde it hym pressife for perple of my foule

Therfore.

erce mas

keth bys:

teftamét.

The vicion of

For fuch cumeth to my croft and croppeth mi whete Curtellye the knyght than comfed thefe wordes By my power Berg quod he, I plight the my trouth To fulfill thys forwarde though I fraht Coulde as longe as I lyue I chal the mayntaine

wixip.

bow piers pea and reta pornt quod Pers, I prai you of more roucclieth Loke ve teme no tenaunt, but truthe molaffent g knight And though ye may amarcie him, let merci be tarour And mekenes thie mafter, mauger Bedes chekes And though pore men proffre you prefents and ayfts Aymitnoton a benture pemayett not beferue for pe that yeide it agayne at one pers ende In a ful parilous place purgator it hight

And milbed northy bond meg better migh pipede Though he bethi buberling here, wel it may happen That he were worthier let & w mozebus (in beaut

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IR DEI ROSPIRE ame I make it mi selfe. kow ple De thal have mi foule that beft hath Deferuid it And from the fende it Defende for fo I beleue Tol I com to my counts as my Credo in telleth To have a relesse and a remission, on that retal I leve The kyake that have my carene, and kepe my bones, for of my come and cattel the craued my tythe I payde it hym prestite for peryle of my foule

Therfore.

erce mas

keth bys

testamét.

The bision of Therfore is he holde I hope, to mind me in his malle and mengen w bys memozy among all chainen My wife that have of p I wan w Truth a no moze, and deale among my doughters and my dear childie for though I dre to day my dettes are guyte I bare home that I borrowed or I to bedde rede And to the relidue a the renaunt by p rode of Lukes I well worther therworth Truthe by my life And be his Wilgraime at p plowe for pore mes fake Miplow fore halbe mi pikftaf, a pitchato prootes And helpe my culter to herue and clenfe p fozowes. Nowe is Berkin a hys pilgrapmes to polow faren To erie this halfe acre helpen him many, Dikers and delucts-dyaged by the balkes Therwith was Werkin apaied, a prayled hemfast Dther workemen were there that wrought ful perne Euery man in bys maner, made hym felfe to done And someto please Derkin preked by the wedes.

At high prime Bierce let the plowe stonde To ouer se hem him selfe, and who so best wroughte Be should be byzed therafter wha heruest time came,

And than latten some and songe at the nale, And holpen erie his halfe acre with hey trolly lolly Now by f peril of my soule of Pierce, al in pure tene. But ye arise the rather, and rape you to werke shal no graine that growen serue you at nede and though ye dye for dole, f deup haue that retche.

Tho were faytois aferd, and feyned hem blind, some laybe her legges a lyzye as such losels can Ind made her mone to Pierce, and prayed of grace for we have no sims to labour w, lord graced be ye, and we pray for you Pierce, a for your plowe both, That

That God of hys grace your grayne multiply And pelde you for your almes that he grue by here for we can ether frank ne freet, fuch ficknes by allith

Iric be loth a Pierce y ve sayne, I chal it sone espy be be wasters I wot well, and Truth wor the soth and I am his olde hyne, and height him to warne which they wer in this world, hys workeme apered be walt y men wynnen with trauayle and with the power drynke. But if ye be blind or broke legged, or boiled wing yours, ye chall eate wheate breade and or inke wing selfe, will Bod of hys goodness amendment you sende.

Ind ye might travel as Truth would, a take meat a To kepe kine in the stell, y come trothe beats (hyre i ken or belien or dingen apon thenes.

I helpe make morrer, or brare mucke a felbe.

In Lechery and in histengerye ye live, a in stouthe And all is through sufferaunce, that vegeauce you ne And a nkers a hermits yeate but at nones (taketh And no more or morow my almes that not they have And of cattel to kepe hem to y have cloysters a chur. And Robert runa bout thall not have of mine (ches Me apostles but thei prechea, a have bishops power They shall have pane a porage, a make hir self at ease Po reasonable religion hath right nought of certen. And that gan a wastout to wrath him, a would have And that gan a wastout to wrath him, a would have And that gan a wastout to wrath him, a would have And to Pierrs y plouma he proferd his glove (sought A Bretoner, a bragger, a bosted Pierre also and bade him go pyste to his plome, sorpined sprew Wylt thou, or nelt thou, we will have out wyl Of thy hour a of thy seth, feech wha by lyketh,

3.t.

And

The billion of

Ind maken be merve there myd, maugre thy chekes Bierce Than Dierce & Plowing playned bim to & knighte plement to Co kepe him as couenaut from curied threwes p knyght. And fro these wastors wolnesking, y make y world for tho walten a win nought, a that the while (Dere worthneuer plety amog p puple, p while mi plow Curtelly the knight that as his kind would (liggeth warned wastour, and wished him better. Di f thalt abie by the lawe, by thorder y 3 beare I was not worto work or waltor, a now wil I not Ind let light of the lawe, a lelle of the knight, (brain and fet Pierce at a pele, and his plowe bothe And manaced Wierce and his men, if thei met eft fone Aow big peril of mi foul or piers, I that apeir you at prode bo. Ind whoupedafter Bunger, p heard him at the firft ger to tes Awzeke me of thefe wallozs of he, p this world thens weg bem. Dunger in halt tho hent, wastour by the maw (Deth And wrong him to bithe wombe, p his eies watted, He buffeted the breton about the chekes, That he loked like a lanterne al his life after De beat hem so both, be brake nere her gutteg. Re had Bierce with a pele lof praved Buger to ceale They had ben doluen ne deme thou none other. Suffer he live he faid, a let he eat with hogges, De els beanes and beanne, baken togythers Patters Dreis milke or meane ale thus praved Dierce for he. morke for fartours for feare hereof, flowen into barnes scar of bo And flappen on with flailes, fromozow til euen ger. That Bunger was not lo bardy, on hem for to loke, for a potte full of pele that Dierce had rmaked

An heape of Dermittes bent hem fpades

and kyt her copes, and courtepies hem made

and

And wenten as workeme wythipades a in houris. Ind doluen and diggen to deque away bunger. Blinde and bedriden were botened a thoulande That lytten to begge lyluer, some were bealed for bread bake for baierds, was bote for mani hoari And ech poze má wel apaied to baue pele for his bire And what Birte prayed he to do as prest as a hauke And therof was Dietce proude, a put hem to worke. And gave he meat as he might ford, a mesurablehire Thá had Pierce pity, a praped hunger to wende, Dome unto his owne yard, and holden him there for I am wel awroke of walters, bythi might nowe And I pray the yer thou palle quod Dierce to honger Di beggers and bydders, what beft to be doner for I wot wel be thou went, they wil worch full pll. for Mischiefe it maketh, thep be so meke now, Ind for defaut of her fode, this folke is at my wyll They ar mi bloudy brethere Bierce, for god bought Truth taught me once to love bemech one (bs all And helpen hem of all thyng, are as hem nedeth Ind now would I wert of the what were the beste Bow beds Ind how I might maltren bem, and make he worke ersmai be Meare now quod Bunger, and hold it for wifebome, made to Bolde beggers a bygge, that may her bread fwinke, with houdes bread, a horsebread, hold by her heres A bate hem with beanes, for bowing of byr wombe And if her gommes grutche, bind hem to swynke And he challoupe fweter, whan he it bath deferued And if thou find any freke p fortune harh apaired Or any maner falle men, found thou luche to knowe Confort him to thy cattell, for Christes love of heue, Loue hem, and leue hem, to the law of God teacheth. 3.11.

Bierce Bloughman.

And al maner of men that thou might espre, That nedy ben and naughty, help hem with goodes Loue and lacke hem nought, lest god take p begeauce

Chough they Do euil, let God worth,

If "wilt be gracious to do good as & gospel techith and biloue & amog low me: so thair thou latch grace

Anolde greve God of Pierce for al & good on groud, Might I finles do as & feist, said pierce that (groud yea I behote the of Hongry or els the bible lieth Godto Benetis the giant, the engendrour of by al In Sudore and swynke, & thalt thy meat tylye and labour for our lyuelode, and so our lord hygh and sapientie sayth the same, I sawe it in the byll piger pre frigore no feylde woulde tylye and therefore he shal begge a bidde, a no má bate his Mathew w más face mouthed these words (hugre That Seruus new had a besaut, a for henolde chaffer

De had mangre of his maister, a euer moze after And byname him his Adnam for he wold not worke and gafe that Adnam to him that ten Manams had And wyth that he said that holy kirke it had He that hath that have, and helpe there it nedeth

And he p hathnot that not have, ne no mã him helpe, And p he weneth welto have, I wil it him bereve.

kynd witte would that ech a wight wrought Drin dikynge or in deluynge, or trauayle in prayers, Contemplative life, or active life, Christe would they The platter faith in plating of Beattonnes (wrought The freke that fedeth him felf whis faithful laboure

2BE

Bow in is

ers praps

Ceruantes

toteche

Be bleffed by the boke in bodye and soule.

Labores manuum tuarum. ac. Pet I pray you & Pierce praye Charitie a ye canne, Any leche crafte lere it me my deare For some of my servauntes and my selfe bothe

Of al a weke workenot, so our wombeaketh,

I wote well of Hunger, what sikenes you arleth

ge have manged over muche, a ý maketh you grone, chraft for and I hote the Q Hunger, as thou thy hele wilneste hym and for hys

That thou drinke no day, ere thou dyne somewhat

Tate not I hote the, ere Hunger the take, And send the of hys sauce to sauour wyth thy lyppes And kepe some tyll souper time, and syttenot to long

And ryle bp ere appetite haue eaten his fyll

Lettenot fyz Surfet fyt on thy bozde

Acue him not for he is lecherours a licozous of tong And after mani maner of meat his maw is a hügred and if thou diet the thus, I dare laye my eares

That philike that his furred hodde, for his foode fell and this cloke of Calabree wal his knaps of golde,

And be fayne by my fayth his philike to lette

And lerne to laboure whond, for lyue lode is swete, for murtherers are many leches lorde hem amende.

They do me dye by their dunkes per destiny it wolde By. S. Paule & Pierce these ar profitable wordes

wend f honger when g welt, & wel be thou euer

Koz this is a louely leston, Lozd it the fozyeld, Bihote god quod honger, hence ne wil I wende

Cil I have dined by this day, and dronken both.

I haueno peny quod Pierce, polettes for to bie De neither gole ne grys, but two grene cheles

A fewe curdes and creame, and an hauer cake

T.fii.

and

The viction of

Indtwo loues of beanes & branne bake for mi folke And yet I fay by my foule, I have no fait bacon Re no cokeney by Chifte, coloppes for to make, And I have perceley and porets, a many cole plates. And the a corve and a calfe, and a cart mare To draw a field my dung o while o drawght laffeth And bi this linelod. I must live til Lamas time By that Thopeto haue heruelt in my croft, Ind than I may dyaht my dyner, as my dere lyketh. And al the poze people tho, Descoddes fet, Beanes and bake apples, they brought in her lappes sore folk Chyboles and chernell, and type cheries many, tede bun And proferd Bierce thes prefente to pleafe to huger All honger eate in haife, and alked after moze, Than poze folke for feare, fedde hunger verne with grene pozet a pelen, to poilon him thei thought By bit neghed to haruelt, new come came to cheping Than was folke fanne, and fedde hungre to the beffe With good ale as Gloto taught, a gart bugre a neve And tho would waster no work, but wadzenahoute. Ae no begger eate breade, that beanes in were But of Coket and Clermatyne, oz els of cleane tobeat De no halfepeny alein no wyle drynke But of the best a of p browneste p in butth is to sell. Laborers phaneno land to line on, but her handes Devned not to dyne a daye nyaht old wortes. May no penyale hem paye, noz no pece of bacon But if it be freche fleth, other fothe fried ether oz bake. And p chand, or plus chand, for chilling of her mam. But if he be hrahire hrered else wril he chyde And p he was workeman wrought, waile the tyme Agayuft Catons counfell, comfeth be to fangle.

Baus

ger.

Bietce ploughman.

fol. rrrb6

Maupertatis onus patienterferre memento. De greueth him against god, a grutcheth against reso And tha curleth he the king, and all hys counsel after, Suche lawes to loke, labourers to areue. While huger gate hem bier, not one of he wold chide. Re friuen agarnft his fatute, fo fternely be loked And I warne you worckemen, win while ye may for Bunger byther warde hafteth bym felfe De thall awake with water, wastours to chast Ere frue be fulfylled fuch famine thal arple Through floudes and fowle weder fruite thal faile. And so sayd Saturne and fent you to warne, And whe pele the funne amille, a two mokes heades And a maid have the maitre, a multiply by eight. Than hall death to Drawe, and Derth bre iuftice And Dawe the Diker hall dye for hunger. But if God of his goodnes graunt bs atteue.

Pallus Ceptimus De bilione.

To make his teme, and to pierce sente,
To make his teme, and tile the earth
And purchased a pardone, a pena et culpa
for hym a for his heyres for euermore after
And bade hym holde him at home, and erve his laies
and al that helpe him to erve, to sette, and to sowe
Or any other mistery that might Pierce auaile,
Pardon is Pierce Plowman Truth hath graunted
knyghtes and kynges that kepeth holy kyrke,
And ryghfully in realmes ruleth the people
Have pardonthrough purgatorie to passe ful lightly
with patriarks a prophets, in Paradice to be felow
Bythops plessed, if they bene as they shoulde,
Legisters

Hierris

15 (crce 15 loughman.

Legisters of both lawes the lewde therib to preach? and in as much as they may amend all linful Are peers to thapoftles, fuch pardo Bierce theweth And at the day of dome at the bygh depleto litte Marchauntes in the mergen had many peres And none a pena et culpa, the Bope wyll ffem graunt for thei hold not her holf Dates, as holf kirke techeth and for they fwere by her foul, a fo god muft be beip

Agayne clene conscience, ber catell to fell.

And boort his fecrete feale Truth fet hem aletter That they houlde bugge boldly that hem belt liked And lythen fell it againe, and laue the wynnynge and amed Melodieur her mede, a mileale folk beipe And wycked wayes wyghtly amende, and do boote to Brugges that tobroke were. Abarien maydens oz maken bem Runnes. 2016 people and pations fynden hem her fode and fet scholers to schole,oz to some other craftes Releue religion, and reuten him berter, and I chal cendyon. S. Abthel myne archangelle, That no deuil that you bere, ne fere pou in your Doing and writen you fro wanhope if ye wyl thus worke, And fend your foules in fafety to my faintes in Fore. Than were marchauntes mery, many wept for Tore And prarled Dierce the Blowman y purchaled bul Shen of law least pardon had, that pleden for Apcoe for the platter fauethhem not, fuch as take giftes, And namely of Innocent that no envine canneth

Super innocentem mun: ta non accipies, Pleders the ulde pen e hem to pleade for fuch in helth Drinces a prelates thould pay for her trauell.

& regibus et principibus etit merces corum.

Fol, explit

and mani a Juffice and Jurour would for John do Lawyars Than pro Dei pierate, leue youno other (more no monce and he that spedeth hys speche a speaketh for o poze That is innocent a nedy, and no man appeyreth Conforteth bim in that case, wout couetise of aiftes. And fpekith law for our lords love as be bath lernio Shal no deupl at his deathes dave deren him a mite That he ne worth falfe a his foule, p pfatter beareth Domine quis babitabit in tabernaculo tuo! (wptnes And to bugge water ne wind, ne wit, ne fire & ferth These four the father of heue made to this fold in co. These be Truthes treasures, true folk to beip (men That never that were ne wane wont God hym felfe. Whathey drawen one to die, a indulgere wold have Their pardon is full petit at their partong bence That any mede of meane men for their mooting take Pe Legisters and lampers hold thys for Truthe. That if I lye, Mathewe is to blame, for he bade me tel you this a this prouerbe me told Onodcumque bultis tt faciant bobis homines facite eis. Allywynge labozers that liuiden to her handes That truly taken, and truly wonnen. And liven in love and in lawe for their lowe hertes Baueth the same absolution that sent was to Pierce pag of als Beggers a bidders ne be not in the bulle, mes. But if the luggestio be louth, o thapeth he to begge. for he that beggeth one byt, but if he have nede he is faile with the fende, and defraudeth the nedy And also he begileth the gruer, against his well For if he were not nedy, he would give y to an other That were moze nedy that he, so p nedest thold be hold Caton keneth me thus, a the cletke of Stozics (pen **Tut**

The billion of

Eni Des bidetoris Catons teachinge

And in the ftories be teacheth to beffo we your almes

Sit elimolina tua in manu tua donec audes cui des, And Gregory was a good man, a bade bs genen all That asketh for his love, that bs all leveth Non eligas cui miserearisme forte pretereas illu qui meresur accipere. Quia incertum est pro quo deo magis placeas. For ye wit not who is worthi, a god knowth the nedi In hym that taketh is prechery, if any treson walke for he that geneth yeldeth and parketh hym to rest

And he é biddeth bozoweth, a bzigeth him self in det foz beggers bozowe euer, atheir bowghis god als To veldhe è geveth heza pet blure moze (mighty

Quare non bebilli pecuniam meam ab mentam,

Therfore byd not, o pe begers, but if it be great nede for he ymust nedis bege bred, y boke bereth witnes we hath mough p hath bred, though he have nought

Satis dives en qui non indiget pane (elle. Let blage be your solace of faintes lyues readynge The boke baneth begery, a blameth be in this maner

Junior fut etenim fenui et non bidi tuftum Dereiterum

Foz ye lyue in no loue, ne no lawe holde, Many of you ye wed not the women y ye with deale But as wild bealts with webe, worthe by a worche And bringen forth barnes, that baltardes men calle, Or the backe or some bone, he breaketh in his youth And lithe gone farten w your servants for ever after There is more mishappe puple amog these beggers Than of al maner of me that on thy molde walketh And they that lyue thus her lyse, may loth the tyme

That

That ever they were men wrought, what he chal hece and olde me a hore that helples be of strength (fare and women we chylde that worke ne maye Blynd a bedreden and broke there membres That taken the myscheues mekely as mesels a other have as pleyne pardon as the plowman hym selfe for love of her low herts oure lord hath the graved Their penauce and their purgatorie here on this erth piers and a priest tho thy pardon must I reade for I was constructed clause a kenne it his inglyth and piers at hys prayer that pardon busoldeth and I behinden hem bothe behelde al the busse All in two lynes it laye and not a leefe more and was wrytten ryght thus in wytnes of truthe

Et qui bona egerunt ibunt in bitam eternam Qui bero mals in ignem eternam.

Deter quod the prieste tho, I can no pardon fynde But do well and haue wel, a god thal haue thy soule and do yll and haue yll hope thou none other But after thy deaths day, y deuil that haue thy soule and Pierce for pure tene, pulled it in twaine.

Ind sayde Si ambulauero in medio bmbre mortis. A on timebo mala quoniam tu mecum es.

Acadom my bealy ioy, so busy be no more (so hard De abom my bealy ioy, so busy be no more (so hard Of praiers a of penauce, my plowe that be hereafter, And were wha I thold slepe, though whet bread me The prophet his paneeat, in penauce a sorow (faile By that the plaiter sayth, so dyd other many, That loueth god selly, hys squelode is full easye fuerum ministachume mee panes die ac uocte.

And but if Luke sye, he learneth by by sowles this.

Mierce Bloughman.

The foules up field, who findes he meat in winter? Haue they no garner to go to, but god fedes hem all, what q the prieste to Perkin, Peter as methynketh Thou art lettered a lyttle, who learned the on boke? This differe came afterward, a kened me much more worked a prieste of perkin, a kened me much more worked a prieste, in Dirit insiptens to thy teme, Lewd lozel quod Pierce, little lokest thou on hy by ble On Solomons sawes, seldome thou beholdest eccederisores et jurgia cum cis uc crescant.

The prieste and Perkin apposed either other And I through their words awoke, a waited about And sawe the sume in the south syt that tyme, Meatles and moueles on Maluerne hylles Musing on thys metales, and my way eche pede.

Many tymes this metels hath made me study,
Of that I see sleapynge, if that so be myght
Andalso for Pierce the Plowman full pensife in herte
And which a pardon Pierce hadal pupple to coforte
And which a pardon Pierce hadal pupple to coforte
And how priest impugned it, we two propre words
And I have no savery in sogwary, for I se it oft sayle
Caton and canonistres counsel by to leave
To set sames in songwarye for Sompnia necures.

Don Da. And for the boke bible beareth wytnes, niel dimid Howe Daniel dimned the dreames of a kinge of dreams That was Pabugodonosor named of clerkes of Rabu Daniel sayde syr kinge, thy dreames betoken, source of that bukougth knights that come, thi kingdome to

(cleime

Amogft lower lozds thy lad thalbe departed And as Daniel dimned in dede, it fell after The kynge loft his lozdethyp and lower meichad And Toleph met maruelloully how pmone a pfune DEP DIES And the .ri. flarres halled hem all, mes of 10 . Than Jacob judged Josephes Swyuen, sephe. Beau firs anod hys father, for defaute we chall I my felfe and my fonnes feche the foz nede. It befell as hys father faid in Pharaos tyme That Joseph was Justice Egypte to loken It befel as his father told, his freds ther him fought And al this maketh me on this metals to thinke And how the priest preued no pardon to do well. and demed that do well indulgences palled. Biennales and triennales, and Bilhops letters And how do wel at p day of dome, is dianly buders And passeth al p pardon of. s. Deters church (foucen Dow hath p Dope power pardoto graft the pupie without any penaunce to passeinto heuen. This is our beleue, as lettered men do bs teach. Duodcumque ligauerts Cuper terram erit ligatum et in celis

That pardon and penaunce, and prayers done laue, Soules that have linned seven sythes deadly And to trust to these triennales truly me thynketh, Is not so liker for the soules as to do well, Therfore I red you reaks prich be on thys earth, Apon truste of your treasure, triennales to have, Be ye never the bolder to breke the ten bestes And namely remaisters, marries, and sudges, That have preast pardos, a the Popes buls (holde

The viction of

At the dreadfull dome, whan the dead thall arple
and commen all tofore Christe, accountes to pede
Bow f leadest thy lyfe here, and his lawes kepest
And how g didest day by day the dome wil reherse,
a poke full of pardon ther, ne provincial letters
Though ye be foude in g fraternitie of the titilorders
beset your patentes a your pardos, at one pese hele
therfore I counsell all thristen to crye God mercy,
and make Christ our meane, that hath made emeds
that god give by grace here, or we go hence
suche worckes to worcke, while we be here,
that after our deathes day, do wel rehearse
that after our deathes day, do wel rehearse

paffus octanus de vifione. Let hic incipit inquifitio prima de dowell.

Dus throbed in cullet, I cunned about all a Somer featon for to seke Dowel Andreyned full oft, of folke that I mete If any wight wist wher dowel was at some And what man he might be, of many man I asked, was never wyght as I went, that me wyshe could where thys ladde lenged, laste or more, Tyll it befel on a fryday, two fryers I mette, waisters of the Penours, men of greate wytte I halsed hem hendly, as I had lerned, and prayed hem for charitie, or they passed further If they knew any contrye or cost as they went where that dowel dwelleth, do me to wyt, for they be men of this mold that most wyde walke.

And

Bierce Bloughman. Fol. rerie. And knowe contries a courtes, a many kings places Both princes palaces, and pore mens cotes And dowel a docuil, where they dwel both. Amongest be of the menours, that man is dwellinge And ever hath as I hope, and ever thall hereafter, Contra quod I, as a clarke, and cumfed to disputen Ind farde hom fotbipe, & cotics in Die cadit iuftus Seven fythes faveth the boke. frnneth the ryabtfull. And who fo formeth I fay, both curl as me thinketh And dowell and do eupl, may not dwell togither, Erao he is not alway among you fevers De is otherwhyle els where to wythen the people. I Chall say the my sonne, say de the frier than. Howe feuen lithes the fadde man on a day fynneth. 28 y a forbifne quod the fryer, I that the faire thewe Let bryng a man in a boote, amyd the broke water The wonde and the water, and the bote wagging Dake a man many tyme to fall and to flande for frand beneuer to freffe, he frumbleth if he meue And pet is befafe and founde, and fo hym behoueth, for if he nearyle the rather, and raght to the flere, The wind would wi the water the boote overthaw And that were his life loft through latches of him felf And thus it falleth quod & frier by folk here on erth The water is likned to b world b waveth a wereth The goods of this world ar likened to p aret waves That as windes and wethers walken about, The boote is likened to our body, pbrotil is of kynd That through the fiethe and the frayle morlos, Sonneth the ladde man a day leven tymes And deadly fonne bothe benot, for dowel him kepeth

And b is charitie b chapion, chiefe belpe agayne finne

for

sterce 16 loughman.

for he arethed man to fand, a firreth mans fonle and thoughe they bowe as boste both in the water. ape is thy foule fafe, but if thou wylt thy felfe Do a Deadlye finne, and brenche fo thy foule. God well luffer wel thy flouth, if thy felfe lyketh for he gafethe two perefycitis to teme wel thy felfe and bis witte a frewil to euery wight a portion To Avinge fowles, to fiches, and to beattes And man bath mofte therof, and moft is to blame But if he worch wel therw, as dowel hym reacheth. Thaueno kind knowng of Toto coceine all your moze And if I may live a loke, I that golearne better (des I bikenne the Chaift, that on the croffe dred. And I faid the same saue you from mischaunce And giue you grace on this groud good me to worth And thus I went wide wher, walking mine one By a wyde wildernes, and by a brookes fyde, Blisse of the birdes brought me on sepe. And buder a lynde on a land. lened a gounde To lyth the layes, tho louely fowles made, De yathe of her mouthes made me there to flepe The maruelousest metelles mette me than, That ever dremed wyaht in worlde as I wene. A much man as methought, and like to my felfe. Came and called me by my kindename. What art p quod I tho, thou p my name knowester That thou wottest wel quod be, and no wight better more I what thou art . Thought fard bethan. I have fued the this feven reres, le pme no tathere Art thou Thought @ I tho, thou couldeft me toythe wher powel dwelleth, a do me that to knowe Dowel, Dobetter, a Dobest the thirde quod he ... Are Are thre fa yre bertues and be not farre to fynde anoho so is true of hys tonge and of hys two handis and through his labor a his sod his lyuelod winneth and is trusty of hys tayland, taketh but hys owne and is no dronkelewe ne dedigyous dowel him folowo bet both right thus, ahe both much more (weth He is as lowe as a lambe and louelye of speche and helpeth al menaster that hem nedith, The bagges a the bigurdles he hath to broke hem all That the Erle Auarous helde and hys hepre and thus to mamos money he hath made him freds and thus to mamos money he hath made him freds and precheth to the people saynt paules wordes

Libenter Cuffertis Infivientes efficis ipli Cavicutes And suffreth the buwise to you for to lyue And to glad wil both he good for so god you hoteth. Dobelt is about both, and bereth a bishopes croffe Is hoked on that one ende to balle men from hel a pykeis on p potent to pul downe the wicked, That wayten any wyckednes Bowell to tene And Dowel a dobet amougeft hem haue ozdained To cozoune one to be kringe to rule hem boeth That if dowel and Dobetter byd againe dobeft. Than that the kyng come and cast hem in Irons, 2nd but if dobelt beede for hem they be there for euer Thus dowel and do bet and dobeft the thirde Crouned butothem a kongeto keve bem all And to rule the realme by her thre writes Ind none otherwyle but as they thre affentyd, I thanked Thought tho that he me thus taught And yet fauozeth me not thy faying, I coueft to ferne How dowel dobelt a dobetter done among p people But The biffon of

But witte ca with the ge thought where the iii dwell Els wot I nonethat, can fe that now is a lyue, Thought and I thus the dayes we peden Disputing bpen Dowel Dave after other. Ander we wer ware to witte ganne we mete He was long and leane lyke to none other mag no pripe on hys apparell ne pouertie neither: Sad of his femblaunt and of foft chere I duell not move no mater to make hym to Jangle: But as I babe thought tho, be meane betwene And put forth fum purpose to preue his wickes Swhat was bowelfro dobet a dobette fro the bothe Than thought in that tyme laybe thele wordes mobether dowel dober and dobest bene in lande. Bereis wyl wolde witte, if witte coude teche hym and whether he be man or woma, this ma fain wold and workens they thre wold thus is his enter (elop

maffus nonus De bilione. Et primus De Dohel

The castely kind made of four king things.

Of erth a ayre is it made media to gethers.

Myth wynde and wyth water wytterly entoyned kynde hath closed therin craftely with all leman that he louethelyke to hym selfe APISO Ashe hyght, and enute her hateth proude pricker of fraunce, we tinceps hutus mundt, and wolde wyn her awape in wyles and he might and kynd knoweth thys well and kepith her p better And both her in syr Dowel is duke of thys marches. Dobet is hir damsel syr dowels daughter. To setue this ladie selly both late and rathe

Doben:

Dobest is about bother Brihops pere That he byo mufte be do he ruleth them all Anima that lady is ted by the ferneing Ind p constable of p castell that kepithal p wache Is a wrie anyght wal ly: Inwit he ipoghe and hath thue tayze louis by his fruit worke by beewel and Saywel and heatewell the heade by 110 ozkewel withy bad a wight ma of lizengthe And syz Godfray Gowel, gret lozds for sothe These frue ben set to saue thys ladie Inima Tyl kyndeeum or fende to faur her for euer What king thing is kinde quod I, can't thou me tele kynd o witte is a creator of al kinnis thyngs Kather and former of all that effer was made And that is the grete god that begynning had neuet Norde of lyfe and of lyght of blis and of payne Angels and althoug are at his wyl And man is hym most lyke of marke and of shape For through p worde that he spake were forth beites

Diritet facta funt. And made Adam lykeft to hym felfe one And Eue of hys tybbe bone wouten any meane Tozhe was fynguler hym felfe and fayde faciamus, As who save moremust herto than mi worde one Ady myghemult helpe now to my weche Eue as a lord chuld make leters, a he lakid parchinet Though he cond write never to wellf he had no pen The lettere for al his lordhip I leve wer never maked And so it semith by him as the bible tellyth There he fapde. Dixitet facta funt, He must worke with his worde and his wit the we Ind in this maner was ma made by might of god als Z.11. (mighty

16 fetce Bloughman.

Worth his word a his workmathip and to life to last And thus god gaue him a good of p godhed of heaue and of the greete grace grauted them blyffe And e is lyfe that are that last to alour linage after And that is the castel y kynde made Caro it hyght and is as much to meane as man with a foule And that he worth worke and with worde both Through might of the maiestie in Ada was maked Inwitand al wits closed bene therin for love of the ladie Anima that lyfe is named Duer al in mans bodie the walketh and wandzeth And in the hert is his home and his most rest And Inwortis in p head and to the hert loketh What Animais leefe or loth, he learth hir at his wil for after the grace of god the gretest is Inwitte Much woo worth o mã that mistuleth his Inwitte And that bene glotons glubbergs, her god is her Quorum beus benter cft,

Suorum deus venter ch, (wom be for serven they Sathan there souls that he have They live in sinfull life here, their soule is like y denill And al that liven good life are like to god almyghtie Dui maner in charitate, in deo maner.

Alas that dignke that fordo that god dere bought And both god forsake hem & he thope to his likenes? Amendico vobis, nescio vos, et alivi, et dimis cos secundum desiderata corum.

Fooles that fauren Inwette, I finde f holte churche Shulde fynde hem that faute and fatherles childzen And wydowes f haue not where it to wynhe her Wad men and may dens that helpeles were (foode Al these lacke Jawitte, and loze behoueth.

Of thys matter I might make a longe tale

And

Jagruffe

Andfynde fel wytnefles among the foure doctors That I lye not on p I lernep, Luke bereth wirnes God fathers a godmothers y lene her god childzene At mileale and at mylchyfe and might bem amende Shal have penauce in purgatorie but they hem belo for more belogeth to plittle barne or he plawe know Than nempned of aname and he never the wyfer Sholde no chapften creature crie at the gate Prieftes De fayle payne ne potage a prelate byd as they thuld A Jewe wol not fee a Jewe go tangling for defaute for al p mouables on this mold, the amede it might alas pachriften creature halbe bukynde to an other Spthe Jewes that we judge Judas felowes Eche of hem helpeth other of p egat hem nedeth Who wil we not chaine, of Chaines good beas kynd As Jewes that be oure lozes men, thaine to be al. The Comune for hyr bukindnes I drede me chal abie Bythops thatbe blamed for beggers fake Deis worle than Judas that giucth a Japer Poluer And byddeth the begger go for hys broken clothes is roditor eff prelatus cum Auda qui patrimonium christi minus diffeibuit, et alibi, perniciolus dilpelatoren qui tes pauperum Christi in brilifer consumit. De both not wel p both lo, ne dredeth God of might Belouethnot Salomos fawes that laptence taught Initium Sapientie timor domini. That dredeth god he doth wel & dredeth him for loue And noutht for dred of begeauce doth therfores beter

The both best that widzaweth him by daye a by nyghe

To fort any forthe or any frace of tyme

Lesynge of time truth wootes the sothe

Dui offendit in bno,in omnibus eft reus.

L.ttt.

AS.

The Billion of

Is moste hated apon earth of hem that be in heaven and sithen to spill speach that enspired is of grace and gods gleman, and a game of heaven, wo ould never \$\tilde{p}\$ faithful father his fible were butemished hys gleman a geolyng a goer to tauerne. (perd To all true tidy men, that travell befyren, Our Lord loveth hem; a sente land to other styll.

Grace to go to hem, and of gone her lyfelode.

Juquirentes autem Dominti, non mainentir omit bono. True wedding liuinge folke, in this world is dowel. for they most worke a wynne, a the world sineine, for of his kind they come, that confesione be named kynges and knightes, Caplers, and cherles Daydens and marries out of one mancome The wyfe was made the way to belve to worth And thus was wedlocke wrought to a meane perlo firste by the fathers wyll, and the frendes countell, And lithe by the affent of he telfas thei might accord And thus was wedlocke wrought, a god him felfe it In erth a in heuen, him felfe was the wytnes, (made and falle folke farthles, theues and lyers. Waltours and wzerches out of wedlocke I trowe. Cocciued be in ill cyme, as Cayne was on Cue, Df fuche fynfull threwes, the platter maketh minde.

And al that come of that Cayne, come to evil ende for god sent to Sem, and sayd by an aungell Thine issue in thine issue I wyll that they be wedded, And not thy kind in Cainry kind, coupled nor spoused yet Sem agayne the soud of our santoure of henen. Cainey kinds and hys kynde coupled togythety Til god wrothed for her works, a such a word said.

That

Merce Bloughman.

fol.zli

That I made man, nowe it me forthynketh.

Benitet me fecifi bominem. Ind came to Poe anone, and bade hym not let Swythe go thape a thyppe, of thybes and of bordes Thi felfe and thy fonnes thre, and fithen your wives Bufke rou to that bote, and brde petherein, Tell forty daies be fulffled, that floude have walked Cleane away & cucled bloude that Cayne hath made Beaftes that now bene, thall banne the trine, That ever that curled Cayne come on thys earth A lichall dre for hys dedes by vales and by downes. And the fowles that flowe forth, wo other beaftes Except onely of enery kynde a couple, That in the thengled theppe that be faued, Dere a bode the barne, the beligzes ayltes, And all for hyr fathers fared they worle, The gospelis here agaynz, in one degre I fynde.

And I fynde, if the father be falle, and a threwe.
That somdeale the some that have the spress turches.
Impe on an elderne, and if thyne apple be sweet.
Mouchel maruaile me thynketh, and more of a threw.
That bringeth fourth any barne, but it be plame.
And have a savour after plice, keld seeste thou other.
Aunqua colligitue de spinis vua, net de tribulisticus.
And thus through cursed Caine came care apoearth.
Therfore have p maugre of her mariages pmary so.
For some as I se, now sothe for to tel, (herchildren:
for couetous of catcel, bukindely be wedded
as carefull conception commeth of such mariages.
As besell of the solke, that I before tolde.

f02:

Bierce Wlonghman.

for good thaid wed good though they no good had I am mia et veritas, fapth, Chrift I maie auauce all It is an incomprouple by Chain as me thinketh To geue a young wenche to an olde feble Dr wedden anye wydowe for welth of here goodes That chal neuer barne beare, but if it be in armes Mani apaire lithe p peltilece hath plyght be together The fruite that they bring furth ar fowle wordes In Jeloufie Joycles and Janglen a bed Daue thei no childre but cheffs a clapping the betwe And though thet gone to domow but if p deupl help To followe after the fliche, fetchether it neuer And but they both be fortworne that bacon they tine Therfore I coucel as christen couet not to be webbid for couetis of cattel ne of konted tyche And maydens and maydens mache you togythers mydowes and wydowes worke the fame forno landes but for love loke pe be wedded And tha get pe p grace of god a good I nough to line And euerfe man feculer that may not contynue (wyth swyselve goo wedand wate hym from spune forlecherie in lykynge is lime parde of hel othiles thou arte younge and thy wepon kene 2002eke the to wyneyng yf thou wylt be excused Dum lis bir forits,ne des tua robora fcortis

Scribitut in portis miretrix et Janua mortis.
Whan ye have woued beware and warke in tyme
Aot as Adame a Eue whan Cayne was Ingendred
for in one tymetrulie betwene man and woman
Ae thold no bourd on bed be, but if they bothe were
Both of lyfe a of soule and in perfyt charitie (cleane
That ylke derne dede, do no man ne thoulde

. 21nb

Ind if they lead thus they? life, it liketh god almighty for he made wedlocke firste, and hom felfe.

Bonumen be buulquilque brovem fuam babeat , proptes fornicationem.

and they other gates be gete, for gedlings behold as failt folke, foudlinges, faytours and liers Ungratious to get good, or love of the people mandzen and wasten, what they catche mave. Agayne dowell they do eurlathe deupl ferue, And after their deathes dare, that dwel to the fame But god give hem grace here, hem felues to amend, Dowell my frende, is to done as lawes techen. To loue thy frend and thy foe, leue me p is Dobet, To arue buto menne bothe ronge and olde. To healen and to belpen, is do best of all. and dowell is to breade god, and do bette to fuffer and fo comerb bobelt of both, a bringerh adown the and p is wicked will, p many work thendeth (modie And dayweth a wave dowell , through beadly finnes. an affire berimus de viftone.

Há had wit a wife, was hote dame Study
That leve was of lete, and of liche both
She was woderli wrought, wit me so techin
and al staring dame study, sternely sayd
we lart y wyse of the to wyt any wysdomes to tell
To flatteters or to foles that frentyke be of wyttes
And blamed him and banned hym, a bade hun be styl
myth suche wyse wordes to wythe any sottes,
And sayd, not mittere, má Margarite Pearles
Amonge houges that have haves at wyst,
They do but drivel theron, draufe were hem sever,
Thá al precious Pitre, that in paradice wereth

spierce bloughman.

That hem were lever land, and lozdthyp on earth,
Drivches or rentes, and reft at her wyll,
Than all the foth fawes, that Salomon sayde ever wyledome and write nowe is not worth a kerse,
But if it be garded we coverife, as clothers kemb her ho so a corrue deceites, a cospyre wrogs (would and lead forth a love daye, to let wyth truth
he that such crastes can, is oft cleped to counsell,
They lede Lords wyth lesinges, and belieth Truth,
They lede Lords wyth lesinges, and belieth Truth,
That wicked me they welde, y welch of this world and y they be lordes of echland, y out of law lyveth.

Ouare impit viunus, bene chomnibus qui prevaricantus et inique agunt.

The Platter lareth the same, by such as done eugl.

ecceipti peccatores habūdātes in seculo obtinuerūt divitias

Lo sayth holy lecture, whych be their hiewes

Thylke that god geneth moste, leest good they deleth

Thylke that god geueth moste, leest good they deleth and most bukind be to y come, y most cattel weldeth

Parlots for her harlotry, may have other goodes and Japers and Juglers, and tanglers of gettes, and he that hath holy wryte agein hys mouth, and can tell of Tobie, a of the twelve Apostles. Or preachen of penauce, pellate fallely wrought, To Jesu the gentle, that Jewes to drawe, pytle is be loved that suche a tesson where so hym selfe. But the that farme hem foles, a wyth fartings liveth Agarns the lawe of our lorde, and benon hem selfe, spiten and spuen, and speake foule wordes

Prophings and drivelyng, and do men for to gape

Arken

Lyken men a lye on hem, p leneth hem no apfres They can no more minstreisy ne musyke men to glad. Than Maude the mulier of Multa fecit deus De were hir byle harlotry, haue god my trouth Shoulde neuer kynge ne knyght, ne canon of Boules Grue bemto ber peres apfre, ne aift of a grote. and myzth of minitrelly amongeft men is nought Lechery, losenchery, and loss tales, Glotony and greate other is mirthe they loueth. And if they carpe of Chaift, these clerkes a these lewd At the meat in her mysth, whan minstrelles ben styll Than telleth they of the trinitie a tale or twapne and bringeth forth a balde reason, a take Bernard to And put forth a prefuption to preue p foth, (witnes Thus they dreuell at her dayle, the deute to knowe And gnawen god w byz gozge, whan byz guts fallen Ind the carfull may cree, and carpen at the gate Both a hungerd and a furfte, and for cheis quake Is none to nymen hym nere, hys noy to amend But hunten hym as a hounde, a hoten hym go hence, Little loueth be that Lorde that lent hom all o biplie. That thus parteth, wo the poze, a percel wha him nes De were mercy in mene men moze than in tych (deth ABendynauntes meatles, myght go to bedde. God is much in the gorge, of these greate maisters, And amonges meanemen his mercy a bys worckes And so fayeth the pfalter, I have fene it oft.

Acce audiumus eum in effrata, in beniemus cum

Clarkes and other kinnes men carpen of god fact and have hym much in 9 mouth, a meane inch in here fryers and fartors have founden such questions To please with the proud mensith the pestilece time

MP.ii.

onk

Wierce Bloughman.

And preachen at. S. Paules for pure enuy of clarkes That folke is not firmed in the faythe, ne freer of her Me fory for her synnes, so pride waren, (goodes In religion, a in al the realme, amogest rich a pore That prayers have no pore the pestilence to lette And yet p wretches of this worlde, is none ware by Ne for dreade of p death, whraw not her prid (other Ne ben plentuous to the pore, as pure charitie wold But in gaines a in glotony, forglote her goods he self. And breketh not to the begger, as the boke teacheth.

France esurientipanem tunn. ec.

And the more he wynneth, a wereth welthy in tyches. And lordeth in landes, the lesse good he dealeth Tobic telleth you not so, take hede ye tyche Howe the bybic boke of hym beareth wytnes Si tibist copia habundanter tribue

Stauts etiguum illnd Impertici Audelibeter
Who so hath much spend mäly, so meaneth Tobie
And who so lytle weldeth, tule hym thereafter,
for we have no letter of our lyfe, how long it shal ens
Suche lessons lordes thoulde love to heare, (dure,
And howe he myght most meyny manly fynde,
And to fare as a fideler, or a frier to seke feastes,
Homely at other mens houses, and haten her owne.
Clenge is the hall every day in the weke
There the Lorde ne the ladge lyketh not to sytte
Aowe hath eche ryche a rule, to eaten by him selfe
In a privile parler for poore mens sake,
Dr m chambre with a chymney, and leave the chiefe

That was made for meeles men to eate in, (hall and all to spare to spende, that spyll chall an other have hearde heigh men eatynge at the table

Carpen

Carpéas they clerkes were, of Chill, a of his might and leiden fautes apon the father that formed by al, and carpen agaynste clarkes crabbed wordes, why would our sausour suffer such a worme in hys That begiled the woman, a the man after, (biysse Chrough which wyles and wordes they went to hel and al her sede for her sinne, y same death suffred, Peresteth your lose, these lords beginneth to dispute Ofthat y clarkes by keneth of Christ by the gospell. Filtus non portabit intquitatem parcis.

Why thould we that now be for the worker of ada Roten and to reade, reason woulde it never

mnulquilque portabit onus luum.

Such motives they move these masters in her giory and make mein misbeleue, y musen of her wordes Imaginative hereafterwarde that answere to youre austen to such arguers he telleth this tene. (purpose Ron plus sapere quam oportet.

Wylneth neuer to wytte, whye that God woulde Suffered Sathan bys fede to begyle, and beleve lelly in the loose of holye kyske And praye hym of pardon, and penaunce in thy lyfe And for bys muche mercy to amende you here For who p wylneth to wyt, p waies of god almight. A would hys eye were in his ars a his finger after. That ever wylneth to wytte, why that god woulde. Suffer Sathan hys fede to begyle, Dr Judas to the Jewes Jelu betrape, Al mas as thou wouldeft lord, werthyp be thou And al worth as thou wold, what so we dispute and tho p bleth these hanglones to blinde mes wits sobat is dowell fro dobet a defe mote be worthe, Mi. AR Sitte

Bierce foloughman.

Sith he wylneth to wit which they be bothe 2But if he lyue in the life that longeth to Dowell for I dare behis bold bozowep dobet wil heneuer Though do best draw on hyin day after other And wha p wytte was ware, what dame ftudie told De became so confuse be cuneth not loke And as dome as death and drow hym arere And for no carping 3 colde after ne kneling to therth I myght get no grayne of hys grete wyttis But al laughynge he louted and loked apon Audre In franc that I thulde befechen byz of grace And wha I was war of his wil to his wife I louted and fayde mercie madame your mathal I worthe As longe as I lyue both late and rathe for to worchen your will the whyle my life endureth with y that ye kenne me kindly to know what is Do: for thie mekenes mã o the a for thi milde frech (wel That ken the to my colen that cleraye is hote He bath weddyd a wyfe win thefe fyr monthes Is lyb to the leven artes Scripture is hyz name Thew two as I hope after my teachinge Shal withen the dowel I dare bider take Than was asfarne, as foule of fare mozowe And glader then the gleman that golde bath to grete And alked hyr the high way, wher that clergie dwelt And tel me some token of I, for tyme is that I wend Alske the hygh wave quod the hence to suffre 28 oth wel and woo if that thou wylt learne And ryde forthe by riches, and reft thou not therein for if f coupleft ptherwith to clergie comeft g neuer And alfo the lycores lande that lechery bight Leue it on thy lefte balle a large mile and moze Tyll

Tyl thou cum to a courte, kepe wel thy tounge from leasings and luthers speach a lycozous drinks Than Chalt thou se Sobzeite and amplicule of spech That eche wyght be in wril hys wet the to theme Ind thus thalt p come to clargie that ca mani things Say ham thus frame I fet ham to schole and g I gret wel his wife for I want her mani boks And let hys to sappence a to the plaiter giole Logicke I lerned byz and manie other lawes And al the buttons in mulyck I made by 2 to know Plato the poet I put bym fyrit to boke Aristotle and other mo to argue I taught Gramer foz gyzls I gard fyzit to wzitte And bet hem wyth a bales but if they would learne Dfal konnes craftes I contriued tooles Of carpentre of karuers and compaled malons And lerned them level and line, though I loke dimme And theologie bath tened me tenscore trines The moze I muse therin the mystier it semeth And the bepper I Dyuine the Darkar me it thynkyth A ful lethy thyng it were, if that love nere And foz it leet belt by loue I loue it the better for there as loue is Leder, ne lacketh neuer grace Loke thou loue lellie if the leketh Bowell For Dobet and Dobelt bene of loues kynne In other science it sayth I sawe it in Caton

Dui simulat verbis nec corde ett fidus amicus tu quoque fac simile sic ars deluditer arte who so gloseth as Gylours done go me to the same and so that thou false folke and fatethles begyle Thys is Catons kenninge to clerckes that it lerneth and Theologye techeth not so who so taketh them

98

Bierce Bloughman.

De këneth the cotrary agayne Catons wozdes, for he biddeth by be as brethre, a bid for our enmics. And love he y lye on by, a led hem whan they nede, And do good agayne envl, god hym felfe horeth

E um tempus habemus operemur benum ad omnes

Paule preached the people that perfitenes loued To do good for gods loue, and grue menthat asked And namely to suche that sueth our beleue, and aly by lacke or lye, our Lord techeth by to loue And not to greue he p greue by god him self forbad it

Bihi vindictam, etego retribuam.

Therefor loke thou love as long as thou durest for is no science buder o sune so souerain for thi soul And aftronomi is a Hardething and euil for to know Grmetrie and geomaniye lo gylful of speache who so thinkith worth w tho two thriveth but late for Sozcerie is the souetenest boke p to sciece logith Pet ar ther fybiches in forfeeris of fel mens makyna Experimentes of alkinamie the people to deceive Pf thou thinke to dowel, dele ther with neuer Al these sciences I me selfe soteled a ordeined and founded hem formeft, folke to descepue Tyl Clargy thys token and scripture after To councel the kyndlie to knowen what is dowel I fayde graund merciemadame a mekely her grete And went wightlie awaye to oute moze letinge And til I comme to clerate I coulde neuer finte and grete the goodman as fludy me taught And afterward the wrfe, and worthwored he both and tolde them the tokens that me taught wer the as nevergom on this groud lith god made proof fayzer

Than my selfe sothlye some so he wyst

That I was of wyttis house and to his wise dame
I sayd to he sothly that sent was I thyther (studie
Bowel and Bobet and Bobet to serne
It is comune lyfe & clergie, on holy church to be seue
With al tharticles of p sayth p faleth to be known
And that is to beleve sellie both serned and sewed
On the grete God that gynnyng had never
And on the soothfast some that sauto mankynde
From the bedly deth and the dyness power
Through the help of p holy good p which gost is of
Three persons and not in plutes nombre

for al is but one god and eche is god hym selfe

Deus pater, Deus filius, Deus spiritus sanctus

Bod the father god the sonne god & holy got of both

Maker of mankynde and of bestig bothe

Austen the Dide hereof made bokes

And bym selfe Dedenyd to saue by in beleue

Do ho was his autore althe foure Euangelikes And Child cleped him self so, & Euageliks berythe al & clarks buder Chist ne coud this assoile (wyrnes But this belogith to bilicue to lewed & wold dowel for had never freke frue wytte & faith to dispute

De man had no merit, myght it be preued.

Than is Dobet to luffer for the souls helth That the boke byt by holye churches teaching And that is man by thy myght for mercies sake Loke thou workeit in worke that thy word the weth

such as thou semest in sight be in assaye founde

Appare qued es,bel elto quod appares

12.6

and

sicece bloughman.

And let no bodie be by thy bearynge begiled But be luche in thy soule, as thou semest wythout Than is do best to be boldeto blame the gylty, Sithens thou seest thy selfe as in soule cleane And blame thou never body, and y be blame worthy

Siculpare velis culpabilis elle cauchis, Dogma tuum forder, cum te tua culpa remordet, Bodin the golpeli grenoullye repreneth,

All that lacken any lyfe, and lackes have hem leffe.

Quid confideras feftucam in oculo fratris tui, trabem in

Mohy meuist & thi mode for a mote in thi brother eies Sychen a beame in thyne owne blyndeth thy felfe.

Whych letteth the toloke less or more
I rede eche a blynde bolarde do boote to hym selfe
for abbots and for priers and for al maner prelates
As persons a paryly priestes y preach thould a teach
All maner men to amende by hyr myghte
Thys text was tolde you to be ware ere ye taught
That were such as ye said to salue with other
for gods word wold not be lost, for y worcheth ever
If it analysed not y comune it might availe your selfe
And it senieth name sothly to worldes syght
That gods word worketh not on learned ne on lewd
But in suche maner as marke meneth in the gospel.

Agapuste leawde prystes.

Dum cecus ducit cecum, ambo in sousam cadunt. Lewde men may lyken you thus of the beame lieth in And the sestu is fallen for your defaute (your eye In all maner men throughe maused priesse The bible beareth wrines that all the solke of Israel Bytter aboute the gyltes of two bad priesses.

Offen

Reade

Offen and fones for her countyle

Archa dei mythapped and Eli brake hys necke forthi correctors claw hereo a correct litt vour leife And tha mai pe lafely lay as Dauld y made y plaiter Etifimafti inique quod ero tut limilis,aveua te,et flatus

am contrafaciem tuam. Thá thal burel clerks be bathio you to blae oz greue and carpen not as they carpe now a call you domme Cants non balcutes latrate. (boundes

And to lacke you is a word your workmashin to let. But he presterat your preserthater a poud of noblis And all for your holines have you this in here In schole there is skozne but if a clarke well learne And great loue & lyking for eche of hem loueth other Ind nowe is religiona riber, aremer by freate Mieber of loue dayes and a loude begger

2 paycher of a palfrey from Daner to Waner In heape of houndes at hys arte as he a load were and but if bys knaue knele that that bys cope brynce De loured on him a alked who taught him curtelie Litle had lozdes to Done to give lades fro her hepres Co religious p have no ruth if it raine on her auters In many places therethe perfons be by he felf at cale Of the poze have they no pytye athat is her charitie And they letten hem as lordes her lades lye fo brode. And ther thall come a king a confeste you religious and beat you as p byble telleth for breking of your And amend montals monkes and chanons And put hem to hes penaunce, Ad pridinum Ratum ire. And barong to cries beat hem through Beatus vits

That her baros claymen a blame you foule (teching bilin curribus, et bilin cquis ipfi obligati funt.ec. and

12.U.

The billion of

And than friers in frevtoz that fynde a keve Of Constantynes cofers in whych is the cattel The Lb- That Gregories godchyldren had it dispended

bot of ab= pugtuu

Ind thá thal p 3 bot of Abingto a al his iffue for euer Daue a knocke of a kynge and incurable the wounde That this worth foth leke re, that off over feet bible Duomobo cellauit exactor quicutt tributh cherinir Deminus baculu impioru ct tirga dominătiu cedetiu plaga in fauabili Anderethat kinge come Carne hal awake And Dowel hal ding him down, a diftroi his might Tháis Dowel a dobet o I. dominus a knighthood I well not skozne quod scripture but if scrininers tie krnahoode ne knyahthoode by naught I ca awaite Delpeth not to hevenwarde one heres end De ryches ryght naught ne ryaltie of lordes Daule preuith it impossible tych men to have heven Solomon fayth alfo that filuer is worft to lour.

Dichiliniquius quam amare pecuniam

And Caton këneth by to couete it naught but as nede Dilige Denatificed parce Dilige formam (teacheth And patriarkes and prophers and poets bothe 200 arten to withe bs to wilno trehes And praice pouerrie to pacièce thapofilis bere witnes That thei haue heritage in heuen, and by true right Ther rych meno ryght mai claim but of ruth a grace Contra quod, I by Chaift that can I repreue And preuen it by Beter and by Paul bothe That is baptifed be fafe behe ryche oz pooze. That is in Extremis quod Scripture amog faraces

They mufte te fauyd to a p is our beleue (a Jewes That an buchzysten in that case may chaiste an heathe Ind for his lely beleue whan he the lyfe trueth

Baus

Dane the heritage of beauen, ag any man christen and christen men wout more, may not come to heue, for y Christ for christen me died, a cofirmed the law, That who so wold and willeth with Christ to arise.

Si cum Chritto furreriffis. ec. De houlde love and leve, and the lawe fulfyll That is love thy lord god level above al thyng. And after all chifte creatures, in come ech ma other And thys longeth to love, that leveth to be faved. And but we to thys in dede, ere the day of dome. It thall belitten by ful fore the foluer that we kepe And our backs o moteate be, ale beggers go naked De delite in wine, a wildfoule, a wot any in defaute forevery christen creature, choulde be kinde to other, And lithen beathen to beloe in hope of amendement God hoteth both hygh a lowe, y no man hurt other, Ind farth flea not y feblable is into my owne likenes Butif I lende the some token, and lave, Ron necabis. Is flea not but fuffer, and all for the beffe, for 3 thall punythe hem in purgatorye, or in p pyt of Euery manfoz hys mifdedes, but if mercy telet, (bell Thys is a longe lesion of I, and little I the wyfer ambere dowell is oz do bet, darkely ve thewen, Many tales ve tell, that Theology lerneth, And that I man made was, and my name entred In the leaend of lyfe, longe ere I mere. Dels buwerten for some wyckednes, as holy weyte Rema afcebit ab celfi, nift qui de celo befcendit (manaceth I leue it wel quod, I by our lozd and no letter better, for Solomon the lage, that Saplence taught God gave him grace of wyt, and al his goodes after De demed well and wysely as holy wryte telleth. aristotle. Diii.

Sterce 19 loughman.

Aristotle and be who wished men bettere Dallers that of gobs mercy, teachen me a preachen. Df her words they with bs for wiffelt as in her time and all boly kyzke bolbeth bem both Bampned. And if I wold worke biber works to winne heuen That for hir workes and work, wonnethin payme Than wrought I but plety, what to ever pe preach and of fele weety in farth, lytle facly I have, Thoughe ber goft be bugracious god for to pleafe for many men on this molde, more fetten her bettes In good than in god, therfore hem grace faplesh At hy mottemischiefe, whan they that lyfe lere, As Solomo did a fuch other, p theweb greate wris And her works as boly writelath, were ever protra Therfore wyle witted me, a wellettred clarkes (rge As they fay bem felues, felde Done thetafter.

Thep p made noe a fbiv mere bus faucd.

Supra cathebram dopli.ac. And I wene it worthes of manye as was in Aces Tho he theope that thyp of thydes a of bozdes (time No wight g wroght thero was falf, ne any workma But birdes and beaftes, and the bleffed Roe. (els And hys write with hys somes, a also her wrues. Of wights that it wrought was none of hem laued God leve it fare not so by folke, that p fayth teacheth Df holy kirkey harborowe is a gods house to saue And thilden by from thame therin, as Aces thyp bid And me p madeir, amyd p flood be drowned (beaffs The Culor of thes clause curates is to meane That ben carpeters boly kyzke to make, for chiffes

Bomines et ium enta faluabis bomine. (obon beaffg

On good fryday I finde a felon was laued,

The thee mas Caus

That had lined all bys life, w leadinges a weet thefre And for he bekened to p croffe, a to Chill throughin He was soner laued, than laint John the Baptiffe And or Adam or Italior any of the prophetis That had Ipen topth Lucifer, many longe peres A robber was raunfomed, rather than they all. Withoute any penamice of purgatory, to perpetual co before Tha Mary Magdele, what woma did worle (bliffe any of p Dr who worfe tha Dauid, y Arfas death colbired Dz Baule the Apostle, that no pity had, Duche chaiften kinde to put to Death, And nowe be these sourceines with sayntes in henen Tho o meanage wickedlest, in worlde tho they mere. and the that wylely worde, and writen many bokes Df mit and of wiledome, w dampned foules woneth That Solomo faith I trow be foth, a certe of ba al Sine fufti atque Capientes et opera corum in manu beifunt. There are witte a wellearned, a her workes ben hid In the handes of almighty god, and he word fothe Moherfore a ma worth alowed ther, a hislelf works Dz els for his yll boil, and for enuy of herre, And be alowed as belived, for bipl meknowe good for how wist me what is white if althing blakwere And who wer a good ma, but if ther wer fom threw Therfore lyue we forth to other me, I leue fewe ben for mant opertet biet emplace,il ny ab que patt. and be that may all amend, have mercy on be all for p fothift word pener god faid, was stemobonus, Cleargy tho of chailtes mouthe, comeded it was litle for he land to faint werer, and to fuch as he loued. Eum feteritis antereges et prefibes.ac. Though pecome before kinges, a clarkes of plawe

The bision of

Benot abathed, for I hall be in your mouthes, and grue you write and well, and coming to coclud pemali that agaynst you, of christendome disputen. David maketh mention, he spake amongest kinges, and might no king overcome hun, as bi chuig spech, But wet and westedome wan never the mastre, when man was at mischiefe, wour the more grace, The douteist doctour, a durinour of the Trinitie, was Austen the olde, and heighest of the foure, Sayd thus in a sermon, I see it wrettenonce.

Ecce ipliidiste tapiunt celum, bbi nos lapientes in ins

ferno mergimur.

And is to meane to Englythe men, moze ne leffe. Are none rather rauiched, from the ryght beleue Than are these cunying clarkes, that can many bokes De none foner faued, ne fadder of beleue, Than plowmen a paftozers, a poze come labozers. Sowters and thepeherdes, luche lew de Juttes Dercen worth a water noace, the paleys of heaven. And palle Burgatozie penauceles, at her hece partici. Into the bigffe of Baradice, for her pure beleue, That unperfitly here knewe, and eke lyued. Pea, men knowe clarkes that cursed the tyme. That ever they could or knewe more tha, Eredo in det and principalli her water noter, mani a perlo hath wis I fe eraples my felfe, a fo may many an other (thed That fernautes p feruen lozds, feldő fal in arerages But tho that kepe the lordes catell, clarkes a reues. Ryant. fo lewde men, and of lytle kno wrnge, Selde fall they fo foule, and fo farre in fpnne, As clarkes of holy church, p kepe Christes treasure. The which is mas foule to laue, as god faith in pgo Ite bos in bineam meam. (Wel. 1Dallus

Fol, Ib.

han scripture scoznid me a a skile loked And lacked me in latyn a light be me the fette and fapd, autt multa friunt et feiplos nefriune Tho wept I for woo a wrath of hir speche Ind in a wyncking weath werrd Tallepe and maruellous mettels met me than That I was rauphed right there a fortime me fette And in to the land of Longing, alone the me brought In a mirour hight Midleerth the made me to biholo Sithen the layd to me here myghtest thou se wodzes Ind know & thou couetest a cum therto perauenture Than had fortune foloing byz two faire damfels Concupiscencia carnis men called the elder maybe And Couetous of eyes called was the other Dride of perfet lyuinge pursued bem bothe and bad me for my coutenauceacount Clargie lyabe Cocupiscentia carnis colled me aboute the necke And layde thou art roug a remp a balt yers ino be for to lyue long and Ladies to loue And in thes myres you might fee invights ful many That leaden & wylie wyle to lyking al thy life tyme The second said the same I that sue thy wyll Trithou be a lorde and have lande let the Inell That I ne that follow thi fellowethip if fortue it like De chal fynde me hys frend quod foztune therafter The freke that followed my wyll fayled neuer blyffe Than was ther one p hight Eld heur was of chere Man quod he, if I mete to the by Marie of heuen Thou chalt fynde fortune the fayle at thy most nede And Concupiscentia carnis clene the forlake Bitterly thalt thou banne hem bothe day and night, D.i. Couetise

Of dame

The bilion of

Couetyle of eye, that ever thou by knew and paybe of perfecte lyuinge, to much perill p baing Betech p neuer or rechles, fad forth in raged clothes, folow forth o fortune wolthou halt wel fortile lo a ma may floupe by time moughe, what that the the Bomo proponit, o a Boete, a Blato he hyght, (crowne And Deus disponit, and he, let god do hys well, u Aftruth do wrenes it be wel done, fortune to folow Concupiscentia carnis ne Couetile oferes. De thai not greue the greatly, ne but p wilt begile the Pea fare wel Phip o fautelie, a forth came drato. Til Concupisentia carnis, accorded all my worches. Hlas Cichequod Elde, and holines bothe, That wit thal turne to wretchednes, for will to have Couetile of eyes coforted me anone after, (his liking And folowed me fourty wynter, and a fifte moze. That of dowell ne dobet, no deputy me thought, I had no liking leve me, if ye list of he ought to know Couetife of eyes came ofter in mynde, Than dowell or dobet, amonge my dedes all. Couetyle of eyes conforted me ofte, And fayd have no conscience how thou come to good 50 cofelle the to some freer, a the toe hom thy linnes, For while fortune is the frend, friers wil the lone And fetche the to their fraternitie, and for the beseche To her Prior proumciall a pardon to hane. And pray for the pole by pole, if thou be pecunionis. Sed pena pecuniaria non lufficit, pro fpirituatibus des By withing of this wech I wrought, hir words wer Til I forgate youth, and parne into elde, (co fwete And that was fortune my foe, for al hir faire behelt

and

and pouertie pursued me, and put me lowe, And tho found I the freet aferde, and flotting bothe Agaynte our fyitte forwarde, for I fayde I nolde, Be buried at hyz house, but at my parythe churche, for I heard once how consience it rolbe. That kind wold me be biried, ther thei were chaifteid Di wher p he were parithe, p ther he thold be grauen And for I fayd thus to fryers, a folethey me helden And loued me the leffe, for my lely fpeache. and pet I cryed on my confessour, & helde him felf cus By mi faith frier of I, pe fare like thele wowers (nia That wed none widows, but for to weld hir goods Ryght so by the rode rought you never, mbere my body were buried, by fo re had my filuer I have muche maruaile of you, a fo hath many other amby your couent coneteth to confesse and burve Rather than to baptile barnes that be catekinlinges Baptylynge and buriynge, bothe beneadfull And much moze meritozie, me thikethit is to baptile for a baptifed man may, as thefe mafters telleth Through cotritio come top bigh beue, sola cotricione And barne wythout baptilme, may not be laued, Biff quis renatus fuerit, loke pe lettred me, where I lye And leautifoked on me, a I loured after, (oz do not mberfoze loureft go leauty, a loked on me hard If I durle of I, amongeste me, these metels auowe pes bi Peter a by Poule q be, a toke he bothto wits Mou obcristratecs in corde tuo fectete (nes. Ceb publice argue illos.

They will aledge also quod 3, a by the gospel preue Bolite iudicare quentquam.

Ind wherof feruith law pleuti, if no life bndertoke it D.IL. falles Mierce Bloughman.

Fallenes ne flatterpe, for lo mewhat thapofile lapd. Mon oderistrates, & in the platter allo laith Dauid the Exiftintalt inique, quid crit tui limilis? It is licitum for lewde mento lay the lothe, Af hem liketh and left eche a lawe that it grauteth, Except persons and priestes, a prelates of holy kyrte It falleth not forthat folke, no tales to tell, Thoughe the tale were true, and it touched fynne Thing y aly world wot, wherfore thouldest f spare And reden it in Rethozike, to arate deadly finne Ind beneuermozefirft,the Defaute to blame, Though & fe pll, fay it not firft, be fozy it nere amedio Dothyng that is papuye, publiche thou it neuer Devther for lone laute it not ne lacke it for enuve Barum lauda bitupera percius. He layth loth of leripture tho, a legate bp a preached And p matter p the meaned, if lewde me it knew, The leffe as I leve, loven it they woulde This was hyr theme, wher text, I toke ful good hede multi to a mangery, and to the mete were supted wha p people were plener come, p porter bupind p And plucked in wauci, prinilp, a let prenaut go (gate All for tene of her tert trembled my herte. And in a were gan I were, a with my felfe to dispute whether I wer chole oz not ,on holf kirke I thoubt That biberfonged me at p fot foz one of gods chofe For Christe cleped be all, come if we woulde Saracons & Scilmatikes, and to be bid the Jewes, D bos omnes ficientes benite. c.c. And badde hem Conke for Cinne, Cafely at hys breatt And drynke bote for bale, brooke it who so myght Chamay all chaifte come quod 3, & claime ber enter,

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By p bloude p he bought by to, a through baptine Qui crediderit,et baptilatus fuerit, (after for though a chriften mã coueted his chriftedome to Ryghtfullye to reney, no reason it woulde, for may no cherle charter, make ne hys catel fel mythouten leue of hys Lorde, no lawe wil it graunt And he may runne in arerages, and runne to fro bome And as a reneyed kaytyfe, recheles runnen aboute And reason that reken to bym, a cast him in average And put him after in a prison, in purgatory to brenne for his arerages rewarde hym there, tyl domes day But if contrition wyll come and crye by hys lyne Dercy for hys mildeades, with mouth or w hert. That is fothe fayde scripture, may no synne lette, Mercy all amende, and mekenes hyz felowe, for thei be as our bokes telleth, above gods werks Mifericordia eius fuper omnia opera eius.

yea bawe for bookes of one, was broke out of hell. I Tropans a true knight, take witnes at a pope How I was dead a dampned to dwel in paine for an bnebriften creature, clerkes wytten p fothe, That al p clargi birder Chuit, ne might me cratch fro But only loue a leauty, a my lawful Domes. (helt Gregory wyft wel thys, and wylned to my foule, Saluation for fothnes, that he le in my workes Ind after that be wepte, a wylned me were grauted, Grace wout any bede bydding, his bone was bnder Ind I faued as ye fe, wout fynging of maffes (foge Byloue and by learnynge, of my lyuyng in truth, Brought me fro bitter payne, ther no bidding might Lo ye lozds what leuty did by an emperour of rome That was an buchzisten creature as clarkes finde in bokes D.iii.

The billion of

Rot through prayer of a pope, but for his pure truth was y larazin laued, as .l. Gregory beareth witnes, well oughte lords y laws kepe, y lellohold in mynd and on trolanus truth to thike, a do truth to y puple Lawe wout lone quod Trolanus, ley there a beane, Or any science under the sonne, the seuen artes and al But they be serned for our lords lone, lost is thy time for no cause to eatch sylver by, or be called a master But all for lone of our lord, a the betto lone y puple for laynt Johnsayd it, and soth are hys wordes.

Qui nou biligit manet in morte. 800 ho to ever loveth menot, he liveth in death birng. And that all maner of men, enemies and frendes Loue erther other, and leue hem as hem felfe, who so leveth not, he loveth not, god wor the sothe, And comaudeth ech ereature to coforme him to loue. And souerainely the poze pupic, and her enmies after for bem that haten be, is our merite to loue, And pore people to please, her prayers may be helpe And our love, and our healthe, Teluchrifte of heaven. In a pose mang apparagle, purfued by after, Bud loked on vs in hyz likenes, a that in louely chere. To know by by our kynde bert, a calling of our cien. 110 hether weloue plozos here, before the lord of bliffe And exciteth bs by peuagely, p wha we make feafts ere thoid not depen our kinne therto, ne none kynnes Lum facitis conuiuia, nolite inuitare amicos. (tyche And call the carefull thereto, the croked a the poze. for your frendes wil feden you, a found you to quite Pour festig a your fayz gift, ech fred quiteth fo other. And for the pore I chal papa wel quite her trauaple That gene he meat of monei, and love he for mi fake

for.

That

for the best ben some ryche, a some beggers a pore, for we at ar Christes creatures, a of his cofers each, And brether as of one blud as well beggets as erles for on Catueri of christis blud, thristedde ga spring And bloudy brethre we becom ther, of one bods won As Quali modo generi, and gentilmen ethe one, No beggerne no boy amogs bs, but if since it make

In old lawe, as holy letter telleth,
Dennes somes men called be eche one,
Of Adams is us and Eue, age till God man dyed
And after hys resurrection, Redeptor was his name,
And we his brethre by him bought, both rich a pore
forthy love we as leve brether, a ech má leve other
And of that ech má may forbear, a med ther it neverth
And every man helpe other, for hence that we all,

Alter alterius onera portate. And be we not buking of our cattel, ne of our kinning for worno ma hownye it is, to be bynometro both Therfore lacke no others life, though be more latine De budernime not foul, for is not wour faut, (know for what ever clarkes carpe, of christendoine or els, Chilt to a comen woman fayd, in comune at p felte, That fives fua, thould faue bir, a falue per of al finnes Thanis beleue a lelly helpe, aboue logike or law, Dflogpkeoz oflawe, in Legenda fanctorum Is lyttle alowaunce made, but if bileue hem helpe for it is over long or logyke, any lesson assorte And lawe is lothe to love, but if he lacke foluer Both logyke and lawe, that loueth not to lye, I counsel all christen, cleue not theron to sore for some words I find write, wer of faiths teching Sietce 16 loughman.

That faued finful men, as faynt John bereth witnes Cabe melura qua meli fucritis remecietur bobis Therfore lerne wep law of loue, as our lord taught And as faynt Gregory fayd, for mans foule health meliuseft ferutari fcelera noftra, qua naturas retum. Why I meane this matter is most for the pore for in her likenes our Lord oft bath bene knowen wytnes in Paske weke, whan he yede to Emaus Cleophas ne knewe him not that he Chill were for hys pore apparell, and prigrames wedes. Toll he bleffed, and brake the breake that they eaten. So by these workes they wyste, that he was Jesus, And bi clothing thei knew him not, ne by carpinge of and all was in example to bs synfull here (tonge That we thoulde belowe and louely of sprach and apparel be not proudly, for pfigrimes are we al and in the apparel of a poze ma, a pilgrymes lyknes Many times god bath ben met among nedy people, There never legge him fee, in fette of the ryche S. John a other fayntes were fene in poze clothynge and as pore pligrames prayden mens goodes Jesu Christ on a Jews daughter light, getle though was a pose maid, a on a pose ma weddid (the were Martha on Marye Magdalen, an budge plainet the and to our faujour felfe, sayd these wordes Domine non eft tibi cute quod foror mea reliquit me fola Andhastely god answered a eythers well folowed,

Bothe Marthags a Maries as Mat. bereth witnes And powerty god put before, a prayled that better.

aria obtimam partem elegit que non.ac. And all p wife that ever were, by ought I can elpre, Daylen pouerty foz belt lyfe,if patience folowe,

And

And both better, a bleffeder, by many fold thá tyches and thoughe it be foure to fuffer, pet after commeth as on a walnut wout is a bitter barke, (frete and after that bytter barke, be the thellawaye Is a kirnell of conforte lyfe to reftore, So is after pouertie and penaunce, patiently taken foz it maketh a ma to haue mind in god, a a gret wil To wepe and to well byd, wherof wereth merry of whych Chaift is a kernel to confort the foule, and well fyker he flepeth the manthat is poze And leffe be breadeth beath, and barke to be robbed Than be that is ryght ryche, reason beareth toyenes Bauper ego lubo bum tu biues meditaris. Although Solomon faith as folke feeth in the bible.

Diuitias nec paupertates.

miler than Solomon was, bereth witnes a taught That perfecte pouertie was no possession to haue and lyfe most likinge to god, as Luke beteth witnes

Si vis perfectus elle, vade et benbe ac. And is to meane men that on this molde lyuen. who so will be pure perfect, must possessios forlake De fell it as fayeth the boke, and the filuer Deale To begets y gone a beg a bidde good for gods loue for failed neuer ma meat, that mightful god feruert As David Capeth in the platter to luch p ben in wyll, To ferue god goodlyche, ne greth bem no penaunce.

Athil impolibile volenci. De lacketh neuer lyuelode,linnen ne wollen.

Inquirentes autem Dominum no minuentur omni bone. If priestes were perfite, they woulde no fpluer take, for malles ne for matens, ne her meate of blurers Be nether kirtle ne cote though thei for cold thold de

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and thet her devour don as wanto faith in the plate Budica me deus et difce que canfamineam? Spera in deo, fpekeelt of oriens o banens fpending file Chaiftheiteauckteulpgeteulleingod almight (uet Dem Chould lacke nativitate mether wollenor linne and p tiche thei tobe or berg by celleth thei be auaceb Thanedenot pour to take filuer, for malles & pe fong for her toke pe your title, cholo pai you your wagis Di Philhop that bielled you, if that pe be worthy for madeneuer kig a knight, but he had catel to wed as befell fora knight or formoe him for his frenghe It is a carefull knight, a of a kaytife kynges making That hathno lad ne linage riche ne good loos of bys The same I say forsoth, by at such priestes, (habes That have nether cuning ne kyune, but a crobone one And a title a tale of nought, to live by at his mischife He hath more belove Tleve, to larch through crown Cure than for kennynge, or kno wen for clene beryng I have wonder why, and wherfore the bythop Maketh luch prieftes that le wode men bettaven. A charter is chalencheable, before a chiefe inflice If falle laten be in that letter, the lawe is impune Di painted pentrelniarie, or percell ouerfkipped The gome g glofeth fo charters, for a goky is holde Soit is a goky by god, that in hys goldel fayleth Da in malle or mattens, maker hange befaute. Qui offendit in buo, in omnibus eft teus! 1113 Also in the plaiter saveth Danio to ouersavones. 19 fallite beo noftvo pfallite, quonia ter tette beus Mira: ell,pfalltte Capienter. The bishop shalbe blamed before god as I leue. That crownerh such gods knightes pranot tapierer Sprige

Syngene plainerrad nelaya malle of the bayes will and never nether is blamles, the bithop of febrolen for hereether is indiced, a that is ignoraction Mon excutat epitcopas net idiotes prieftes. This loking on leved priests I am least fre poners Boohich I praile, her patièce is more perficeha viches And much moze in mering thus, to me gaone difpute And sepping A feall thys, and sythen came kynd And named me by my name, and bade menimer bebe And through the woders of this world, were to take Bud on a moutain p myble erth hight as me thought T was fette forth by enfamples to knowe and a state Through ech a creature a kynde my creatour to loue. I fe the funne a the lea, and the fondeafter And where that byrdes a beattes by her makes they world wormes in woodes a woderful fowles (pede 200 pth fleked fethers, and offell colours, Man and bys make, I myght bothe behold Douertye and plentre, bothe peace and warre Bloffe and bale bothe. I fe all at once And home men toke mede, and mercye refuced, Reason Tree forbige, fe wen all beaftes An eatyng a Drynkyng, a in engendryng of kynbe. And after course of coception none toke kepe of other As whather had ryde in rote tyme, right anone aftie Males draw bem to males, a mornings bi bem felfe Andin eveninges allo, the males ben fro the females There ne was come ne come hinde, p conceined bad, That wold bellow after boles, ne boze after fowe Both horse and houndes, a all other beattes, Medled not worth her makes, that w fole were, Byldes I behelde, that in bulbes madeneftes, D.ii. Dad

The villon of

Bad neuer wagght werte to worke the lefte, A had wonder at whom, and where the pre learned. To lygge the flyckes in whiche the lareth abreadeth Ais wright as I were cold worth hit nestis to page If ani malo madea mold therto, much woder it wer and yet me marueiled moze howe many other birds Avoden and hylden her eages full derne, In maryes and mozes, for men thould hem not fynd and hydden her egges, whan they therefro went, for feare of other fowles, and for wylde beattes and Come troben ber makes, and on trees bredben And broughte forth hyr byrds to, all about p ground and some byzds at & byt, through brething coceined And some cauked I toke kepe howe perocks breade, Duche maruepled me, what mafter they had And who taught hem on trees to tymbzen so byghe, That neither barne ne beaft, maye hyz byzdes reche And lithe I loked on the lea, a fo forth apo p ftarres Many felkoughes I fee, be not to fee no we I fee floures in the frythe, and her fayte colours, and how amog p grene gras growed fo many huis And some soure, a some swete, selkough me thought Of her kindes a of her colours, to carpett werto log And that most meued me, and my mobe chaunged, That reason rewarded, and ruled al beattes, Saue man and hys make, manye tyme and ofte, Po reason hem folowed, and than I rebuked Reason, and right tyll hym felfe I fayde I have wonder of the quod I, that wyttpe art holde mbhi p ne luifte ma a his make, o no miffeat he folow And reason araced me, and sayd reche the neuer, 200 by Auffer or not fuffer, thy felfe haft not to bo Amende Imende g it if thou myght, for my tyme is to abide Suffrauce is a luftran vertue, and a lwifte vegeauce who luftreth more that god whe, no gome as I lene he might amed in a minute white, al p amile fradeth and he luftreth for some mas good, a forsour better The wyle and the witty wrote thus in the byble.

for be a man tayre or foule, it falleth not forto lacke, The champe ne the chape, that god cope hym felfe, for al p he did was weld on as holy write witnesseth

Et bibit beus cunctaque fecetat et erant valbe bona. And bade every creature in hys kynde encrease, All to mysthe with man that most woth holve In foundynge of the flethe, and of the fende bothe for má was made of fuche a matter, be may not well That ne lotime bim bited to folowe bis kind (affact Caton accordeth therwith, Remo line crimine viuit. Tho caught I colour anone, a coled to be alhamed, And awaked therewith, wo was me than That I in metelles ne myght moze haue knowen and than layde I to my felfe, and chydr that tyme, Row do I ken Dowel & I, by dere god as me think and as I calt by my even, one loked on me a afked Ofme what thenge it were, I weth for I fand To le much and luffer more certes quod I is dowell Daddest thou diffred he said, nepping tho thou were, The hade f kede p clergi came, akend moze bi refon for relo wold have rehearled p, right as cleargi faid And for thy intermittinge here art thou forlake,

Is bilotophus elles it tacuilles.ec. Adam whyle he lpake not had paradile at well But wha he maelld about mete a étermittiv to know W.iti. The The vicion of

The wifedome and p wit of god, he was put feo blis And right to faced reto to the, thou to the rude frech Lakeda a loleda thyng that longed not to be done. Tho had be no lybying for to learne the more. Dayd now a presuption peraducture wol me appele. That cleargy thy company, ne kepeth not to thew. Shal neuer chalegyng ne chydyng chaft a ma fo fone As that thame and theden bym, a thave bym to amed for let a Dronken daffe in a dyke fall, Let hum ligge, loke not on hum, tol hum lyft to arpfe for though reso rebuked hun tha, it wer but pure sin And wha nedenimeth hym bp for doubt left he sterue And hame haketh hys clothes, a hys fayn wacheth Tha wotthe dzoken daffe, wherfoze he is to blame. De faven fothe quod Triche haue ilene it ofte There Impte nothing fo imarte, ne imelleth fo foure. as chame ther be chewith him, for ech ma him choith mby pe wyth me thus of I, was for I rebuked reafo Certes o he that is fothe, and thope hym for to wake and I arole bpuight wi that, and folowed hym after and prayed hym of hys curtefye, to tel me bys name.

Is a mus duodecimus de visione.

Im Jinaginative quod he, idle was Inever Though I sit bi mi selfe, in sikenes a in heith I have folowed p in fayth, thys. rlb. boyuter and ofttimes have meued p to think on thin and how fele fernies are faren, a so few to come (end and of thy wild wantones, though thou yong were to amende it in thy myddle age, left might the fayled In thyme olde Elde that evil can suffer, youertre of penaunce of prayer bydde,

Mierce Bloughman.

Fol. it.

Si non in prima bigilia,nec in fecunda.

Amed the while thou may, thou halt ben warned oft with poultees of peliletes, w pouerty & w angres and w thele bitter balciles, god beateth his dere chilnuem biligo caltigo.

And Dauid in & pfalter faith, of fuch & loueth Jefus Birga tua et baculus tuus ipfa me confolata funt.

Althoughethoustryke with staffe or wisticke, or will is but mirth, as for me to amed my soule, (yerde and y medist wi makigs a mightist go saithi platter and bidde for hethat give y bread, for ther ar bokes To tel me what dowel is, dobet, a dobest both (inow and prechers to prene what it is of many apeyre fries to well he sayd me soth, a sowhat me to excuse (ers sayd Cató cosorted me his sone, y clarke though he To solarehim somtime, as I do wha I make. (were

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.

And of holy men I hard of I, how they otherwhyle, pleyden, the perfitter to ben in many places.

And if there were any wyght that would me tel what were dowel a dobet, a dobest at the last would I never do werke, but wend to holy church, and there bid my beades, but whan echeat or sepe

Poule in his pistle qued he, preueth what is dowel

fayeth hope and charitye, and all be good
And save me lody tymes, a none so some as charitye
for he doth wel woute dout, y doth as leuty techeth
That is if thou be man maryed, thy make thou loue
And ly ueforth as lawe wyll, whyle you ly uen both
Ryght so if thou be religious, renthou never further
To Rome ne Rochmador, but as thy rule teacheth.

Ind

The billion of

And holde the buder obedièce, y heigh way is to heue and if thou be maiden to mary, a might wel cotinue, Seke never no laint further, for thi soules health, for what made Lucifer to lese the hyghe heaven, Or Solomon hys sapièce, or Sampson his strègth, Job the Jewe hysiope, deare he it bought, Aristotle and other mo, hypocrates and Usingil, a terander that all wan, elengiyche endeth Catell and kinde wytte, was combranuce to hem all felice hyr saymes, sell hyr all to sammer,
And Rosamonde ryght so, rufully to beleve,
The beauty of hyr body in badnes the dispended Ofmany suche I may reade, of men and women That wyse wordes world thewe, a worch the cottary

Sunt homines nequam, bene de virtute loquentes. And ryche reukes ryght so, gaderen and sparen, And tho men y they moste haten, minister it at y last And for they suffren and se so many neady folkes And love hem not as our lorde byd, lesen hyr soules,

Ind ryches ryght lo, but if the rote be true,
and grace is a gralle thereof, tho greuauce to abate,
and grace ne groweth not, but amonges lowe,
Patience a pouertye, the place is there it groweth
and in lelly liuyng men, and in lyfe holye,
and through p gift of p holy gost, as p gospel telleth

Shicitus epi part Chicat.

Cleargy and kind wyt commeth of light a teaching as the boke bereth witnes to barnes that can reade.

Die quod frimus tometh Cleargy, and cunning of heust and of quod bidimus, cometh kind wet, of fight of dys (uerfe puple

And grace is a gyfte of god, a great loue fpingeth knew neuer clark how it cometh, ne kind wit y waits

Befeit aliquis unde benit, aut quo babit. And yet is clearay to commend, and kinde wit bothe And namly clergy for christis love, p of clergi is rote for Moles witnelleth p god wrote, p pupie to with In thold law as pleter telleth, p was p law of Jues That what woma were take in auoutri, rich oz poze mith flones me thould frike hir, a flone hir to beath. A woman as we finden was gilty of that death And Christ of his curtely through cleargy hir faued. and through caracts & Chrifte wrought, the Jewes Biltier ag afoze god, a greater in finne, (knew he felf Than the woman y ther was, a wetaway for hame The cleargy that there was, conforted the woman Holy kyzk knoweth this, g chaifts waiting faued hie So cleargy is confort to creatures that repenten And to manlede men mischiefe at her ende, for bread of gods body myght not be wout deargy The which bread is both boote to the rightful, And Death and Dampnation to hem that dre euill Ind chailts caracts cofoatid, a both culpable thewid The womathat p Jews brought, p Jesus thought Polite indicare, et non indicabimini. (to faue. Right so gods body brethre, but it be worthelp take Danith bs at y dai of dome, as y caracts did y I wis Therfore I cousel the for christes lake, clergy y thou for kind wert is of his kin, a nygh colins both, (loue To our Lord leue me, therfore lour hem I read, for both ben as myrrours, to amend our defautes. and leaders for lewde men, and for lettred both Therfore lacke fineuer loapke, law ne his customes.

Wierce Bloughman.

Decountrepled clarkes I counsel the for euer, for as a man may not fee, that miffeth hys even, Do more canno clarke, but if he caughte it fyelle by Although me made bokes, god was o mafter (boks and.f. Spirite the famplare a fayd what men thould Right so leabeth letture, lew de me to reaso (warte And as a blinde man in battel beareth wepe to fight And hathno happe to hys are hys enemy to hytte Do moze că a kind witted mã, but clarkes bin teach Come for al his kinde wyt, to christedonie a be faucd no huch is p coffer of chailtes treasure, a clarks kepe To buloth it at her liking, a to p lewd puple, (p kaies Gyue mercy for her mildedes, if men wyll it alke Buromly and benighely, and bydden it of grace. Archa Deiin the olde lawe, Leuites it kepten. Dad neuer lewde man leue, to ligge had on o chefte, But he were priest or priestes sone, patriarke or profor Claravis keper bnder Christ of henen. Was there never knight, but Cleargy hom mace And kynde commeth of alkyndes fraht, Of brides a of bealts, of talles, of truth a of deceits Lyuers afome bs, bleben to make, Schome that they fene her fonnes for to teach. And helden it an hyghe Science, her wyttes to know And through her sciece fothly, was never no foule fas De brought by her bokes to blyffe, ne to fore, (ned for at her kind knowings, come but of diverse sights Datriatkes and prophetes, reprenede hir science And land her words ne her cousell, was but foly Als to & Clearup of Chaift, couted it but atriffe. & apientia buius mudt, fulticia apud beum.

Soz the hyghe hely god, heaven thall to cleave,

and

And love thall lepen out after intothys low earth and cleannes thall catche it, a clarkes thall it fynde wateres toquebantur ad invicem.

De speakith nought ther of tych me, ne of right witty and of loads y were lewdeme, but of y hiere lettred Joure

Pfany fryer were foud ther, I give you five thillings De in no beggers core, was that barne boine But in burgeis place, in Bethleem the beste.

Sed non crat ei locus in diuctito, et panper non habet bis

To pastours and to poets, appeared the angell and bade hem go to Berbleem gods bitth to honour And longen a log of folace, Blana in excelfis bco, Clarkes kneweit well, a commen with her prefentes And dyd homage honozably, to him y was almighte why I have told al thys, I toke full good hede, Howe thou cotriuedelt Cleargy w crabbed wordes Dow glewde me lyahtlucker, tha lettred were laued Than clarkes oz kinde witted men of chaiften puple, And tho lagdest foth of lome, a le in what maner, Take two ftrongemen in Temes caft hem. And both naked as a nedle, ther non likerer tha other The one bath cunnynge, and can fromme and boue, Thother is lewd of plaboure, lerned neuer to Chaym Which trowell fof those two, in Temele is most in De gneuer diued, ne nought ca of Cwymmyng (died De the Cwymmerthat is lafe, be so him felf lyke, There has felow flete forth as the flowd liketh and is in dread to drench, that never dyd fwymme? That swymme can not I fayd, it semeth to my wyts Ryght so quod the reuke, Beason theweth That he that knoweth cleargy can loner aryle

Dii.

Dut

pierce Bloughman.

Dut of sime and he be safe, thoughe he sime oft,
If him liketh and lyst, than any lew de lellye
for if the clarke be cunying, he knoweth what is sinne
And how cotricton wour co.esion, coforteth mi soule
As thou seest in the plater, in platmes one or twaine
How corrition is comedid, for it carchern away sinne
went quoru remisse sunt inquitates et quoru recrasuur. et.
And this cofortethech a clark, a couereth him fro wa
In which sloode p fend soudeth a ma hardest, (hope
There the lew de lieth still, a loketh after lent,
And repenteth not before shrift, a tha can he little tell,
And as his lozes ma terneth him, beleueth a troweth
Ind that is after person a parishe priest, a padueture
uncunying to letne lew d me, as Luke bereth witnes

mum cecus, ducit cecum.ac wo was him marked, that wade must withe lewde well may the barne blyffe, that him to boke fet That living after letture, faueth him both life a foule Dominus parshereditatis mee. is a mery berficle. That hath taken from Tiburne.rr. fronge theues. Ther leud theuis be lollid bp, loke how thei be faufd Thethef p had gods grace on goodfridai as p spake was for he knew Christ on p cros, a knowlegto his and grace afked of god, the is ever redy. That buromlyche byddethit, a bein wyl to amed he Ind thoughe p thefe had beuen be had no hee bliffe, As fagnt John a other faintes, & deferned had better Right as if a ma give me meat, a fet me amid & floze Thave meat more the mough a not so much worthin As thei p fit at fide tables, or to fourreignis of p hal But fit as a begger bordies, by my felfe on p groud Soit fareth bi p felo, that on good friday was faued De sytteth neither with saint John, Simon ne Jude, De in maydes, ne in martyis, cofessours ne widows But by him selfeas a soleyn, and served on earth for he that is once a these, is ever more in dawnger and as lawe lyketh to spue or dye.

Ind for to serven a sayut, and such a these togishers, It were nether reasone right, to reward he both ilike and as Troian? I tru knight, dwelt not so dep in hel But our lord had him lightly out, so leve I f this be in for heis in I lowist heue, if our beleve is true, (heue and well so selected the lost there by flame of holy

And why & one thefe on & croffescreant gan him reld Rather than & other thefe, though p woidest oppose All the clarkes boder Cyrist, ne could p skil assoile.

muare placuit quia holuit And so I lave by the that sekelt after the weves And refonelt reason a rebukinge ag it were, And of flowers in the frithe, and offavie hewis Wherof they carche her colours, fo cleare a fo bright and willest of birds a beasts, a hir breding to know on hy some be a lowe a some a lost, thy likin it were And of b Cones a of the fterres, b ftudieft as Tiene Dowe every beafte and byide, hath sobienne wittes, Cleargy ne kinde wytte, ne knewe neuer the caufe and kind knoweth the caufe him felfe, no creature els De is the Dies patton, and put it in hir eare That there the thornes is thickelt, to builde a brede And kind kenneth the Becoke, to caken in fuch a kinde And kenned Adam to knowe his pringmembres And taught him and Eue, to byll hem with leaves Dit Lewde

pierce ploughman.

Lewed men many times matters they appolen, amby Ada ne hilled not first his mouth peat papple Kather tha his lika alowe, lew de after thus clarkes Evnd knoweth why he did for no clarkes els And of brides and of beatles, men broide time Enfamples token and termes, as tellen the poets And that the fay selt foule, foulest engendseth. Andfeblest fowle of flight is of freth or fwymmeth. And p Decock a the pehe proud rich mether betoke for the Becock ame pursue bin, he may not fly hyab for the traylyng of bys tayle, overtake is be sone, And hys flethe is fowle flethe, and his fereboth and unlouely of legen, and layeth forto heare. Ryalt fo the eyche, If he hys cyches kepe, And deleth it not til his deths day, p taile of al forow Right as pens in precek paineth him in his flight So is possession payne of pence, and of nobles To all hem that it holdeth, tyl her taile be plucked And thoughtheryth revent that and byrue o trine That ever he gathered to great, a gave therof to lytle Thoughe herry to Chaile than, to beene woll I leue, his leden be in our loads eare, lyke a pies chattering and whan his cation that come, in caue to be buried I lene it flowme full fowle, the folde all about And al p other there it leeth, envenimed through bys By p pofete is buder ffade, as I have lerned in Aumet Executors, falle fredes, that fulfyll not bys woll That was writte a thei witnes, to werk al pit wold And thus p poet preueth p the pecock for his fethers Right so the tych by reso of hys goods (is renereced The larke of is a leffe fowle, is more louely of lebene and well away of wynge swyster than the perocke, and

To

And of flethe by fell folde, fatter and fwetering To lowe lynymaemen is refembled the larke Aryftotie the great clarke, suche tales betayleth Thus he likenethin hys logyke, the left fotole out. And whether he be fafe or not, the foth wor no clerate De of Soutes ne of Solomon,no scripture can tel Bud god is to good Thope, phithhe gave bem bous To willen be water therm, that wille be to be faued And the better for het bokes, to bydden me be holde That god of bys grace, grue hyr foules refle for letted me were lewde me yen ne were tore of her Allthefe tlarkes qu'I thoi pou Chriff leuen (bokes Seithe in her fermens, p nether savacines ne lewes De creture of Chainis likenes, Worth falf buchaifteid Contra quod imaginat que tho, a comfed for to loute and fapt Saluabinie viriudus in bie fubicit. a Phaniste. Ergo faluabitur, quod he and fayde no more laten, Trolanus was a true knighte, a toke never chuffrus And he is lafe laith p boke, whis louie in hene forme For there is fullying offout, a fulling in blud thedina And through free is fullyng, that is, firme beleve Souchit ignis Diuinus non comburens feb illuminans de c. And truth of trespaced never, ne trasuersed agaist his But liuith as y techith, a leuith ther beno beter (law And if ther were be wold amed, and in such wyl dre De would nevertrue god, but truthe were alowed And wherit worth or it worth not, belife of it is aret And a bove baging thering to have mede for his truth Toz Deus dicitur quali dans vita eterna quis bocch fidelibo Et alibi, fi ambulaueco in medio binbre mortis, The glole grauteth apo g berle, a gret mede to truth and wet a wildome of wight, was lotime trealure

una.

pierce Bloughman.

To kepe with a commune, ne cattell was hold better and much mirthe a mahode, a right wi that he vants (thed

19 affus. riti. De bifione Ad Jawaked therew witles nerchand and as afreke g fre were, forth ga Y walke In maner of a medinaunt, many a yere after and of this mering many time, much thoght Traft how fortune me failed at mi molt nede (3 had And howe & Gide manaced me, myght we euer mete and how the fryers folowed folke that was ryche Indfolke that was poze, at little price they fet And no coas in hir burkeyard, noz kirke was buried But guik he bequetthe oght, or quite part of hir dets And howe that couetife overcame clarkes a prieftes And how plewdemen be ladde, but our lozd he help Through bucunning creatures, to incurable paines And how that imaginative in dreames metolde Of kind a of his cuning, a how curtile he is to beafts And how louing he is to beafts on lander on water Leueth be no lyfe leffe ne moze. The creatures that crepen of kinde they be engebred And lithen how imaginative lapde, Wir Caluabitur, And when he had fayde to how fodenly he paffed I lave longe in thys thoughte, and at the last I septe And as Chift wold cofciece came to cofort mes time And bade come in his court, wicleargy hold I dyne And for colcièce of clergy spake, I came wel prather And ther I fea master, what man he was I nist That lowe he lowted, and lonelye to fcripture Conscience knew him well and welcomed hym fagge They walhen and wypen and went to the dyner And

And patience in the palaice Gode in pilgrimes clothes
And prayed meate for charuie, for a pore hermite,
Conscience called hym in, and curtelly sayd,
Welcome wyght, go and walke, has for the most worthy
And that Cleargy a Coscience, a Patience came after
Patience and I were put to be matches,
and sitten by our selfe at the syde borde,
Conscience called after meate, and that came seripture
and served them thus sone, of sondrye meates manye
Of Austen of Ambrose, and of the four Evangelistes
Edences et bibentes, que apud cossium.

And they mailter and hes man no maner flethe eaten And they eate meate of moze colf, mozetteur a potage Of that men milwonne, they made hem well at eale And their faule was over four, and bufaverly groud, In a mozter pon mortem, of many bytter paynes that if they linge for the soules a were sait teates

Mos qui peccata homină comeditis, nisi pro ets lachzimas et orationes effunderitis, ea que in delitys comeditis, in tormentis enometis.

Conscience full curtellye tho commaunded scripture, Before patièce bread to bring, a me y was his match he set a source lose before be and sayd, agite peniscutia, and sythe he brought by dryncke, diaperseneraunce as longe quod I as I lyne, and sykam man endure. Here pretiseruice a Patièce, no prince can fare better The brought he forth a mes, of meat of Milerere met and he brought by of Beatt quorum, of Beatus virs maket quorum tecta sunt peccata in a dishe, (kynge Of dernes Shrifte Diri, and Consisted tibi, Brynge Patience some pitaunce printly a conscience,

15 ictce Bloughman. Ind tha had Patiece a pitauce. probac orabitatte. e.c. And Coscience coforted us, a carped us mery tales Coz contritum et bumiliatum Deus non Defpicies Patience was proude, of that proper fernice, And made him merpe to hos meat, a I mourned euer for this Doctor on the bre beefe branke worne fo fafte. The pobis qui potentes effis, abbiocubum binum. De eate many fondry meates mortrix a poddynaes mombe cloutes a wyld brawne, a egs fried w grele Then fand I to mp felfe fo , Datience it harde It is not four dayes that this freke befoze p deane of Dzeched of penauce, Doul thapoftle luffred (Bouls Bu fame et frigore, and flappes of fcourges Ter Celus fum et a Jupets quinquies quabragenas, And one word they overhypped at ech time that they That Doule in hys piffle to al the puple told (preach Deticulum eft in falfisfratribus. Holy waple byd men beware, I will not write it here In englythe on auenture, it thould be rehearted to oft Ind greuethert good men, a gramarias thold read. Anniquilque a fratre le cultodiat quia et Dicitur pericula en in fallisftatribus. and I woft neuer freke p ag a frier read before me in Cake it foz ber theme, a telit wout glolyngs englich They preach that penaunce is profitable to the foule And what mischese a maleease, Christ for matholeo. Ind thys gods gloton quod I, to hys greate cheakes Dath no pitre on by posc, he perfourmeth eurl That he preacheth he preuethnot, to Patience I told And wythed full wytterly with wyll full eure That dythes and doublers before thys ilke doctour were molten lead in bys mate, a Wahound amyoft I hall langle to the Jurdan, with hes lufte wombe To tel me what penauce is, of which he preched rathe 1984

Datience perceiued what I thought, a winked on me Ind faid p thatt fethus foone, wha be may no more De that have a penauce in his pauch, a puf at ech word And tha that his guttes gottilen, a he that gulpe after for now he hath dronke to depe, he woll divine fone and preueit by her pocalyps a pallion of, C Auareis That nether bacone browne, blacke manger ne mozs Is neyther fythe ne fleth, but tode for a penaut (treux Ind tha thall be teftifie of trinitie, a take his felow to mhat he foud in a fraile after a frees liuing (witnes 2nd but he fyzit lyuc by leatinges leue meneuer after And than is tyme to take, and to oppose thys doctour Df dowel a of Dober, a if Dobelt beany penaunce. And I fate fivi as watiece fayouthus forethis doc-As ruddy as a role rubbed hys chekes (tour Coughed and carped and Confcience hom bearde not And tolde bym of a Trinitie, and toward be heloked Swhat is dowel fir doctor of I is dowelany penauce Dowell quod this doctour, a toke the cup a drancke Is do no eugli to thone eue chainen not by thy power By this daye fre doctour of I that, pe be not in bowel for rehaue harmed by two, in p pecate the pudpage Doztreur and other meate, and we no mozfel had id And if ye fare foin your farmery, ferly me thynketh But cheft bether charitt hold be, a childe durft pleine I wold permute mi penagce to you, for I am in poit Tha Costece curtest a coutenaute made (to do wel And prepntapon Patience to draye me to the fight and fapde bym felfe fps doctour, and it be pour will So hat is dowell and do bec, ye bininours knower Dowell qued thys doctour, is do as clarkes trache And do bet is he preachethan traveleth to teach other dnik 13.16 (183

15 ictce Bloughman.

And dobefte doth hym felfe fo, as he fayth & paccheth. mui facit et bocuerit, magnus bocabitur in regno colorum. Pom & Clearay & conscience, carpest what is Dowell. I have feuen sonnes he sayd feruen in a castell, Ther the lord of lyfe woneth to learne what is dowel Tyll I fee the feuen and my felfe accorden. I am buhardy quod he, to any wyght to preue it for one Dierce the Bloughma hath impugned be al. And let at Cciences at a Soupe, faue loue onelpe And no text ne taketh to mayntayne hys cause Butwilige beum, Ind Domine quis habitabit, And faveth that dowell and dobet, are two infinites Bohyche infinites with faveth funde oute do beft. Phich that faue mas foul, thus faith pierce plowma I ca not here one o Colcience, a I knowe well Pierce De wil not gaine fate holf watt, I bare wel bindertake That palle we ouer til Pierce come, a prette it in Dede, Datience hath be in many places, a peradueture mous That no clarke ne can, as Chift beareth witnes (thed 19 atientes bincunt a.c. Ind pour praier & Paciece tho, to no ma displete him Diffe aud the Doce, and Dilige inimicos, Dicceand dowell, poce, and dobet, wiege, and dobette, Thus taught me once. Alemmanthat I loved love was hyrname. which wordes a to workes of the a wil of thy here Thou loue lelly the foule, all the lyfe tyme, And to flearne the to loue, for the lordes loue of hene Thyneenimies in all wyfe, ene forthin thy felfe Call coles on hys heade, of all kynde of speache Both to works a w wordes, found hys four to wyn, and tay on hym thus wiloue, tyl he laughe on the And

Ind but he bowe for this beating, blind might he be Ind for to fare thus w thy frynde folye it were. for he that loueth the lellye, lytle of thyne coueteth synde loue conetetbnot no cattell but speache worth halfe a lumpe in latine . Er bi tranutionis, Theare therin aboute fafte bounde Domell. In a frome of the faturday, that fet fraft the kalender. Ind al the wort of the wenifoap of p nert weke after The middle of the mone, as the myaht of bothe And therworth I am welcome, there I have it to me. Undo it let thys doctour deme if dowell be therin for by hym that me made, myght neuerpouertye Mpleale ne milchiefe ne man with his tonge Colde ne care ne company of thenes, De nether heate ne hayle, ne none helle Do wke. Denepther friene floude ne feare of thone enempe Tene the any tyme, and thou take it with the.

Charitas nibil timet. It is but a Dide quod thys doctour a difertes tale. All the wort of thes worlde and wight mens arength Canot coffrme a peace betwene & pope, a his enmies De betwene.ii.chziste kings, ca no wight peace make Profitable to either people, a put the table fro hym, And toke cleargy and conscience to counsel as it were That patience & mude paffe for pilgrimes ca well lye And Confcience carped loude, and curtellye fayd, frendes fare well and fapre spake to cleargy. for I wyl go to this gome, if god wil give me grace And be pitgraime w Patient til I haue preued more, mhat & cleargy to colcience, are ve couetoule no we After perefegyft oz gyftes, oz pernen to read ryddels, I chall brynge you a byble, a boke of the olde lawe, 13.iii.

picrce so loughman.

and learne you if you lyke, the least poynt to know That Patience the pylgryme, perfitie knewe neuer Parby Chift & Collence to Cleargy, god & forpelde foz al that Patience me profereth, proude am I lyttle And the wyll of the wye, and the wyll of folke here Bath meued my mode to mourne for my fynnes The good well of a weight was never bought to the for there is no treasure therto, to a true wyll Dad not Dagdalen moze foz abore of falue Thá zecheus foz he faid, Dimidia bonorum mcora do pau And the pore wydowe for a payre of mites (peribus Than all tho that offred into Bazophila tum, Thus curteffre conscience congedfraft the fryer Ind fythen foftive he land in clearnies eare. De were leuer by our load, and I lyue houlde Daue Datience perfectly, then halfe thy pack of bokes Cleargy of Consience, no congre would take But land full loberine, thou halt le the tyme Whan thou arte werre for walking, wyl me to coufe! That is fothe fayd Confcience, fo me god belpe If Batièce be our parting felow, a preuge w bs both There mys wo in thys world, that we ne chould anted And confirmen kynges to peace, and al kynnes londs Sarasens and Surre, a fo forth al the Tewes Turne into the true fayth, and into one beleue That is foth of Cleargre, I fe what thou meanelt Thail dweigs Too, my denour to thewen And cofyrmen fauntehyng, and other folke learned Toll Batience have preved the and perfect the maked Collience tho wo patience, paffed pilgrymes as ir wer Chanhad patience as pilgrimes haue, in his poke bis Sobrietie and fimple speach, a foth fact beleue (tail

To confort hym and Conscience, if they come in place There bukindnes a conetous is, hogry coutres both Andas they went by the way, of dowell they carped They met wyth a mynittell, as me tho thought Datience poled him fyzit, and prayed he thould tel To Colcièce what craft he culd, a whither he woulde am mynitrell of that man, my name is Activa Lita, All idle iche hate, for all accoue is my name A wafter well re wyt, and ferue manye Lordes And fewe roobes I fong,ozfurred gownes Can I lye to do men laughe, than lachen I Chould Dthet mantell oz money, amonges lozds oz minfrels and for I can nether taber netrumpe, ne tell no gefts farten ne fyllen at feaftes, ne harpen Japeneinggle, ne gentilly pype De nether laylen ne laute, ne lyng to the ayterne Thane no good apfres of these areate lordes for no bred & 3 bring forth, faue a benifo on & fundai Boha p prieft prafeth the puple, p Paternoffer to faie for Dierce the plouman, and that hym profit wayten And that am 3 act que that idlenes hate for altrue travelers, and tyllers of the earth From Myghelmas to Mighelmas, I find he w my Beggers and bydders of my bread crauen (wafers Faytours and friers, a folke to brode crownes I fynd paine for the pope, a prouender for his palfrey And I had never of hym, have god my truth Rether prouender ne parlonage, yet of the popes gift Saue a pardon to a piece of lede, a two poles amios Bad ich a clarke p could wayte, I wold caft him a bytt That he fent me bnder his feale, a falue foz p pettilence And p his bledling a his buls botches might bestrop 4n

stetce 15 loughman.

In nomiue meo demonia efficient, et inper egtos manus ims ponent, et bene babebunt. and the wold I be prieft to p puple, paaft for to make And burome and buffe about bread and drynke For hym and for all bys, found I that bys pardon

Myght lechen a man, as I beleue it houlde for lith he hath the power, that Peter hym felfe had He hath the pot w the falue fothely as me thynketh

Argentum et aurum non eft mihi, quod aute babeo tibi Do.

In nomine Domini Curge et ambula.

pete.

And if mighte of miracle himfaile, it is for men be not To haue grace of god, ano gilt of the Dope (worth for may no bleffing done be bote, but if we wil amed Ther may no man make peace among chaiften people Til pride be purely fordo, a through paine defaut Jozere I haue breade, a meale of mote I fwete Ind er p como haue come inough, mani cold mozning of odere So ere my wafers ben wrought much wo I tholpe All London I leve lyketh well my wafers And loure wha they lacke hem, it is not long paffed Ther was a careful como, wheno cart came to towne with bread fro Stratford tho gonen beggers wepe And working were agast a little this woll be thought In date of our dayantin a daye Apaiell a thousande and thre hundred two fe twenty a ten Mp wafers ther wer geise wha Chicester was Mair I toke good kepe bi Christ and Conscience both Df Hankyn the activite man, and how he was clothed the had a cote of chaiftendomeas bolve kyake beleueth And it was moled in maniplaces to mani fodzy plots Dfpzid here a plotte, a ther a plot of buborome spech Df schozning & of schoffinge, & of bulkilful bearinge as in apparel & in power proud among the puple

Dther

Otherwise then he hath with hertoz sight thewings him willyng pal men wed he were that is not for why, he bofteth a braggeth w many bold othes And is bnobediet to be bndernome of any lyfe liuing And none fo finguler by hym felfe, noz fo pope holye Hated as an hermet, an oader by hym felfe Religion fang tule, and bureasonable obedience Lacked lettred men, and lewde men bothe In lykinge of lele lyfe, and a lyer in Soule. with inwpt and out wyt, imaginen and studie As beste for his bodie be to have a badname. And entermeten hym ouer all, there he hath not to do Wylnynge that men wend hys wrtte were the hefte Andif be give ought to poze goms, tel what he belith Doze of possession in purse and in cofer bothe and as a Lyon on to loke, and Lozdely of freach Boldest of beggers, a boster that nought bath, In towne and in tauernes, tales to tell And lage thong y he neuer le, and foz foth fwereit, Of dedes that he never dyd, demenand boften, And of warkes that he well dyd, wytnes and siggen, Looeif ve leue me not, or that Tive wenen Afte at hym oz at hym, and be the can tell What I fuffred and fee, and sometrmes had and what I coulde and knewa what kyn I came of Al he would & men wyste, of werkes and of wordes, mbyche myght please the puple, a ptayle him selfe.

Si hominibus placerem Christicruus no clem, Et alibi, Acmo potest duodus dominis scruire. By Christ quod Conscience tho, thy best cote Hankyn Dath many moles and spottes, it must be washed yea, who so toke hede of Haukyn, bihinde a bifore

\$.1.

awhat

Bierce Bloughman.

What on back a what on body halfe, a bi ptwo lides De thold frud many fowle lides, a manifowle plots Ind he turned hym as Tit, and than toke I hede At was fowler by fell folde, than it frast semed It was bydropped wrth wrath, and wycked wyll with Enuy and eupli speache, entyspinge to fyght Lyinge and laughynge, and lefe tonge to chyde Mil that he wylle wycked by anye wycht, tellen it And blame me behynd ber back a bidde hemischauce And that he woll by wyll, tellenit to watte, And that Watte wyst, wyll wysteit after And made of frendes fooes through a falle tonge Or with might of mouth, or through mans frength Auenge me fell tymes, other frete mp felfe Mithin as a thepeters there, I threwed me a curfed. Luius maledictione os plenum eff, et amaritudine, fublin qua cius labor et bolor, et alibi : filit bomint Dentes corti

arma et fagitte, et lingua corum gladius accutus.

There is no lyfe that me loueth lastyng any whyle for tales that I tel, no man trufteth to me 2nd wha I may not have of maiftry fuch melacholve That I catch p crape, p cardiacle sometyme (I take De an aque in luche an anger, and sometyme a feuer That taketh me all at weluemoneth, til that I despile Lecherafte of our loade, and leue of a wytche Ind faythat no clarke ne can, ne Chrift as I leue To p fortey of Southwarke, or of thort bytch bame Ind leggeg no gods word, gaue me neuer bote (Eme But throughe a charme had I chaunce, a many chiefe T wayted willoker, and than was it soyled 200 yth lykynge of lechery, as by loking of his evape for ech a maid that be met, be made bir to frane 50

Semong to fonnewarde, and fometyme be gantafte About the mouth or beneth, begenneth to croppe Tril epthers wyll wareth kene, a to the werke yeden As well on fast ynges a frydayes, a fozbode nightes And as well in lent as out of lent, all tymes plyke Suche werkes wyth hem were neuer out of leafon Tril they myght namour, and than mery tales And how that lechoure louen, laughen and iapen And of her harlotty and hozedome, in her agetellen Than patience perceyued of poyntes of thys cote mas colomy throughe courtoufe, a bubind defiring Doze to good than to god, the gomme his loue catte And imagined howe be it myahthaue With falle measures and mete, and to falle toyohtes Lened for love of the wedder a lothe to do trouthe And awayte bi whych wave he myght begyle And menged hys marchadile, a made a good maiftry The worlt win was a great wyt Tleete it a nothing negabour had any bynde, or any beaft els Doze profitable than myne, many fleyghtes I made Dowe I myght haueit, all my wyt I cafte And but if I had by other way, at the left I fole it Dr privily his purce thoke, bupiked hys lockes De by nyght or by day, about was iche euer Throughe gyle to gadren, the good that ich haue If I rede to the ploughe, I pynched to narrow That a fote lande or a furo we fetche I woulde Of my nert nevel bour nymen of hys carth and if I repe ouerrechev, or gave he reade that repen And sele to me with her spele, that I sewed never And who to bozowed of me aboughtethe tyme orth presentes principe, or pared some certagne 50 S.IL

pierce Bloughman.

So would he ornot woulde he, wynnen I woulde, Bud both to kyth and to kynne, binkinde of piche had And who fo cheped my chaffer, chyden I would But he profered to paye a penpe or twayne. Doze than it was worth, a pet woulde I fwere That it cofte me muche moze, fooze many othes In holy dayes at holy churche, when iche hard malle, Babbe I neuer wyll wote god wytterly to befeche Dercre of my mildeades, that I ne mourned moze, for lofte of good, leue me, than for my likam gyltes As if I had beadlye fynne done, I dread not g fo fore. And wha I lened a lened it loft, og loger it wer paied Soif I kydde any kindnes, mine eue chailte to belpe. Apon a cruell couetous myne herte gan hange, And if I fent ouet fea, my feruauntes to Bapaes Dainto Daucelad my pretile, nit profit to waiten To marchaudein with money, a make her exchauges Myght neuer me conforten, in the meane whyle Dether malle ne matteng, nenone maner fightes De neuer penaunce perfourmed,ne Daternofter faide That my minde was more on my good in a doubt Than in the grace of god, and in his greate helpe Mbi thefaurus tuus ibi cor tuum.

Mhich ben the braunches that brynge a man to flouth be y mournith not for his mysse, no maketh no sorowe And penauce that the priest into yneth persourmeth ill Doth no almesdedes, dreade hym of no synne Lyueth agayne the beleue, and no lawe holdeth Eche day is holye daye whym or an hyghe fery and is he ought wyll heare, it is an harlots tonge whan men carpen of Christ, or of clemes of soules be wareth wroth a wil not hear, but words of mirth

Penaunce a poze men, a the pallion of lamtes He hateth to here therof, and al that he telleth Thele be p brauches beware, b bringeth a mã to wãs The lordes a the ladyes, a legates of holy kyrk (hope That feden foles lages, flatterers and lyers And haue liken to lithen hem, to do you to laugh

Me bobis qui ribetis,

And give hem meat and mede, and poze men to refuse In your death dignge, I feare me full soze Lest tho thre maner of me to much sozow you haven.

Patriarkes a prophetes, a preachers of gods words sauen through her fermons mans soule from hell Ryght so flatterers and foles, arne & fendes disciples To entile men through hyr tales, to since a harlotry and clarkes that knowen holy wryte, shold ken lords what Dauid sayth of suche men, as the platter telleth.

Mon habitabit in medio domus mee, qui facit luperbiam, et qui loquitur iniqua,

Shoulde no harlote have audience in hall ne in châble There wyle men were, wymellen goddes words Ne no milproude man, amonge lordes ben alowed And flatterers and fooles, through her lewde words Leden tho that love hem, to Lucifers featte With Turpiloquio, a lay of lorow a lucifers fidle Thus Hankyn the active man had loyled hys cote Til Colcience acouped him therof ma curteis maner why he had walhed it or wyped it with a bruthe.

19 affus , ritti, de visione, S.iii.

I

Bierce Bloughman.



Daue but one hole hatir q Hakin, I am pleg toblame Thow it be soiled a seld clene, I sepe therin onnights and also I have an hulwife, ewen a children

Wrorem duri et ibeo non pollum benire. That wollen by molen it, many adayes maugry my It hath ben laued in lente, a out of lente both (chekes with the soupe of sickenes, that seketh wonder depe, and with the loffe of cattell, loth for to a gylt God oz any good man, by ought that I wifte And was theine of a priett, that gateme for my finnes To penaunce Datience, and pozemen to fede Alfor couetis of my christedome in clennes to kepe it And could I never by Chaift, kepe it cleane an houre That I ne Coyled it with light, or to fome idle Speach De through workor through word or wil of my hert That Inelloberit foule, from mozo we toll euen And I wall kenne the quod Conscience, of contrition That that claw thy cote of al kinds of filth. (to make

Cordis contritio. &c. Dowel that wath it a waying it, through a wyle cons E tis confessio. (festoure Dobet that beat it a boke it as bayght as any scarlet

And engraue it wo good myl, a gods grace to amed p And lithe led the to latiffactio, foz to lowen it after.

Satiffactio Dobefte. Shal neuer cheft bymole it, ne moughafter byte it De fendene falle man, Defoulen it in thy lyfe Shall no heraude ne harper, haue a farzer garmente Thá Bankín the actyue mã, a thou do by my teaching De no minitrel be more worthe, amonge pore a ryche Than Bankyng wyfe the waferer, ib hygactina bita And I that puruey & paast a patiete, though no plow (erpe

And floure to fede folke withal, as best be for p soule Thoughe neuer grene growed, nor grape apon byne all that lyueth and loketh lyuelode woulde I fynde And that inough that none fatte, of thing p hem nedeth we thould not be to busy aboute oure lyuelode Re solutis sitis. at, A olucres celi deus pascit, et, patiens

tes bincunt.

Than laughed Hankyn a lytle, and lyghtly gan swere who so leueth you be our lozd, I leue not he be bleste No & Conscience Patiently, and out of his poke hent Uytailes of greate vertues soz all maner beasles. Ind sayd loce here livelode inoughe, if our e beleve be foz lent never was life, but livelode were shape (true where soz where you lyue fyshe the wylde wozme under wete earth syshe to lyue in the sloude, and in the syze the creket. The kurlew by kind of hem are clenest stell of byzds. In meanynge that all men might the same do, Lyue through leie beleve, a love as god wytness th.

Quodeumque peticritis a patre meo in nomine meo, & ce, Et alibi Ron folo pane biuit homo, fed in omni vi rbo quud

procedit de ore meo,

And Floked what livelod it was, & patiece so praised and it was a piece of & Pater noster, Fiat voluntas tua Paue Panken & Patience, a eate thys wha & hügreth Dr wha thou clomfest for colde, or clyngest for drye Shall never grees the greve, ne great lordes wrathe Prison ne payne, for watientes vincunt, By so that thou be so bre of sight and of tonge Ineatyng, ain handelyng, and in all thy frue writes: Darst thou never care for come, nelyne cloth ne wolle De for drynke ne death dreade, but dre as god lyketh

Di

pierce 19 loughman.

De theongh honger of through heate, at hys wil be it for if thou live after hys lose, the chorter life p better. Si quis amat Christum, mundum non diligit ikum. For through his breath beastes wared a abrode yede wirt et facta sunt.

Ergo throughe bys breath may men and beaft liven As boly wayte wytnelleth whan men fein ber graces Aperis tu manum tuam et imples omne auimal benedictione. It is found that forty winter folke lived wout tilling And out of p fint sproge the foud p folke and beattes And in Delies time heaven was closed That no raine ne ronne, thus reade men in bokes That many wynter menlyued, and meate ne tiliden Seuen flept as fayth the boke, feuen hudzed wynter And lyued wout lyuelode and at the last they woken If me liuid as mesure wold, thud never moz be defaut Amonge christen creatures if christes wordes be true and bokindnes charifia, maketh amoge chifte puple And ouer plenty maketh payde amonges poze a rych Therfor mesure is so mich worth it mai not be todere for the milchife a the milchauce amous me of Sodo wert throughe plenty of payne and of pure Slouth Dciofitas et babundantia panis, peccatum turpiffimum

For they measured not he selse of y they eat a drancke They dyd deadly synne that the deuyll lyked So begeaunce selapon hem for her byle synnes. They sonken into hell the cityes eche one Therfore mesure webs weld make faith our seltron And through sayth cometh cottition Coscicce wot weld whych dryueth away deadly syna doth it to beniall and though a mainight not spek cotricio might saue. Ind bring his soul to bisse, be so g fayth were witness

That

That while he lived be beleued in f loze of holy hyete Ergo cotrition fayth a coscience, is kindly dowel and furgeos for dedly fin, what thrift of mouth faileth And theift of mouth more worthis, if ma belik cotris for thipft of mouth fleeth finne, beit neuer fo Deadly. Ber confestione to a prieste, peccara occiountur, Ther cotritio doth drine downe into beniall synne As Dauid Capth in the platter, et quorum Cecta the pet-And fatisfaction seketh oute the rote And bothe Repe and boydeth Ind as it neuer had ben to nought, bringeth dealy an That eftit is not sene ne soze, but semith a woud helid Where worth chariti o Bakin, I wift neuer in mi lyfe Dan that with hym spake, as toyde as I have passed That perfit trouth a poze herte is, a Patience of tong There is charitie & chiefe chaberer foz God hym felfe wher patict pozti p Baki be moz plelat to our bright Thá ryches rightfully wonne, a resonably dispended Pe quis entile quod Patièce, quyke laudabimus eum Though men read of ryches, right to the worlds end I wist neuer reuke p rych was, p wha he reke thould one he drough to his dethes day of he ne drab hi fore And that at p rekening in arerage fel, rather the out of There p poze dare plete a preue by pure realo (Dette To haur alowauce of his lozd, bi p law he it claimeth Joy that never toy had, of ryghtfull tudge he asketh And feeth fo byides and beaffs ono blys ne knoweth And wild worms in woods by winters you greuith And maketh hem welnyahe meke, a milde foz Defaute And after & lendest he comer, that is hir soueraynioge And blylle to that bene bothe wylde and tame Than may beggers as bealtes after bote wayten That 15 ferce Bloughman.

That all hir lyfe haue lyued, inlangour and in defaute Burgod fent hem fomerine, fome maner toge Di here ciels where kynde woulde it neuer for to wrotherhele was he wroght, that neuer was a ngels pin hel now be had tope fametime (toy hape and Dives in deutis lyned, and in Dence bie Reade so reason theweth that the men that were rech And her makes also lived her lyues in morth And god is of a woderous wil, by kind wit the with To giue mani ma mercimonie, et be it hath Deferuid Bight fo fareth god by fome rich, tuth me it thiketh for they have her hyre here, and heven as is were Ind greatly kyng to lyue, wout laboure of the bodye And whehe dreth, he difalowed, as Dauth faid in the permierunt et nibil inuenierunt. And in an other fede alfo, metar compnum curgentium In ciuitate tua et ab nichillum rediges, (Domine Allas that tyches that reue, and robbe mans foule from the love of oureload, at his last ende Demen that have her hore afore are evermore nedo And feld dieth he out of det, that dineth or he descrue it And tyll he have done hys devour, a hys dayes forney. for wha a workina hath wrought, tha me lap p loth: What he were worthy for his worke, a what he hath And not to fig befoze, for dred of difamultig (deferued So I say by you tyche, it semeth not that ye would Daue heaven in your here beryng, and heven hereafter Right as a feruat taketh his falary before. a fith wold As he that none had, a hath hire at platt (claim moze At may not be the tych men, or Dathew on god lieth. De Deliciis ad Delitias Difficile eft tranfice

And if the tyche have ruth, and reward well the poze and

And lyue as lawe teacherb, done leauty to bemail Chaift of hys curtely that confort you at the last Indreward you aldouble tyches, & ruful hert haue And as an hyne that had byshyze, ere he begone mhá he bath dốc his denour wet, mê do him outrbout Giue him a cote aboue hys cournaut, tight fo Chrifte Both to tych & not rich, y tufully liveth (geueth heue And al poone her devour wel, have double hire for hir Dere forgiuenes for her fins, a heue blis after (trauel And it is but feld fene, as by farnies bokes That god rewarded double reft to any tych man for much myrth is among tych, as in meat a clothes Ind much myzthin Way is amongeft wylde beaftes And to touth the while comer la feth, her folace bureth And beagers aboute mydfomer, breadles they foune And retis winterfoz be worle, for wethode thei aaa A furth fore, and a fringred, and fowle rebuked And rated of trebemen, that ruth is to beate Powe Lorde sende hem somer, and some maner fore Heuen after her hence going, phere haue fuch defaute for all inpubteft p baue made, none meaner tha other Andlyke wrtty and wyle, if the well had lyked And laueruth of their rich me, g reward not the prifo Df the good that p hem giuelt,ingratibe many (ners And god of thy goodnes afue hem grace to amende for may no Derth be he dear, drough ne wete he greue De neyther heate ne haile, haue they ber beale. Of that they woland would, wanteth hem not here And poze puple this prisoners lord in p put of mischese Confort the creatures, that much care fuffren Through beath through drough, all her dayes here Woo in wyntertymes, for wantynge of clothes **Ind** 15 ferce Bloughman.

Ind infomer tyme felde foupen to the full Conforte thy carefull Christe in thy ryches for how b cofortelt all creatures clarkes bereth with Conucrtimini ad me.ctfalni eritis. (neg Thus In genere, of gentryes Telu Thift fapde To robbers and to revers, to erch and to poze Thou taughtelt bem in thy trinitie to take baptifme And be cleane through p christening of all kins sinnes And if by fyll through foly to fall in fynne after Confession and knowledginge, and craning thy mercy Shal amend be as many fythes as man would befire and if the Bope would plede here agayne and punyth bs in conscience De thould take the acquitaunce as ourcke and to the queed thew it, wateat ac.per paffione bomint and put of fo the pouke, and preuen be buder horoin And the parchmin of the Patente, of pouerty be moft 21nd of pure patiente and perfect beleue Of pompe and of payde, the parcempn declareth And principalitie of al people, but they be poze of bert Els is all idle, and all that euer we warten Paternofter and penauce, and pilgrimages to Kome But our spenses and spending springe of true wyl Els is allour labour lofte, lo howemen werteth In fenefices at the freers, if falle be the fundament Therfore christen chold be in come erch, none couetile for feue fynnes p ther be affaile be euer (for him felf. The fend foloweth hem al, and foundeth hem to help And w tyches that rybande, he rathest men begileth. for there that ryches rapqueth, renerence foloweth And that is pleasaunt to payde in poze and in tych And the rych is reverenced, by reason of hys tyches 3nd And the pose is put behynd, a peraduenture ca mose of wyt and of wifedome, that farre awaye is better. Than tyches or rialtye, and rather hard in henen for b tych hath much to reke, a right ofte him b wals. The hye way to henenward, tyches hym letteth (keth at possibile dintricae

There the poze praiseth before & rych w a pake at his opera enim illorum sequitur illos, (tygge Batautly as begers done, a boldly he craueth

for hys powerty and his patience, a perpetual bly se.

Beati pauperes, quoniam ipforum eft regnum celorum And payde in tiches raygneth, rather than in powertye Erft in the mafter or in p man, some mantio he haueth And in pouerty there patience is, payde hath no might De none of the leven lynnes, lyt ne may there longe De haue power in pouertye, if patience it folowe for the pore is are prefte, to please the ryche And burome at hys byddyng, for hys broke lones And buromnes and bost are evermoze at warre Indeither hateth other in all maner workes If weath weeftle wo the poze, he hath the worse ende And if they both pleyne, the poze is but feble And if he chyde oz chatter, bym cheueth the worse And if couetife catch the poze, they mai not come toals And by finek namelf, ther noe mai het other for men knowen well that conetouse is of kene wyll And bath bandes and armes of a longe length Douertig but a petit thing, apperith not to his nauel And louelike was pet neuer bitwene, plong a p chozt Though auarice woldengry p poze, he hath but litle for porethath but pokis, to put in his goods (might That anarice hath almaries, and fron bound cofers

T.ii. 200

picrce Bloughman.

And whether belyngter to breake, alaffe boff maketh A beggers bagge, than an you bound cofer Lechery loueth hymnot, but be geueth but litle filuet De both hym not dyne delicative, ne dzynke wyne ofte I fram for the Stewes, it fodenot I trowe Dad thei nothig but of poze me, her houses fod butild And though flouth fue pouerty, & ferue not god to pay Deschiefe is bys mafter, and maketh bem to thencke That god is hys greatest helpe, and no gome els Ind he bys fernaunt as he fayth, and of his fute both And whether he be oz benot , he bereth p lygne of pos And in piecte our fautoure, faued al mankend (nerty Therfore all pouertie that patient is, may claime and After her endynge here, enlyche bloffe. Duch hardier mai be alke, b bere might have his wil In londe and in lozdethyp, and in lykinge of body And for gods loue leueth all, and liveth as a begger And as a mayd for mans lone, hir mother for faketh Byz father and all hyz frendes, a foloweth hyz make Duch more is the love of hym, that fuch one taketh Than a mayden is, that is maried through brocage As by affent of fundry parties, and filuer to bote More for concrous of good, than kynde love of bothe So it fareth by eche parfon, that pollellion fozlaketh And put hymro be patiente, a ponerty weddeth Such is lybbe to god hym felfe, and lo to hys farntes Have god my trouth of Bankyn, ye praise fast powerty What is pourty to Paticience of he properly to mene paupertas quod Patience, En odibile bonum, Remotio curatum, pollefio fine caluftpnia, Donum bei. Sas nitas mater, Abique folicitudine femita. & apientie temperaerir, negocium fine dano, incerta fortuna, absque solicitudine felicitas,

I can not contrue al this p hakyn, ye must ken this in In english p patiece, it is well hard to exposed (english And some deale I shal say it, by so thou waders ande Douerty is the fysit poynt, that payd most hateth Than it is good by good skyll, all that agasteth paide Rigght a cotricion is a cofortable thing, Cosciete wot And so you of hym selfe, a solace to the soute (it well so powerty properly, penaunce and to ye are to the bodye pure spirituall leche.

And contrition conforteth, and Lura animarum,
Selde lyt pouertye, the forth to declare
for as inflice to indge me, enioqued is no pore
Reto be mayreabouemen, ne minister buder kinges
Selde is any pore put to punysheany people.

La cmotie cutarum.

Ergo pouerty a pote me performenthe commaunde: Molite indicare quemquam, the thyide (mente

Selde is any poze men rych, of ryghful heritage Winneth he not w weight falle, ne in buleled melures De bozo weth of his neighbozs, but that he may well sollello fine calumpnia, (page

The fourth is a fortune that floritheth the foule with sobrietic from al synne and also yet more a fanteth the flethe from foles full many a collaterall conforte, Christes owne gyfte.

The lift is mother of health, a frende in all fondinges: And for the lande ener a leche, a lemman of al clemes.

The syrte is a path of peace, ye through p paas of als pouertye myght passe wout peryll of robbing (ton

pictce ploughman.

And euer the lesse that he bereth, & harder heis of hert Therfoze saith Seneca, 19 aupertas & absque solicitudine and an hardy man of hert, amonge a heape of theues.

Tantabat paupertas coram latrone viatore
The leucthis wel of wyldome, a few words theweth
Therfore lords alow him litle, or lysten to his reasone
for he tempereth his tog to truthward, and no treasone sapientic remperatric, (sour coneteth

Theght is a lely labourer, and lothe to take moze Than he well deserueth in somer of in wynter

And if he chaffreth he chargeth no lofe, may he charity Regotium ime bamno (winne

The upnth is swete to the soule, no suger is sweter for Patience is payne, for pouerty bym felfe and lobsety fwete daynke, and good lech in fyckenes. Thus lerned mea lettred ma, for our lords loue of hes S. Auften a bleffed lyfe wythout bulines ladde (uen for body and for foule, abique folicitubine felicitas Now god that al good geueth graunt hys foule refte That this first wrote to wille me, what pouerty was Alas o Bakin pactiue ma tho, gafter my chaiftedome Ine had be dead and doluell, for dowels fake So hardeit is qued Hankyn to lyue, a to do no fynne Sonne fueth be euer quod he, and fory ga wepe and wept water with hys even, and wayled the time That euer he dyd dede that dere god displeased Swowned and fobbed, and frahed full oft That ever he had lond lozdfhyp leffe oz moze Di maility ouer any man, mo than of hym felf

I were not worthy wotte god o pakyn to were anye De nether thyrt ne thow, save for thame only (clothes

Than

And wepte and wayled, and thetwyth I waked

10 affus, rb, finit de do well, et incipit pobet And And after my waking, it was wonderlong Tre I could kyndly know what was dowel and so my were a waned, til Ja fole and fome lacked me felf, allowed it few (wer And letten me foz a lozell, and loth to re nerencen Lordes or Ladres, or any lyfeels And persons in peluce, with pendantes of silver To fargeauntes ne to fuche, fayde I not once God loke you lordes, ne louted fayre That folke helden me a fole, a in that foly I revgned Tyll reason had ruthe on me, and rocked me aftepe Tyll I fe as it forcery were, a fotle thyng wythall One wythouten tong a teth, told me whither I chold And wherof he came, and of what kynde, I comuted hom atlafte If he were chiftes creature, anon me to tellen am christes creature of he, a christe in many a place In chiftes courte I knowe wel, a of hys kyna party Is nether Beter the porter, ne Boule whis faucheo That toyll defenide me the doze dynge I never fo lace At mydnyght at midday, my boyce is fo know, That ech a creature of his court, welcometh me faire What ar re called of Iing court, amog chaifts puple The while I quickep courle phe, callidam I anima And wha I toyll and wold, suimus ichehate And for that I can and knowe, called am I mens And wha I make mone to god, memoris is my name Ind whan I demedomes, and do as trouth teacheth pierce bloughman,

Than is Balio my right name, realon on Englithe and whe I fele p tolke tellith, my first name is felus. Ind that is wit and wildeme the well of all craftes. 3nd when I thalenge or chalege not chepe or refule Than am I coleience called, gods clerke a bis notary And when I loue lelly our lord and all other Than is Leliloue myname, and in latin 2 moz. And when I flee from the fleth and forfake the caroin Than am I fpirite Specheles, Spititus than iche hate Austinand Isodozus eyther of them bothe Damed me thus to name, no wthou might chefe. how i couetift to cal me, now gknows al minames Anima pro binerlis actionibue, binerla nomina fortitut bum binificat corpus, anima oft, dum bult animus ce, bum feit mes eft. dum recolit memoria ch bum judicat racio eft, Dum Centis. fentus eft, bum amat amoven, bum negat, vel coulentit, cons feiencia eft , bum fpirat fpititus eft pe bene as a byshop quod Lall bourdinge g time for billhops blelled, they beare many names, Drefull and Bontifer, and metropolitanus, And other names an hepe, Episcopus and Baltoz. That is foth fand he now. I fe the will. Thou woldest know a ken p cause of altheir names. And of mine if thou mighteft methiake by thi fpeach pe fir I fayde, by fo no man were greued, a il the iciences buder funne and all the futtel craftes, I wold I knew and coud kindly in mine harre, Than arte p imperfit & he, and one of pride knightes. For fuch a luft and liking lucyfer fell from beauen 19 onam pedem in aquilone, etfimnlis cro altiffimo. It were against kind quod be, and kinnes reason. That any creature buld benne allercept Chiff one. Agaphe

The viction of Fol-Irebite Agame frich Salomon (peaketh, a dispileth ber with And layth & trutqui met comedet multum, non et ci bonum Sit qui Coutato; cft maiellatts opprimitur a gloria. To English this is to mene p mowefpeake & heare The man p much hony eateth, his maw it englemith And the more pa man of good matter beareth. 2But he botherfore it Doth him boble fcaeth, Beneus en lapth laint Barnard qui feriptu ramlegit stverba bertiem opera, fully to his pomer Couetife to ken and to knowe fcience Dut out of Baradle Abam and Cue, Beienete appetitus homiliem immoztalitatis glozia fpolianis and right as boni is fuel to defy a englimeth o mam Right fo be p through reason, wold prote know, Df God a of his great mights , his graces it letteth. for in the liking leth a prid and likames couergle. Against Christs coulet, and al clerkes teaching Thatis. Ron plus fapere quam oportet fapere friers a fel other mafters pto plewdmen preache. Pemouen matters inmefurable to tel of the tryngty. That oftimes p lewd people of their beliefe bouten. Better beleue where many bocters fuch teaching Andtel me of p.comandemets, a touche p feue finnis and of p braches p budde of the, a bringe me to Bell 300 bow that folke in folies mispend their five wets As well friers as other folkesfolilish frenen. In bouling in hatering a into high clerate thewinge MBoze for pompe the for pure charitie, p peple wore p That I ive not fo, for lords they plefen. And reverencen the rather for their fluer. Cofundatur omucs qui aborat fculptilia. At alibi be quib bis Ligitis vanitatem et queritis mendacium? W.IL 00

pferce Bloughman,

Go to the glose of the berse, the greate Clarkes If I lye on you to my lewed wit, leade me to bzening for as it lemeth pe forlake no mans almes, Df blurers of hooses of auarous chapmen And loute to thefe lordes, that maye lene you nobles. Agann pour rule and religion I take record at Jefus That faide to his disciples Achtispertonathacceptores Df thys mater I might make a longe byble And of curats of chaine peple, as clerks bear wines. I that tellen it for truths fake, takehed who fo lykith. As holines a honelifout of holychurch spredith. Through felly liuing men , that Gods la me teachen Ryght so out of holychurch alevels speedith. Ther inperfite prefthode is prechers and techers. I fe it by ensample in commercime on trees, There fome bowes beneleued, and fome bere none. There is a mischefe in p moore of such maner bowes Right to of partos a prices a prechers of holichurch That are roote of the right fayth to rule the people And there the roote is rotten reason wore the soth. Shal neuer floure ne frute ne fayte leafe be grene. Therfore wold pelettred me leave o lichert of clothia And bekind as befel for clerkes a curteis of Christs. True of pour tong and of your tayle both And hate to her harlotrie, and not to buderfonge. Tithes but of true thing til ved oz chafferid. Both were le wede men, but they your loze folowed. And ameden bem y misoone, more for your culaples Thato preache and proue it not, hopocriffe it semeth. for hipocrifie in laten is lykened to donahyll. That were befrewed with snowe and makes within Dito a walle were whittimed a were foule within, Biabt

Right so many priestespreachers and prelates,
ye were enblanched in Belopolis a with clothes also
And your works a your words therider are ful but
Johanes Chrisonoms, of clerks spekith a prifts (louely
Sicut de templo omne bonum progreditur: sie de téplo omne
malum procedit Sisacerdorium incorruptum sucritiora flos
ret Ecilesia. Si autem corruptum sucrit: omnin sides marcis
da ch, sisacerdorium sucrit in peccaris: rocus populus conucrtetur ad peccandum. Sicut cum videris Arborem pasidam et
marcidam inceliges quod vicium habet, in radice: Ita cum
dideris populum indisciplinatum et irreligiosum, sine dubio
sacerdorium eius non est samm.

If lewde men will what this latin meaneth. And who was mine auctour, much woder me throke but if mani prins bere for hir bactlards a her brochis A payre of bedes in their hads, a a booke buder their Sir John a fir Jeffery harha girdle of filuer (arme, 3 baselard or a ballocke knife, with bottons overgilt And a portus y thuld be his plow. Blacebo to lynge. Dad be never fervice to fave filver therto feith it to y: Alas ve lewde men much lese re on priests (die wil And a thing that wickedly is won, a w falle fleights Woldneuer wit of witty God, but wickid me it had. The which are prifts imperfit a prechers after filuct Executores a fodemes, lamoners a their lemmans, That & wayle was gotte bugracioully is spended, So harlots and hoozes are holpen with fuch goods and Gods folks for defaute therof for fare a spille. Curatours of holy bythe as clerkes y bene warous, Lightly that they tenen losels it habbeth, Dr dyeth inteltat and the billhop entreth, Ind makith mirth their miode and his men bothe, And figge he was an nigarde fino good might spare Cofrende me to fremio the finde haue his foule T.iff. f02

Bierce Bloughman.

for a wretched house he healed, all his life time. And & he spared and disperid, spende we in mirthe. By learned and by lew de that loth is to frend. Thus gone their goods, be the ghood faren, And for goodmen Godwor, great dowelmen make, And bemeaneth good meargeners, a in mind haueth In prayers and in penance, and in perfit charitie. What is charitie of Tthor a childill thing he land. Bill efficiaminificut paruuli nou intrabitis tegut celetum Withour faurelite or folie, fre liberall will, wher thuid men find such a frind with so fre a herte. I have lyued in longe of he, my name is long well, And founde I neuer full charicle before ne behynde Men be merciable to medinauntes and to poze And wollen lene there they lene, lelly to be payed Charity Doul prailith best, most plefig to our Lord Is Mouinflatur non eft ambitiofa , non querit que fua funt I se neuer suche a man so god me helpe That he ne would afke after hys, a other whyle couet Thronge that neved him not, any me it if he myght Clarkes kenne me that Christe is in all places and I fe hi never forhly, but as my felfe in a my2roz, an enigmate, tunc facie ab faciem. And so I trowe trulpe bithat men tell of charitie At is not champions froht, ne chaffer as I trowe Tharitie of he chaffreth not, ne chalegeth ne craueth As proude of a peny as of a pounde of golde Indis as glade of a governe of grape ruller as of a tunicle of tars, or of tried Carlet, De is glade wall glade, and good to all wreken and leveth and loveth all that our loade made Turletb no creature, ne be can beare no wrath

Peno likinge bath to lee ne laughe men to score All that men fayne he lete it foth, a in folate taketh And all maner mischiefe, in mildenes he fuffreth. Coueseth he mo earthip good, but heuenlyth bivile Dath heavy centes or tiches, ne retcheth he never for a frend of finderh bin, fayleth him neuer at nede fiat voluntas tua, fynde hom enermoze And if he louped, cateth but a fome of Spera m deo, De că portrep wel & Bater nofter, a paint ir w Ditte. And other whyle he is wonne to wend on pilgermage There poze me a prifoners ligged, her parooto hane Though he bear he no bread, he bear freter fructon Louith him as our lord bade, a louith howe theifare and wha heis mery of g worcke, tha wold he forime Laboure in lauendire, well the length of a myle And perne into youth, and pepely speake Dayde w all thappertenauces, a pake bent touithers And bonden hem at bys breft, and beate bein cleane And liggen on long to Laboraut in gemitte meo, And to warme water at hys even, wathen hem after And than he lyngeth whan he both lo. Ind Cometyme Cayth werynge.

Cor contritum et humiliatum deus non despictes By Christ A would Aknew him & A.no creature les Wythout the helpe of Pyerce Ploughina & he (uer

Dys person seest thou never where some sees that we have an independent of the works a bi words. The pierce the Plowman, parcepteth more depely what is the will a wherfore, himany wight suffreth

et vibit beus togitationes cornin,

Forthere are full proude herted men patient of teng

10 ferce 10 loughman.

And borome as of beringe, to burgeis and to Lords and to poze people haue pepperin the nole, and as a Lyon he loketh, there men lacke his workes for there are beggers a bydders, bedemen as it were 1 oken as lambren, and femen lyue holye and it is more to have her meat. W fuch an east maner Tha for penauce or perfitnes, p penauce & fuch taketh Therfore by colour ne by cleargy, know thait p neuer Dether through works nor words, but through wil and p knoweth no clarke, ne creamer on earth, But Diercethe Bloughman, petrusiden Chriuns, for heis not in lolliers, ne in landelyppers hermettes De in ancres therea bore hangeth al fuch they fayten fre on faytours, and infautores fuos, for charitte is gods champion, a as a good child hed And the merieft of mouth, at meat wher he fetteth The love of lieth in his hert, maketh him light of spech And is compaignable and cofortarque, as Christ byd Molite ficti ficut hppocrite triffes. (him seife for I have fene hym in fplke, and sometyme in rullet 23 oth in grave and in gryle, and in gylt harneys And as gladly he it gaue to goinmes that it neded Comunde and Cowarde erther were kringes 3 nd laintes lette, for charitye hem folowed I have fene charitye alfo fyngen and reden Kyden and runnen in ragged weddes And bydden as beggers behelde I hym neuer And in tyche robes rathelf he walketh Called and Crimifed and hys crowne Chaue And in a freers froke he was found once

And it is ferne ago, in faynt frances tyme In that fect fyth to felde, hath he beknowe

156:he

That withouten wyles ledeth her lynes
Beatus en dives qui .etc.

In kings court he cometh oft ther the councel is true and it couetis be of councell, he wil not come therin, In court amonges iapers, he commeth not but selde, for brauling a backeting and bearinge falle wrines, In p coliftori before p comissari he comith not ful oft for their law dureth ouerlong, but if they lache silver. And matrimony for money maken and bnmaken, and that conscience and Christ hath knilte fast, They bndone it bnworthely the docters of lawe, and I ne lacke no lyue, but lorde amend by all, and gene by grace good God charitte to followe for who so might mete w himsuch manery hisyleth Reither he blameth ne banneth, bosteth ne prayseth Lacketh he ne loseth, ne loketh up sterne, Craueth ne couesith ne creeth after more.

In pace in idiplu n dormiamerrequieleam
The most livelod he livith by, is love in gods passion Pether he biddeth ne beggeth, ne bozoweth to yelde, Missouth he no man ne with his mouth greveth,
Images christen menthis midnes shuld last,
In all maner angers have this in herte,
That though he suffered all this, God suffered for his
In exaple we shuld do so, a take no begeauce, (more
Of our foes y done he fallenes, y is our fathers wil
In wel may every má wit if God had wold him self
huld never Judas ne Jeu have Jesus dos on rode
The have martrid peter ne paule, ne in prison holde,
And he suffred in example that we shulde suffre also,
And sayd to such y suffre wold that parieres vincut,

X.L. Alerbi

to tette Wloughman.

a ethi gracia quodhe, and beray examples manye de legenda fanctozun che life of holy fapnetes Ohat penance a pouertie and pallion they luffered, In hongrein beach all maner angers an diget with anthony and Egible and other holy fathers in the according in topldernes among toplde beates Donkes and mendynantes men by them felfe of a K In fpekes & fpelunkes felben fpeaken togethers ind And nether Anthoni nor Egibine hereinit that time. Dflyons ne of leo peros nelpuelobe to take a of Gre But of foules that therh this fynden men in bookes: Except that Egible after an hinderred and the dree and through themilke of that mile beaffethe man was fulleyned; died set and the process And day by day had never nought his hogre to flake, But feld a funday tymes as fauth the boke a techeth. Inthony a dayes about newerime Bada bride g brought him breade that he by lynes, Ind though the gome had a geft, God found he both Poule primus beremita had prozoked hom felfe That no man myght hym fe for moffe and for leaves. Fowles hom fed felle winters worthalt Till be founded frozes of Austens ordre Poule after his preaching, panyars he made, And man with his handes that his wombeneded. Deter fythed for hys foode and hys fellowe andrewe Somether fold a somether soth, aso they lived both Indalio Mary maudlen by moores lyued a bewes, 2nd most through Denocion a mmd of God ahnighti I chuldenot thele feuen dayes feggen them all That lined thus for our lordes toue many log peres, And ther ne was I you ne leoperd that on landes went PeytherDerther bere ne boze ne other beattes wilde That nefelt to their fete a fatuned with their tales. And if they coud have carped, by Chaineas Attome, They wold have fed that fothe before wolve formies, And God fer the foode by foules a by no fierle belles In mening that meke thing mild thing thulde febe, as who fapreligious rightfull men thulo finde. and lawfull men co lyfholy men lyuelobe baying. Ind than world lorder and ladies beloth to autite. and to taken of their tenauts more then truth wolde. found they that friers wolde forlake their alines, and bidden them bereit, there it was borowed for we bene Gods fowles and a biden al way! Tyll byides bring by that we child love by. for had peporage a pane inough, a peniale to brinks And a mes there amybe of one maner kynde. 18 18 18 Pe had right inough pereligious to your rule me told Aunquam Bicit gob) rugit w nager ch hetba babuerie Autmugiet bas ,cu ante plenti prefent fleterit Brutorff animatif natura re cooppilat, quia chi cis pabulh comune Cufficit, er adipe prodiit iniquitastua. Trewde ine knew this lare they wold tok who they

If lew de ine knew this lare they wold lok who they and adule them afore a frue dayes or fyre, (gene Er they amortised to monkes or chanos they rentes alas lordes and ladies sewde councest have ye Co que from your herres that your ayles you lefte, and give it to byd for you to suche as bene ryche and bene sounden and sed eke to byd for other, who personneth this prophecy of peple that now

pilperlitdedit paupertous. (liveth Ifany peple performe y text, it are these pore freres, for that they begge about, in building they sped it, And

pletce ploughman.

Ind on hem felfe fome, and fuch as ben her laborers And of he p haueth not they take, a geueth he g haueth And clarkes and knightes, a comuners that berych fell of you fareth, as if I a fozeit had That werefull of farze trees, and I found a caft Bome I myght mootherin amonge hem fet Ryght to yeryche, ye robbe that ben ryche And helpeth hem that helpeth you, a geweth there no and who fo fylieth a tunne of a fresh ryuer, (nebe ig And wet forth w that water, to woke with teinele Ryght so the ryche pe robbe and fedde Dem that have as ye have; bem ye make at eafe and religious y tyche ben, chould rather fest beggers; Tha Burgelis prich benas the boke telleth. muia facrilegium eft res pauperum non pauperibus bare Atem peccatoribus Dare eft Demonibus 3 mmolare, tem an onache, fi indiges et accipis, portius das qua accipis. si autem non ind ges et accipis, rapis. porco non Indiget og onachus, li habeat quod nature fufficit. Therfore I coulel al christe to coforme he to charitye Foz charitie without chalegonge, buchargeth & soule And mani prisoner by his praterhe pulith from paine And there is a defaut in the folke, o the faith kepeth Wherfore folke is the febler, and not firme of belene. as in Luchburgh is aluther alay, petlokith like fters The mark of p mony is good, a p metleis feble (lig So farith it bi some folk now, thei have a faire spech Crowne and chaiftendome, the kings marke of heue Ind the metal p is mang foule, to finne is foule alaied . Both lettred and lewde, ben alayed now to sinne That no lyfe loueth other, ne our lozd as it semeth for by war a wicked works a weders buresonable 300 Es

Wether wytheppers, and wyttyclarkes also Daue no belene to plufe ne to ploze of Philosophers Aftronomens aldayein ber berte faplen That whilome warned before, what thould fal after Shipmen a thepheardes, wyth thyp a thepe weten wythen by the welken what thoulde bety de Als of weders and wrides, they warned men oft Tyllers that tylled the earth tolde by mafters 28 ythe feed that they fewe, what they fell myaht And what to lene a what to live bi, plad was fo true Now faileth & folke of & floode, a of the lande bothe Shepeheardes and Chypmen, and so do these tyliers Dether they canneth ne knoweth one course before an Astronomers also are at her wyttes ende (other Die was calculed of thelemet, the cotrary thei finde Grammer the ground of all begileth no to the childe for it is non of these new clarks, who so nimeth hede Pot one among a bundred that an auter can coftrue De read a letter in ani lagage, but in late or in englich : Bo now to any degre, and but if gyle be mayfter . And flatterers his felowe bnder hym to fourmen . Wuch wonder me thynketh amonge be all Poctours of Degrees, and of Divinitie mailters That Chould kenne and knowe all kynnes cleargy And answere to argumentes, and also to a wood libet A darenot fay it for Chame, if fuch were apposed They hold fayle of her philosophy, a in philike both Therfore I am afraged offolke of holy kyrke Lest thei overhipe as other done in officis a in houris and if thei ouirhip as I hope not, our bileue fufficith As clarkes in Corpus Chrinifeante, lingen and reden That Solafides fufficit, to fane mith lewde people And) X.iii.

16 letce 16 longhman.

And to may Saracines be laued, leet begand Jewes Tias than but our loves men, tyued as they letne be And for per liupng p lewbe me be, p lother god a gple for Saracines haue fom what feming to our beleue for they love and briene, one god almyghtpe and we lerned and lewed, mone god beleue. And one ABahomet aman, in mil beleue brought Saracines of Survey, and le in what maner, At the first he was christe, a for he might not be pope Into Sucrep he lought, a throught hys fottle wets Daunted a doue, and daye and nyght her fed The come that the cropped be call in his care And of he among the pupile preched or in places come Than woulde the Culuer come, to the clarkes eare Menig as after meat, thus Mahomet hir enchauted That bid folke fal on knes, for he swore in his prechig That the Culuer that came fo, came fro god ot beue, As mellenger to Mahomet, men for to teache And thus through wyles of his wer, as white boue Mohomet in misbelene, men and women brought That lived the there and live yet, leung on his lawes And lith our fautour Ouffred, & Saracines fo begiled Through a christen clarke, accursed in bys soule for dread of beath, I dare not tell truth How englythe clarkes a Cultier fede, p couetife hate and bene maner of Mahomet, gno man bleth truth Ancres and hermets, monkes and friers Deren to Apostles through her perfit liurnge Wold neuer the faithful father, o his ministers hold Of typantes that tenerth true men, take any almes But done as Anthony bid, Dominike a frauncis Benet and Barnarde, the which hem first taught To

To lyne by lytle a in low houses, by lely mens alms Graffe thould growe and be grene, through her good and folkes thoid synd y bein diverte sikenes (tining The better for her biddynges in body and in soule Their prayers a their penauces, to peace thoid bring all that ben at debate, and bedmen were true.

Metitert accipirtis.ec. uning larundi

Salte faue thy cattel fagen the wyues.

The henedes ofholy churche, and they holy were Christe calleth hem falt, for christen foules

Et fi fal enangerit in quo falictur? For frethe flethe other fythe, whan it falt favleth It is bulauery forfoth foode or baked So is mans foule fothly, that feeth no good exemple Of hem of holy kythe, of the heigh way thould teache and be gode and go before, as a good ravenour Ind hat de hem y behind ben, a give he good evidece. A leven holy mentall the worlde turned Into lelly beleve, the lyghtloker methynketh Shoulde all maner men, we have so many mapsters Brieftes and preachers, and a Popeaboue That gods faite thoulde be, to fave mans foule All was heathennes sometyme, Englandea wales Tyll Gregory garde clarkes to go here a preach Austen at Canturbury chaistened the kynge And bi miracles as me mai rede, al gmarth he turnid To Chaifte and to chafftendome, a croffe to bonoure And fulled folke fafte, and the farth taught Moze through myracles, that brough much prechig As welthrough works, as through his holy words 2110 faid hem what fullinge, and faith was to meane Clothe 16 terce 16 loughman.

Cloth that commeth fro the weing is not comely to Wil it be fulled buder fore, og in fullyng flocks (wear wathen well wyth water, and wtafels cratched Touked and ternted, and under taylours hande 3 nd fo it fareth bi a barne, that borne is of a wombe Tilit be chaidinid in chaids name, coffrmid of poitos It is heathen as to heaveward, a helples to p foule Deathen is to meane, after beth and bntilled earth. Als in wylde wyldernes, wareth wylde beaftes Rude and bureasonable, tunnyng wythout cropers De menen wel bow Bathew faith, how a ma made De feu bem to no benifon, ne felautes baked (a feat But in famils v frohym nold, but folomed hys whis Acce altilia mea, chomnia parata Cunt. (Melinae And with calues stelle he fedde of folke that he loued The calfe betokeneth clenes in he that kepeth lawes for as y cow through kind milke, y calfe nouritheth So love a leanty lely men sufteyneth (tilan Dre And maydens and mylde men mercy deliten Ryant as the cowe calfe coueteth fwete mylke So done ryghtfull men mercre and truth And who be percufeth hem, that ar perfos a prieffs That heneds of holy kyzke be, that have her wil here without travel g tyth deale, that true men be fwinke Thei wold wroth for I write this, a to wirnes take Both Mathew & Marke, and og emento domine Dauid Sohat Bope or prelate nowe perfourmeth & Chrifte I te in bniuerly mudum,et predicate euagelium. (biaht Alas that men fo longe, on Makometh thould beleue So many prelates to preache, as the Pope maketh Of Pagareth of Piniue, of Repthalim a Damasce, Chat they ne went as Chailt welleth, lithe they well (baue name To be patiour and preache the patition of Jehrs and as hym felfe layd, to to live and dye.

Bonus pador animamiliam ponitiec. And faid it in faluation to Saracines and other, Toz chailten and buchailten, Chailt layd to preachers are postinuitieum meam.

And lith that there Saracins (cribes and Jewes Baue a lyppe of our beleue, the lyghtlier methynketh They Choulde turne who to traveled, to teach hem of Aucrite et innentitis. e.c. (the trinitye

It is ruth to rede howeryghtwyle men lyued howe they desowled her stelhe, fortoke hyrown will farre fro kyth and from kinnne ill clothed yeden Badly bedded, no boke but Constence Aeno tyches but the role, to resome hem therin

Ab'it bos glotiari mili in cruce Domini notitiet. And the was plenty and peace, amog poze a tyche And now is ruth to rede how the reddenoble Is reverenced of the rode, a received for the worthier Bow or a Than chaiftes croffe y ouercame beath & beadly finne uc tife of and now is warre and woo, and who to whyafketh mylloes for couetifeafter croffe, the crowne ftantes in golbe avor the Both tych and religious, that rode they honour chutch. That in grotes is grauen, and in golde nobles for couetous of that croffe, men of holy kyrke Shall turne as teplers did, the time approcheth nere wyt ye not ye wylemen, how tho men honoured Moze treasure than trouth, I dare not tell the lothe Reason and ryghtfull dome, the religious demed Ryght fo you clarkes for your couetifeer lenge

Shal they deme Dos eccicite, and your prid bepole.

Depoluit potentes de febe, ac.

plerce ploughman,

If knyghode and kyndewyt, a commune by cocciece To gyther loue lelly, leueth it well ye bythoppes The loudhyps of laudes, for ever thall ye lefe and lyue as Leuitici, as our Lorde you teacheth.

Der primitiaset becimas.ec. Whan Contantyne of curtely, holy kyzke dowed wythlandes and leades, loadthyps and rentes An angell men harden on hyghe at Bome crpe Dos eccletic, thys daye bath dranke benyme And they that have Deters power, are poyloned all A medicine muste therto, that may amend prelates That Should praye for peace, pollellion hem letteth Take her landes ve loides, a let hem lyne by demes If possession be poplou, and imperfit hem make Good were it to discharge, hem for holy kyrkes sake And purge hem of poylon, ere moze perylifal, If priesthode were perfect, the people chould amend That cotrarien Chailtes law, a chailtendome Delpile for all Daynymes prayeth, and perfectly beleveth In the holy great god, and his grace they alken Ind make her mone to Mahomet, her mellage to the Thus in farth live that folke, a in a false meane (we And pis ruth of ryghtfull men, pin realme woneth And a peril of the Bope, and prelates that he maketh That bear bishops names, of Bethlein, a of Babilo That hip about in Englate, to ballow mens auters And crepen amog curatours, cofellen agayne the law Molitemittere falce, in mellem alienam.

Mania mā for christes loue, was martyred in Kome Er any christendome was knowne ther, or any crosse Eneri bilhop y bereth cros, bi y he is holde (honored Through his pronice to paste, a to his puple to thew

Cellen

Tellen hem and teachen hem on the trinitie to bileue and feden hem with golily fode, a grue ther it nedeth

3 fi bomo mea non ell panis, neque beftimentum.

Dsias fayth for fuch that fycke be and feble.

Inferte omnes decunas in horreum mell, be lifeibus in

And we chillian creatures that on the croffe beleven Are frame as in the farth, gods forbod else

And have clarkes to kepe be therin, a he gcome after And Jewes live in icli love, our load waote it him felf In stone for it stedefast was and stand hal ever

And toke it to Moyles to teach me, til Mellias come And on that lawe they leve yet, and leten it the belt And yet knewe they Christ, that christendome taught for a perfit prophet, that much people laved Of selkoughe lores, they save it of Both of myracles a meruailes, a howe he me feasted with two symes a frue loves, sync thousand puple and by y magery men might se, y Messas he semed And whan he lift by Lazar, that layed was in grave and whan he lift by Lazar, that layed was in grave and whom those and sanke w style boyce him called.

Ind they faid and Roome ryght before the Jewes
and they faid and fwore in Society he wrought
and fluded to destroy hym, and stroyed hem selves
and throughe his patience her power to naughte he
mincunt patientes. (brought

Dantell of her dornge dinined and layde.

Lum fanctus fanctorum veniat cellabitvuctio venta.

And wenen the wzetches y he were pleudopzopheta

and that hys loze be lesynges and lacken it all

11.9

Bierce Bloughman,

And hopen that be to come, that thall hem releve Moples eft or Wellie, her masters pet divineth And Pharileis and Saralins, scribes and Grekes, Are folke of one fayth, the father god they honouren And sithen that the Saralins and also the Jewes konne the fyrst clause of our beleve, Eredo in beum Prelats of christe provinces thold preve if their might To learne hem lytle a lytle, Et in Jesum christifitium, Tyl they could speake and spel, Et in spiritum sanctum.

And reade it and record it in remissionem precatorum, Larnes resurrectionem, et kitam eternam. Amen.

Baffus rof et primus be bobit.

Dw fair fal you p I tho, for your fair the wond for Bakes loue pactiue maeuer I chal pouloue And yet I am in a were y charitt is to meane It is a full tried tree, o he truly to tell Mercy is p mooze therof, the middle ftocke is ruth The leaves ben felly words, the law of holy kyrke The blossomes ben burome speach, a benygn loking Patience hight the pure tre, q pure simple of herte And so through god a good me, growth of rut charict I wold travel of I, thus tre to fe, twety. C.myle And for to have mi fu of p feut, for fake al other falue 1 010 o I if any wight wert whicher out it groweth It groweth in a garden o he, that god made him felf Amiddes mans bodishem sore is of that flock Hert hight the herboz, that it in groweth And Liberum arbitrium, hath the lande to farm? Under Pierce the ploughman, to pyke it a to wede it Direct the Plowman of I tho, a al for pure tope That Thard nempe his name, anone I Cwoned after And

Andlay longe in a lone dreame, at lafte me thought That Dierce the Plowman, all the place me thewed And bade me to totre on p tree, one crop a one tote with.iii.piles was it biderpight, I perceiuid it sone Dierce of 1, 3 praye the, why ftond thefe pyleg berce for windes welt & wet o he, to weren it fro fallinge, Ch ceciderit iudus no colledetur, quia dominus Cupponit

manum fuam.

In blowing time byte p flours, but if thes piles help The world is a wicked wind, to hem that wpi trouth Cou etile comith of g wind, a crepithamog the leaves And forferith nigh p fruit, through mani faire lights Tha w pficft pile, I pale him Down, bis potetia Dei The delbis a fel wpade, a in flourpng tome (paris Through liking and luttes, to loud gymethe blow That it nouritherh nye lightes, a sometime words And wycked workes thereof, wormes of frine And forbyteth the blosomes, even to the bare leaves Chan fet I to the feconde pple, Sapicutia dei patris That is the pallio and the power of our prince Jeft Through prayers a throughe penauce, a gods pallio I saueiteil I seit ripe, a some dele fruted (immynde and than fondeth the fend, my frute to destroye wheth all the wries that he can, a waggeth the rote And cafteth by the crompe bukynde nevahbours Backboters breake the cheat, brawlers a chiders And legeth a ladder therto, of leftinges are y roundes And fetcheth away mid ours, lotime afoze both mine And Liberum arbitrium, letteth byin fometyine, (eies That is leuerenaunt to lobe it well, bilcue of mi felfe Wid atisqui peccat in piritu'n fanctum nagna remittetur Boc en idem qui peccat per iberum arbittium no reputgatur and whathe find a the fle h forth withe worlde EEEE P.iii.

pletce ploughman.

Manacen behinde me my frute for to fetche, Than liberum arbitriú latcheth the first polante, And palleth a doune the pouke purely through grace and helpe of the holyghoft, a thus have Ip matrie. Pow fayzefall you piers & I, fo fayze pe dziscriuen. The power of these postes and their propre mighte. And I have thought a threme of thefe thre pples In what wood thei wope, a where that they growed Tozail ar they a lyke long, no leffe than other And to mimind as methiketh on a moze they growed And of greatnes and grene of greyne thei femen That is foth & prers fo it may befall I chall tell the as tite what this tree hyght, The ground there it groweth, goodnes it highe And I have told & what hight & tre, & trimitie it meas Andegerly he loked on me, a therfore I spared fneth To alke him any moze therfoze a badhim full fagre, To describe the frute that so farze hangeth. Here now beneth quod betho, if Incde had Martimony I may name, a moist frute with all, Than cotinence is neverthe crop as cayleway baltard Than beareth the crop kinde frute and cleneft of all, Maidenhod angelles pere, and rathest wilbe ripe And fwete without fwelling, foure worth ir neuer, I prayed pyers to pull downean appull and he wold And fuffre me to affage what fauourit had And piers caft to the crop and than comfedit to crye, and waged widowhead, and it weptafter, And whan it meued matrimony it made a full norte, I had ruth whan piers ragged, it grad fo ruthfully for euerag they dropped bowne, p deucl was ready And gathered them altogether both great a smalle, adam

Dam and Abraham and Clay the prophete Sampson Samuell and sagnet John the Baptist 28 are hem forth boldly, no body him let And made of holy men his horde, In timbo inferni. Thereis Darckenes and drede and the deucil mapfier And prets of pure tene of that apple he caught De hit oft at hun , bit if it might, filius, by the faders wil and frenes of, Spiritus cancei, To go rob that ragema and rene thefrute from him, And Speke, Spiritus fancens, in gabriels mouth. Coa mayde that hight marie a meke thinge withall Chat one Jefus a Julice fone mult ioke in hir wobe Will is lenitudo temporis, fully commen were That prees frute flored and fyli to type, and thuld Tefus tuft therfoze by fudgmet of armes Whether thuld fong the fruet the fend ozhim felfe. The mayo mildly tho the mellenger grated. And fayd hendly to him, to me his handmaden, For to workehis will without any singe.

And in the wombe of y wenche was he forty wekes, Till he were a fainct through hir flelh a of fryghtings To hauefought with y fend er fultime come (coud And pyers the plowma perceived plener time, and learned him lechecraft his life for to save, That would whis enmy, he might warish him selfe and bid him allay his surgery on them that seke were Till he was perfit practiser if any perfilfell, and sought out the seke and sinful both, and salved seke and sinful both blind and croked, and salved seke and sinful both blind and croked, and comon women converted and to good turned.

Moureft fants opus medico fed. &c.

Both

pietce ploughman.

Both mellels and mute and in the menison bloudge
Oft he heled such, he ne held it for no masterie,
Saue tho he heled Lazar that had ley in grave,
Quartidianus, Quelt quicke. Did him wake.
And as he mate the masticies we dus cepit che
And wept water with his ein there leighen it manie
Some that he sight, sighen appethat tyme,
That he was leche of lyfe, and lorde of heigh heaven,
I ewes langle there agayne, and judged lawes
And sayd he wrought through wycheraft, a withe de

(uils miaht Than are recherls quod Hand your chill zen both and Satan your fautour, your felfe now re writes for I have faued pour felfe faith Chrift, a rour fons pour bodyes your beafles, a blynd me holpen (after And fedde you with two filtes, a wyth frue loues And left valkers ful of brokemeat, trar awai & wold and millayothe Jewes manly, a manaced he to bete and knocked on hem wa coide, a call down her fals That in church chafferden, ozchaungedenany meney And sayd it in sight of hem all so that al hearden I that cuertuine thry temple, and adowne throwe And in three Daves after edifie it newe And make it as muche or moze, in al maner poyntes As ever it was and as wrde, a therfore I hote pou Df prayers and of perfitnes, thys place that re cal

Tomus mea domus orationis tocabitur.

Enure and enyl woll was in the Jewes

They called contrivede to kil him whan they might

Che day after other, her tyme they awayted

Tyll it befell on a fryday, a little before paske

The thursday before there he made hyp maundy.

Site

Sitting at the supper he land these wordes I am fold through one of you he thall the time rue. That ever he his faujour fold for filuer ozelles Audas fangled there agayn, and Jefus him tolde, It was him felfe fothly and fayde xu dicis, Tha wet furth that wicked man a wo f Tewes met And told them a token how to know Jefus, And which token to this day to much is bled. That is killing and fapre cotenance a bukind will, And sowas with Judas tho, that Jefus betraped. Aue rabi quodthat ribaudand right to him he vede. and kift him to be caught therby a killed of p Tewes Than Jefus to Judas and to the Jewes farbe Falsence I finde in thy fayze spethe And gyle in the glade chere and gal in the laughinge Thou thait be mirzour to many mento decevue. And o work a thy wickednes that worth bud thi felf Decelle cht be benist frandala, be bomini illi per que frada lum benit,

Though I by treason be take at your owne will Suffre mine apostles in pease and in paise gange, On a thursday in the sterns thus was he take Through Judas and Jewes Ielus was his name, That on the fryday following for mankind sake In sted in Jerusalem a toy to be all On crosse upon Calucrie Christ toke the battell Against death a the deuel destroyed both her mights Died and death fordid, and day of night made, and I awaked therwith a wiped muce yne and afterpress the plowman pried and stared, Esward and westward, I wated after fast and yede surth as an Idiote in contry to espye,

3.t.

After

15 fcece Bloughman.

After Bietce the Blowman, manya place I fought and than met I wyth a man, a midlenten fonday As hoze as a Bathozne, and Abraham he hyght I frayued him fielte from whence he came and from whece he were, a whither that he thought. Fam faith quod that frebe,it falleth not to tie and of Abrahams house an heraude of armes I feke after a legge that I fe ouce A full bolde bachiler, I knewe him by hys blaten what bereth that burne of I tho, so bisse the betide This leodes in one lych none lenger than other DE one Dichel and might in mesure and in length That one Doth al Doth, and ech Doth bihis owne The first bath might and maiestie, maker of al things so arer is hys propre name, a person by him selfe The seconde of that sire is sothfastenes filius, Warden of that wit hath, was ever wout ginning The thirde hight the holy golte, a person by him selfe The light of all that life hath, a lond and a water Confortour of creatures, of him commeth all bloffe So thre belongeth to a lord that lordely p claymeth Diaht and a meane to know his might Of him and of his feruant, a what they fuffer both So god that ginning haddeneuer, but tho him good Sent foarh his Conne as for leruaut prine Cthought To occupy him here, till iffue were spronge That is children of charity, and holy kicke the mother Patriarkes and prophetes a apostles were p childre And Christ and christendome, and christen holy birthe In mening that man must in one god beleue Ind there him liked a loued, in one perfahim the bed And that it may be fo and foth, manhode it the weth epoediocke and wydowhead, with pirginitie nepned ME

In tokeninge of trinitie, was out of man taken
Tham our olde father, Eue was of him felse
And thisfue that they had, it was of hem both
And either is others toye, in thre sondrye persons!
Und in heaven and in earth, one singuler name
And thus is makind or mahode, of matrimony sprog
and betokeneth the trinitie, and true beleve
Opighty is matrymonye, and multyplieth the earth
And betokeneth truly, tell if I durite
I muthat firste sormedal, the father of heaven
The sonne if I durit saye, resembleth well the wydoin.

That is created was creature, to know what was as wydow wont wedlocke was never yetle (both Ao more might god be man, but if he mother had So widowe without wedlocke, may not wel stonds Ae matrimony wout mulier is not much to praise

Maledictus homo qui non reliquit semen in Istael.
Thus in thre persons is perfitly manhode
That is man and his make, and mulier children
And is not but geder of generatio, bifore Jein Christ
So is the father forth with some, a frewil of he both
spiritus procedens a patre et filio.

Whiche is the holy golte of all, and is but one god Thus in a somer I him se, as I sate in my perche I rose by and reverenced him, a right faire him grete Thre men at my sight, I made well at ease washe her sete and wiped hem, a after they eaten, Calues stelle a cake bread, a knowe what I thought ful true tokens betwene by be, to tell wha me liketh frist he fonded me, whether I loved better him or I sace myne beite, which he high me to kill him or I sace myne beite, which he high me to kill

19 icece Bloughman.

Jam full lyker in soule therof, and my some boeth am full lyker in soule therof, and my some boeth ctrcumcited my some sithen, for hys sake Hy selfe and my meyny, and all that male were Bled bloud for y lordes love, a hope to blysse y tyme Pine affiance and my fayth is firme in thys beleve for him selfe behyght to me, a to myne issue both Londe and lordeshyppe, and life wythout ende To me and to myne issue, more yet he me graunted Mercy of our misoedes, as many tymes as we aske.

And syth he sent me to see, I shoulde do sacrifice

And some him worthip with bread a with wine both

And called me fore of hys faith, his folke for to saue

And defed him fro the fend, folke that on me leueden

Thus have I ben his Heraude, here and in hell

And coforted many a careful, hafter his coming wais

and thus I seke him he said, for I heard say late (ten

Of a barn h baptised him, I. Baptist was his name

That to patriarkes a to prophetes, a to other people

Said that he se here, h should save by al-(in darknes)

Ecce agains dei ac.

I had woder of his wordes, and of his wyde clothes for in his bosome he bare a thing, he biested ever And Joked in hys lappe, a Lazare lay therm Among patriackes and prophetes pleying togyders what awaytes thou q he, a what wouldest have I would wit of I tho, what is in your lappe Lo quod he and let me se, lord mercy I said This is a present of mich price, what price that it have It is a precious preset of he, a h pour hath it atachid I is a precious preset of man, ther may no wed me quite

De.

Reno barne be our bozow, ne bring de fro his dager Out of p powkes pinfold, no mainprice may be fetch Tyl he come that I carpe of, Christ is hys name. That that deliver he some dai, out of p denils powr and better wede for he ligge that we be all worthy That is life for life, or lygge thus ever Lollinge in my lappe, til such a lorde he fetch?. The myght of gods mercy, that might he well amed I wept for his wordes, with that I saw an other Rapelych renne forth, the ryght way he went I framedh ym firste, from whence he came And what he hyghte, a whether he wold, a wighly he colde

19 affus rhit.de biffone.

That toke me a mademet who y mot Sinat To rule al realmes w, I bear y wryte here It is ensealed I said, many me se the letters Pay he sayd I seke him, that hath the seale to kepe and y is cross a christendome, a Christ theronto has and whan it is ensealed so, I wot well the soth Than Lucifers Lordethyp, that lait no lenger Let ws se the letters of I, we myght the lawe knowe Than pulled he forth a patent, a piece of a hard roche wherin were written these words, on this wise iglo Ditige deum, ct proximum turm. ac. (sed

This was the text truly, I toke full good yeme The glose was glosious, written was gylt penne.

Be here al thy Lords laws, of I, yea leve me he layd and who so worchethafter this write, I wel buders

pierce ploughman.

shal neuer beuil you bere, ne beath in foule greue for thoughe I fage it my felfe, I have faued to thys Of men a women, many score thousandes (charme De laith loth laid this heraude, I have it found oft Lo berein my lappe, that leved on that charme Joine and Judith, and Judas Machabeus Pea and . bi. thou fand belide forth, g ben not lene here Pour words are woderful of tho, whiche of you is And lefelt to lene on, for life and for soule Abzaham layth, that he le wholy the trinitie Thre persons in percels, ech departable from other And al the but one god, thus Abraham me taught I'm bath faced that beleved to, a fort for her frames De can not le the comune, and some are in his lappe 800 hat neded it than, a newelawe to beginne Sith the first sufficeth to faluation and bivile And now cometh Spes, a speaketh o hathespied the And tellith not of p triviti, ptoke him his letters (law To beleue and loue in our Lorde almyghty And lith right as my felfe, folone all the people The gome y goth wa staffe, he semeth in great heale Than he that goth with two staves, to sight of be al And right to by the robe, reason me the weth It is lighter to lew demen, one leffonto knowe Than for to teach he two, a to hard to leatne the lefte It is full harde for any man on Abrahambileue and welawar worse ret for to lone a threme It is lighter to leve in thre lovely persons Than for to love and leve as wel lozelles as lelly Gothy gate quod I to Spes, for fo me god helpe Tho that learne thy lawe, wel litte while bien it And as we weten in p way, thus wordingtog thers Than

Than le we a Samaritan ryding on a mule Bydinge wellrapely, the right way we peden Cumming from a contrpe men call Jericho Coa Juffice at Jerufalem be chafeth away falt Both the heraude and hope, and he met at once So here a men was wounded, and with theues take Demight neither fteppene faud, ne ftitte fotene had De helpe him felf Cothip, for Seminife he femed Indas naked as anedle, a no helpe about him farth had first fraht of him, and he fie a fode and would no nyghen bim by mine landes leugth Dope camehippingeafter, that had fo boited Howe he w Moles maudement, had many me holpe And wha he hadde light of y legge, alide he gan hym Dredfully by this day, as duck doth fro fauco (draw and to fone this Samarica had fyght of this leone De lyght do wie of liarde, and ladde him in his hand And to the wrehe went, his woundes to beholde And perceived by bys pulle, he was in perel to dre And but he had recovered the rather, prife thoulde he with wine and wo ople his woudes he washed never Enbaumid bim a boud his bed, a in his lap him laide And lad him to fouth on lyard to Ler chrint, a graunge wel fire intles or feuen beside the newe market Derberd him at an hoftry, and to the hoftler called And fayd have kepethys ma,til I come frothe infis And to here lituer he land, for latue for his woundes Ind he toke him two pence for livelode as it were And faid who fo fped moze, I make it good heraftie for I may not let o that leode, a liarde he beltrideth Ind raped him to Jerusalem the right way to tybe fayeth folowed after fafte, and fonded to meten byme And

pferce Bloughman.

And Spes waklich him wed wede if he might To overrake him a talke to him, er he to towne come: And wha I fe this I foiourned not, but thope me ren And sewed that samaritane, that was so ful of pytye And graunted him to be his grome, gramercy he faid And the frend a the felow, thou findest me at nede and I thanked him tho and freh I him tolde How that farth fle awar, a Spes a his felow both. for light of p forowful ma, p robbed was w theues Haue bem exculto o be, her belpe may little anayle Day no medicine on molor, the man to heale baynge Beither faith ne fyne hope, fo festred be his woundes Without the bloude of a barne, borne of a mayden And he be bathed in that bloude, baptifed as it were Than plaffered with penaunce, a passió of that baby The fhold fland a flep, a flal worth worth hencuer Til be have eaten all the barne, a his bloude dronken for went neurr wre in this world through y wilders. That hene was robbed or rified, wode he or ved (nes Saue farth and his felowe, Spes, and my felfe and thy felfe no we, and fucheas fuen our workes for outlawes in the woode, and brider banke loutith And may ech man fee, and good marke take. who is behinde a who before, a who so be on horse for he halt him hartier on horse, tha him p is on fore for he le me gam Samarira, luen faith a bis felow On my caple that hight Caro, of mankind I toke it He was buhardy that harlot, a had him in inferno And er this day thre dayes I date undertaken That he worthe fettred that felon.fafte with chaines And never eft greue gome, that goeth this ilke gate Ind tha thal faith be fofter here, a in this frith walke and

And kennen out comon me, that knowenot the cotty ambich is the wai p 3 wet, and wherfore to Jerufate And Dope p hoffilers man , thal be ther p ma Hethin And al pfeble & faint be, p faith mai not tech (bealig Dope thall leade hem for love, as his love teacheth Ind hoftele hem a heale, through holy kirkes beleue Tyll I haue falue foz al fycke, a tha that I returne And come agayne by this contrie, a coforte all fycke That craueth it or coneteth it, and crieth therafter for p barne was borne in Berbie, p to his blobe that 31 p tiue in faith, a folowe bis felowes teching (faue A fwete fir layd I tho, whether thal I beleue as fayth and hys felowe, enfourmed me both In thre persons depertable, that perperual werever And all thre but one god, thus Abraham me taught And hope afterward he bademe to lone One god with all my good, and al gomes after Loue bem lyke my felfe, and our tozd aboue at. After Abraham grood be, that heraude of armes Set fast thy faythe and fyzme beleue And as hope hyghethe. I hote the that thou loue Thone euen chreften enermoze, eue forthib thy felfe Ind if conscience carpe ther againe, or kind wit orber Dr beritikes wargumentes thine hand bun thewe For god is after an hand, here nowe and know it The father was first as a fyst. w one fyngerholdyna Tyll hym loued and luft, to bolofen bys fynger And put it forth as to a paum, to what place it thuld The paume is pureli o had a proferith forth officers To minister a to make, p might of hande knoweth And betokineth truly, tell who so lyketh The holy gofte of heaven he is as the pawme Thè plerce ploughman,

The fringers that fre be, to folde and to ferue Berokeneth fothly the sonne, & sent was to the earth That touched and tasted, at techinge of the pawme Saynt Mary a maide, and mankinde laught.

Dut conceptus eft de Cpiritu fancto.

Fol. leere

The father is than as a fifte, with finger to touch Quia omnia trabam ad me ipfum.

All that pawme percetueth profitable to fele Than are they all but one, as it an hande were And thre fondry lyghtes in one the wruge The pawme, for he putteth forth lyngers a fift both Ryght to reddily reason it the weth,

That he that is holy gotte, syze and sonne preueth And as the hande holdes harde, a all thinges fast

Through four fingers a a thombe, forthw p pawme Right lo the father a the sonne, a. s. Spitite p thyrd wythin hem thre the wyde worlde holden,

Both the welken and the wynd, water and earth Deauen and bell, and all that thetin is

Thus it is nedeth no man trow none other

That thre thynges belongeth in our lorde of heaven and are Serelopes bi he felf, a loder were they never to more than my had may, move wout my fingers and as my fifte is full, hand folden togythers

So is the father a full god, former and maker.

And all that myght mydhim, is in making of thinges The fingers forme a full had, to purtrey a to paynte Caruynge and compassinge, is craft of the fingers Ryght so is the sonne, the science of the father And full god as is the father, no febler nor no better The paume y is purelt y had, hath power bi him self Otherwise than y wrethe sist, or workmaship of single or the constant of the constant of

(gerg

for the pawme bath power to put out all p foruces and to bufold the folden fifte at the fingers well So is the holy gofte god, neither greater ne leffe Than is the fyze and the fonne, a the fame myght And alar they but one god, as is mi bada mi tingers Unfolden and folden, my fift and my palume All is but one hande, howe to ener I turne it And who fold burte on the hande, even in the middes De may recepue ryght nought, reason it the weth for the fingers that folde thould, and the fit make for payne of the pawme, power hem fapleth To cratche or to clawe, to clyppe or to holde swere the middle of my hand marmed or periched Thouso receive ryght wought, of that I rech might And though my thom be a my fingers boeth were to And p middle of my hand wout malele (Chullen In many kinnes maners, I might my felfe helpe Both mour and amend, though all my fungers oke By thys (kill me thinketh I fe an euident That who to timeth in the . C. Spirite, alloyled worth Dether bere ne elle wher, as I here tell, ... (he neuer

for he p pricketh god as in p pawm, Dui peccat in hi.
for he p pricketh god as in p pawm, Dui peccat in hi.
for god p father is a fift, the some is as a fonger.
The holy gost of heave, is as it were the pawme.
And whoso smethin, s. Spicite, it serveth p he greveth.
God that he grypeth w, a would his grace quench.
And to a torche or a tapoure, the trinitie is lykened.
As ware and a weeke were twyned togither.
And than a fyre flaminge forth out of both.
And as ware and weeke and hote fore togyther.
Induction for that flame, and a favre lave.

.

Ba.li

plerce ploughman,

So done the lice and the forme, a allo Spiritus lanctus Cofteenforth amonges folke, loue and belene And all kinnechriften, clenfeth of spnnes. And as thou feelt fometime, fodenly a touche The blaffe therof blowen oute, yet burneth the weke Without ley or light, that the match breineth So is the holy gofte god, and grace ibout mercy To all bukind creatures that couet to destroy Lelly lone or lyfe, that oure lorde thapte And as glowing gledes gladeth not these workemen That waken and worken in winter nyghtes As doth a ker or acadle, o caught hath fire a blaseth Ab moze both fire ne sonne ne faint fpirite togythers Graunte no grace, ne forgenenes of synnes Tylitheholy golf gynne to glowe and to blaffe So'that the holy goft gloweth but as a glede Will that lelly loue lygge on hym and blowe, And than flameth he as fpre, one father, a one filius And melceth her myght into mercye, as me may fein Micles a cueles, through heate of the funne (winter. Melten in minute while, to milt and to water So grace of the holy goft, the great might of the tri: Melteth to mercy, to merciable, a to no other (nitre-And as ware without more, and a warme glede will brennen and biale all togethers and folacen hem that may fee, that fate in barckenes. So thefather forgeneth, folke of milde herres, That tufully repenten and restitution make In as much as they may amende and page and if it fuffice not for affeth & in fuch a will breth Dercy for his mekenes wold make good p remnaut: And as the weeke and fire, wyl make a warme flame for.

So will Christe of his curtelye, a me cry him mercy Both forgene and forget, and per byd for his Cortex and forget, and per byd for his Cortex and forget, and per byd for his Cortex at the Agat four hundred townter But thou have towe to take it, witnder or broches all thy labour is loste, and thy longe transple for maye no free stame make, fayle it his kinde So is the holy goste god and grace without mercye To all bakinde creatures, Christ him selse witnesset,

Amen dico bobis neccio vos.
Be busind to thine enechifite, althat grant bydde Deale and do penaunce days and night ener and purchace at the pardon of Pampilon and Rome And indulgence inowe, the ingratus to thy kynd The holy gott hereth thenot, ne help may y by reaso, for busindness quencheth him that he can not thine Re bremeno blate cleare, for brenning of busindness poule the apostle proneth whether I lye.

for beware ye wylemen that we the world bele. That rych ben a realo kno weth, rule wel your soules Be not bukinde I connsell you, to your eneuchristen for many of your yeh men, by my soule mentelleth ye brene but ye blase not, that is a blynd becon.

Ronomuis qui dicit domine domine intradit ec.
Dines died dampned for hys unkindnes
Of hys meate and of hys money, to men that it neded
Chea tych I tede, tewarde at hym take
And give your good to your god, g grace of cleth
for that be bukind to his, hope I none other
But they dwell there Dives is, daye without ende

16 ferce p loughman.

Thus is bukindnes o cotrary g quencheth as it were The grace of the holy goff, gods owne kynde for b kind both, bukindnes forboth as done thefe cur winkind chaifte me for couetife a enuye (fed theues Sleue a man for his mouables, wi mouth or wo hads for y the holi gode bath to kepe, tho batlots deftroys The which is life a love, y leve of mans body for every maner good ma may be likened to atorche De els to a tapour to reuerence the trinitie And who p murdereth a good ma, me thinketh bymi De fordort the levelt lighte, pour lord loueth (inwit And yet in many moe maners, me offed the boly goff And this is the worft wife that any wyght myght Sinne againft .f. Spirite, affenten to Deftroren for couetife any kynnes thrng, y Christ bere bought Dowe might be afke mercye, or any mercy him helpe That wicked and wilfully, woulde mercy anyent Annocence is nexte god, a night and day creeth Tiengeaunce bengeaunce, fozgrue it neuer That thet be a thed our bloud, forthapt be as it wer mindica Canguinem iuftorum.

Thus bengeaunce bengeaunce bery charitie alacth and such holy kyrke and charitie, chargeth this so soze Leve I never pour lozde will oue, g charity elacketh Ar have pitie for any prayer, there that he pleynyth I pose I had sinned so, and thousde nowe dre and am sozy that I so the saynt spirite agyle. Confesse me and crye his grace, god that all made and mildly his merciaske, might I not be saued per sayd the Samaritan, so well thou might repent That right wishes by repentance, to ruth might turne and it is but seldome sene, her sothness bereth witness and it is but seldome sene, her sothness bereth witness.

Any creature that is enipable befoze a kinges iustice Be rausomed befoze his repetaunce, ther ai reaso him for ther y pity pursueth, the piec is so huge (daneth That the kinge may do no mercy, til both men accord And cyther have equitie, as holy water telleth

Thus it fareth by such folke p falkly al her lives

End lyne and lyneth, tyll life hem forlake

Good hope that helpe shoulde, to wanhope turneth

Act of the nounpower of God, that he is mightful

To amende all that amis is, and his mercy greater

Than all our wicked workes as holy wrete telleth.

of ilericordia eius luper omnia opera eius. And errichtoulnes to ruth turn come restitutio bibos Dis fozow is fatisfactio for him, mainot pai fuith Thre thin ges there be, that Done a man by ftrength for to five his owne house, as holy write the weth That one is a wicked wife, that wyl not be chastifed Der fere fiveth frome hir for feare of ber tonge And if hys bouse be untiled, and raine on his head De seketh and seketh, tyll he sepe dape And whan Imoke and Imolder, Imight in his light It bothe him worfethan his wyfe, or were to flepe for finolke and unolder finytethin hys even Tell be be bleard or bignde, and boole in the throte Coughethand curfeth, that Chufte grue hem fozo b That hold bring in better wood, or blow it til it bre Thefe thre that I tel of ben thus to bnderstande The wife is our wicked fleth, that will not be chasted for kinde cleueth on him ever, to contrary the foule And though it fall, it fint failes & frelety it made Ind that is lightly forgruen, and forgetten both Ta 15 fetce po loughman.

To man that mercy alketh, and amend thynketh.
The rayne that reighneith there we refle thouse the lykenes and lozowes, that we luffren oft as Poule the apostle to the people tought

Wittus in infirmitate perficitue. And though that men make much dole in her anger and be impatiet in her penauce, pure teate knoweth That they have cause to corrari, bi kind of her siknes And lyghtly our Lord at her lynes ende Hath mercy on luch men, that to end may luffet And the imolke a the inolder, that impre in our eien That is couetife a bukindnes p quecheth gods merct for bukindnes is the contrary, of al kinnes reason for therenis licke ne lorge, ne none fo much wretch That he ne may loue if him like, a lene of his herte Good wyll and good word, boeth withen and willen all maner of mercy and of forginenes And love him like him felfe, and his life amende I may no lenger let quod be, and lyard he pricked And went away as wynd, atherwith I waked.

paffus.rbiii.de visione.

Diward a wetthode went I forth after as a rechies reuke, that of no wo retcheth and pedeforth like a lorell, at my lyfe tyme and rendered me to a lenten, a longe tyme I flepte (septe And of christes passio a penasice, people p of taught Rest me ther and rut faste, till kamis palmarum. Of gerles and of Blovia laus, greatly me dremed And howe Dianna, by Drgany, olde folke songen One sediable to p Samaritane, a sodeale to pierce p (plowman

Barefote on an alle backe, boteles came plickinge without spoze of speare, spackly he loked As is the kind of a knyght, that cometh to be dubbed To get him gilt spozes, and galoches couped Than was faith in a fenetter, and cried, of the Danto As doth an heraude of armes, wha austrous cometh Old Jewes of Jerusale for toy they soge (to insice

Benedictus qui venit in nomute Domini. Than I frained at fayth, what all that fare bymente Who thould infle in Jerusalem, Jesus he sapde and fetch o the feuclaimeth, Pierce frute poloma Is Bierce in this place guod I, a he preint on me Thes Jelus of his genery will tufe in Dierce armes In his belme a in his berbergeen, Sumana natura That Chailt be not knowne here foz contumarus deus In Dierce paltock the plowing, thys priker that ride for no Dynte that him Dere ag in Deitate patris 200 ho Chall fufte to Jefus of I, Jewes or feribes? Par quod be the foule fende, a false dome a Death Death farth he chall for do, and adowne brrnge All that lyueth oz loketh, in loude oz in water 1. vfe fayth that he lieth, and layeth his life to med That for all that death can do within thre bares To walke a fetch fro the fend. Dierce fruit o plomma And laye it there him liketh, and Lucifer bind And for beat and downe bringe, bale death for euer D Motseto mors ma.

Thá came Pilate id mich puple, Sedens pro tribunalif To fe how doughty deth hold do, a deme her boths The Jewes a inflice, againe Jesu they were (right And all the court by and cried crucifise harpe Tho put him forth a pylour before pilate and said

18 b.i. This

pierceploughman.

This Jefus apon Jewes temple laped a delvifed To fordo it on one dare, and in thre daves after Wdifie it eft ne we, here he ftandes that faideit and yet make it as muche in all maner of poyntes Both as longe and as large, by loft and by grounde Loucitige qued a catche pole, I warrant him a witche Zolle Zoile quod an other, and toke of kene thornes. and began of kene thornes, a garlondero make and fetit fore on his heade, and fayde in enuy Que warbi faide that rybaude, and threw redes at him Parled him with threnarles naked on the rode and poplonon a pole, they put by to his lyppes And bidde him deinke his dethes euil, his daies were And if that thou fotle be, helpe nowethy felfe (done If be Christ a kinges fonne, come downe of probe Tha thold we leue plife ploueth, a wolnot let p dre contumatuen, o Chifte, and comfeth for to fwonne Ditioully and pale as a prisoner, both that Dieth The Lord of life a oflight tho laied his ries togither The day for dread withdrew, a barck became & fune The wall wagged and clefte, a all the world quauch Dead men for that dinr, came out of depe graues And tolde why that tempelt fo longe time endured Foz a bitter battel the dead body faide Life a deth in this darknes here one fordoth other Shal no wight wit witterly, who that have maiftre Er foday about fune rifing & fanke to that to thearth Some faid that he was gods fonne, & fo fayze dyed Merc fillus Dei eratifte.

And some said he was a wirch, good is that we assaid whether he be dead or not dead, down er he betaken Two theues also thosed, death that tyme.

Belides Chilleapon a crolle, lo was the comen la me A catchpolerame forth, and cragged both the legges Ind the armes after, of exther of the theues and was no boye to bolde, godes body to touch for he was knight a kings sone, kind forgaues time Chat no harlot were to hardy, to lay hand apon hym Ind ther came forth a knight, to a kene spere ground Bight Lögis as pletter teluh, alog bad lock his light Before Bilare and other people, in the place he houed Maugre his many teth, he was made that time To take his spere in his hande, and insten w Jelus for al they wer buhardi, that houed on horse or stode Cotouch or to talte him, or taken Downe of robe But thys blinde bachiler bare him throughe the bert The bludiping doun bi p spere, a busparrid his eine Than fell the knight apon knees, a cried him merep Agaynemy wyllit was loide, to wound you so soze De lighed and lato loze it me fort hinkert for p bede that Thane done, Too me in pour grace have on me tuth eightfull Julu, a eight wo he wepe Than gan fayth felly the talle Jewes despile Calko hein cayeptes accurfed for euer for this fowle billany, bengeaunce to pour all To do the blind bete him boud it was a boyes coule! Curled Captifes knighode was it neuer To miloo a dead bodge by day not by nyght The gre pet hath he gotten, for al hys greate wound for your champion chiualer chiefe knyght of youall pelde hym recreant, runnyng right at Jelus wyll for by this darchenes do hys death worth avenged And ye lurdens have loffe, forlife thall have b mattry And your frachisthat fre was fallen is in thealdome 26 b. ii. 2nd

to teece bloughman.

And pe Cherles a your chyloze cheuen that you never Ae haue loadibyo in lande, neno landetyll. But all bareone be and blury blen, 300 hich is lyfe that our load in all lawes accurleth. Pow your good daies at done as Daniel prophecieb amha Chift come of her kigdom p croun Chuld feafe Cum benerit fanctus fanctorum , tunc ceffabit buctio ben ra. What for feare of the facty and of the falle Tewes. I brome me in that Darkenes to Defcendit ad inferna. And there I faw fothly, Secundum Ceripturas, Dut of the west cofte a wenche ag me thought, Came walking in the way to belward the loked Dercy hyght that maybe, a meke thyng withall, I full benique byzdeand bureome of freche. In m fofter as it femed came worthely walking Euen oute of theft and well ward the loked. A full comely creature Truth the hyght, for the bertue g her folowed afered was the neuer awhan thefe maybens met mercy and truth Exther alked other of thes aceas meruell. Dfthe Ding of the darkenes, a howethedaye raued And which a lyght and aleme lage befoze bell. I have farly of thys fayth fayd trueth. And am wending to wit what this wonder meneth. Dane no merueple o mercy, mysch ic betokeneth al mayo that hyght mary and mother without feling Df any kynnes creature concepued through freche Ind grace of the holiegholt were great with chylde. Swithout wembe into this worlde the brought home And that my tale be true I take God to wytnes. Syththys barne was bome be, pre. wynter past swhich died a deth tholed thys day about middaye.

and that is cause of this clipse & closed now the fonne In meaning that man that from merknes be beatoca The which this light a this leem that Lucifer ablend for Patriarks a Prophets have preched here often That man hall man faue throughe a womans belpe. And that was trut through tree tree chall it wrine. Ind that bethe downe brought, Deth thall relieue. That thou tellest quod truth, is but atale of waltrot for Adam and Gue, Ibraham and other Batriarkes and prophetes retin payneliggen, Leue thon neuer that you lyght the may aloft bring. Re have them out of hell, holdethy tonge mercye, It is buta tryfte that g telleft, I truth wote the foth. for that is once in hel outcomerb heneuer. Tob the prophete patriarkes repugneth the fatres.

Duta in inferno nulla eft redemptio. Than mercyfull mekelye mouthed thefe wordes. Through experience q he I hope they thatbe faued. for benime fordoth benime a that I proue by reafo, For of all benimes fouleft is the scorpion, Day no medicine helpe the place there he fryngeth Will he be dead and do thereto, the euil he destroyeth The firste benimuste through benime of him selfe So thall thys fordo, I dare my life ligge All that death did firste, throughe poeuils entilinge And right as through gile, man was begiled So Chall grace that began, make a good fleight Avs bo artem falleret.

Powe luffer we laid truth, I fe as me thinketh Dut of the nyppe of the north not full farre bece Ryghtwylines came runnynge, refte we the while for he wotteth more than we, he was er we both 28 b. iii. That

Bicece Bloughman.

That is foth faid mercy, and I se here by south Where peace cometh playing in pacience clothed Loue bath couerid hir long, leue I none other But he fent her some letter what this light bemeneth. Dhar overhoueth hell thus, the bs chall reil. Wha peace in paciece clothed thus aproched nere the Rightfulnes hir revereced for hir rich clothig (twain And praved peace to tell her to what place the wold, 2nd in hie gay germent whom the grece thought. ABy will is to wende of the and to welcome them all. That many a day might not le for merknes of unne, Adam and Gue and other mo in hell, Doles and manye mo mercy hall have, and I thall dannee therto, do thou to tyster for Telus fuffeth well, Joge beginneth dame, A D befpern demorabitur fictus ad marutinu leticia. Loue that is my lemmon fuch letters me fent, That mercye my lifter and I mankinde Sould faue And y God hath forgene a grauted me peacea mercy To be mang mainpernour for euer more after, Lo here the patent quod peace, In pace in idiplum, And that Dede Chaff dure Dormiam er requiercam. What ravell f q right wiknes, oz garte ryght dzonk Leueft thou that ponlight bnlocke might bell, And faue mans foule, fifter wene it neuer, At the beginning God gave the domehim felfe That Adam and Eue and all that them fewed, Shuld bye downe right and dwell in prine after, If that they touched a tree and the frute eaten. Abam afterwarde agaynft bys befence freet of that frute, and fogloke as it were, The love of our load and his loze bothe,

And followed of the fende taught a hos felowes will Against reaso a right wisenes record thus with truth That their parne be perpetuall, quo prayer the help. Therfore let them cheue as ther chole, a chibe me not for it is botcles valether byt y theyeaten. (litters And I chall proue of peace their payne must haue end And we into waste must wendeatlast for had thei will of no wo, weale had theiner know. forno wighte wotes what weale is p neuer wo fus De what is whote hugte gneuer had Defaute (ffced If no inight nere no man as I lene, Shuld wite witerly, what day is to meane, Should never right richman & livech in reft and cafe. 200 yee what wo is, ne were the berh ofkinde, So Godthat began all of his Good will Became man of a maybe mankinde to faue. And suffred to be fold to the sozowe of dreng The which buknitteth all care and comfing is of reft. For tyll modicum met mid by I may it well above, woote no wight as 3 wene what is mough to mene, Therfore God of his goodnes & first gome Moain. Set him in folace and in foueteyne myzth And foth he fuffred him finne, foro we to fele. To wit what weale was kyndely to knowe it. Ind after God auetred him felfe atoke Abams kind: To wett what he hath fuffred in the funder places, Both in heaven and in earth and to hell hethinketh To wer what all wo is that wote of all love. So it wall fare by this folke their foly a their fynne Shal lerne them what langoz is a lyfe without end, woreno wight what warre is there o peace reineth Ae what is witerly weale till, welawere him teache, Than:

Bierce Bloughman.

Than was there a wighte with two brodeeven 28 oke byoth that beaupier, a bolde man of speach By gods body, quod thes boke, I wil bear witnes That tho this barne was borne, there blafed a ftarre That al the wifeme of this world in one wit accorde That luche a barne was bome, in Bethlems citre That mans foule thoulde faue, and fonne bestrop And al p elemètes faith the boke hereof bereth witnes That he was god pal wrought p welke first Gewed Tho ther were in beauen tooken, Stella comata And tindeden hir as a torche, to reverence his byth The light folowed the lozde, into the lome earth The water wieneffed ghe was god, for he wet on it Deter the apostle perceiued bis gate

And as he wet on the water, wel him knew a faid

Bube me benire ab te Cuper aquas. And lo how the funne gan lacke her light in her felfe Whan the fee him fuffer that funne and fea made The earth for heuines that he woulde suffer Duaked as guycke thing, and al to qualled the roch Lo heue myo bt not bold, but opened the God tholed and let out Simons fonnes to le him hong on roode And now that Lucifer leue it, though him loth think for Gras the grant, with a grane engined To breake and to beate downe, & ben agayne Jelus And I boke wolbe bente, but Jesus rise to lyne In al mrattes of man, and his mother glade And conforten all his kynne, a out of care brynge and all the Tewes in re-bniorne and bulcken And but if they reverse his rode, and his resurrection And bileue on a newe lawe, be loft life and foule Suffer we layd Truth, I heare and I fe both Howe Dowe a spicite speketh to bel, and byd buspar f gats

I boyce loube in that lyght to lucyfer cryeth Dinces in this place bupinneth and bulocketh for here commeth to crowne, that king is of glory Thanlighed Sathan, and lapbe to hem all Such a light againfte our leaue, Lasar out fette Care and combraunce is commento be all If this kinge come in, mankinde wil be fetch And lead it there him liketh, and lightly me bind Battiarkes and prophetes have proled hereof longe That fuche a Lozde and a light bould lead boal hece Liftneth quod Lucifer, for I thys lorde knowe Both this Lord a this light, is long ago I knew it Day no Deathhim deare, ne no fendes quentile and wher he wil is his wai, a warne him of porrels The reve me of my right, he robbeth me by maltre for by right and by reason, the reukes that ben bere Body and foule be mine, both good and enil for him felfe faide that fyze is of beauen If Adamente the appleali Coulde dre and dwell with by deuels, this threatening be made And be that fothnes is, faid these wordes And lithen he leased seven hundred wynter I leve that la we nil not . leave him the leaft. That is fothe quod Satan, but I me foze breade for thou gate hem with gile, and his garden brake And in semblaunce of a servent, fate apothe apple tre And eggedelt hem to eate, Gue by bir name And toldest hir a tale, of treason were thy words, And to thou hadded bem out, and hider at the last It is not graithly gayten, there gyle is the rote Cc.i. for pierce is loughman,

for God will not be begiled & Gobelon, ne be laved. De haue no tru title to the for bi trefo werthei dania Cerres I me bred q the deut, left truth wil the fetch These err wonter as I were he hath gone preched I have allayled him with synne, and sometime alked wher he wer god or gods fone, he gaire me thort ans and thus he bath trolld farth this excit. winter (fwer And when I feit was to leaping I went, To warne Pilatus wyfe, what done ma was Tefus for Tewes haten him and haue done him to death. Twolde have lengthed his lefe for I lened if he deed That his coule thuld fuffee no frame in his front, for the body while it on bones redeabout was ener To laue man from linne if him felfe wolde, And now I le wher a foul cometh hitherward faffic with glozy and w great light God it is I wote wel Fred we fice auod he fafte all hence. for by were better not be then abyde his fraht Forthy lesinges lucifer, tost is al our praye Lirft through the we fell from heauen fo hve. For we beleued on thi lealings florne we have Tham And all oure lezdhins I leve on land and on water. Anne princeps buius mandi cifctetur foras.

Eft the light bad buloke and Lucifer answered what losd art thour quod Lucifer, Ausen ide.

And load of might and of mayne a al maner bertues,

Dukes of this dimme place anon budo the gates That Chill may come in, the kings some of heaven And with that breth hell brake with belialles barrs, for any whe or ward wide open the gates,

Patriarks

Batriaches and prophetes populus in tenebuts." Singing lainet Jefus longe, cce agnus det, Lucifer loke ne might, fo light him ablent, And the that our lozde loved into his light laught And fard to fathan to bereing foule to amendes for all finful foules to faue that bene worthy, Myne they be a of me I may the better them clayme Although reason recorde and right of inv selfe, That if they eate the aple all thould dre I behight them not bete hellfozeuer for the debe gthey did thi discepte it made. with ayle thou them aor agayne all reason for in my place paradife in perfon of an eddrefallely thou fettell there, thing that Floued Thus lyke a lylard with a ladyes bilage Thefly thou me robbett the old lawe graunteth, That gilers be begyled and that is good reafon,

Ergo soule thall soule quite and sin to syme wende. And all that man hath inisos Jinan will amende, Apembre for membre in tholde lawe was amendes. The lyfe for lyfe also and by that law J clayme it, I dam and all his issue at my will hereafter, And that death in them for did, my deth that releve and both quickex quite & quernt was through sine, and that grace grie destroyeth, good farth it asketh, So lene I not Lucifer, agayne the lawe I fetche the, But by right and by reason, ransome here my liges.

Ron veni folices legam, sed admiptere, Thou fettelt mine in my place against all reason fallely and felously, good farth me teaught To recover their by tansome and by no reason els

Cc.ii.

plecce ploughman,

So that through gilt f gate, through grace it is wo Thou tucyfer mlikenes of a luther eddze, Garioft by gyle tho that God loued and in tykenes of a leobe, that lotte am of beauen Gracioufly thy gyle haue quite, go gyle agayne gyle, And as Ada a all through a tree thulde turne agapue and gyle is gyled and in hys gyle fallen, Et cecibit in fouram gnam freit. Dow begynnech thy gile agayne the to turne, And my grace grow ave greater and wyder The byttemes that haft brewed, broukeft thy felfe. Thou arte Doctoz of Deth. Dzinke that thou maybelt for I that am lord of lyfe, love is my drynke, And for that drinke to day I ove aponearth If aught so me thrusteth yet for mans soule sake. Mayno Dainke me moylt ne my thurst flake. Tyli the bendage fall in the vale of Plaphat That I Dainke right eppe muft it efurtectio mortuoriti Ind than thall I come as aking crowned it angels, and have out of hell all mens foules, fendes and fendking before me hall flande, Ind bene at my bidding, where soeuer me liketh, And to be mercyable to manthan my kind it alkethe for we bene brethern of blond, but not of baptim al. And all that benemy hole brethern in bloud a baptim: thall not be dampned to death that is without ende. Etbi foli peccant,et e It tenot bled in earth to bangen a felon, Dfter then once though he were a traptour And if the kinge of that king doine come in that tyme. There the felonthole thuld death otherels Lawe wold have geve him lyfelf he loked on him. and:

And I that am bing of kinges challon such a time There doome to the deth damneth all writed and if lawe will I loke on them, it lieth in my grace, whether they doe or doe not, for that they done ill be it any thing about the boldness of their sinnes, I do merci through right wishes a almi words true and though holy write wil y I bewrake of the y did Rullum malum impunitum, etc. (cuyll

They thuid be cleted clerely a wathen of their linnes In my paylon purgatorye tyll Parce it hoote, and my mercy thalbe the wed to many of my baethae for bloud may fuffre bloud bothe hungry and a cale, and bloud may not le bloud blede, but him rewe.

And my right wifenes a right thall rule all hell, And mercy all mankind before me in houen, for I were an unkinde king, but I my kind helpe, And namely at such a nede, ther nedes help behoutth Rontates in judicium cum servotuo.

Thus by lawe of this load, lead I wylfrom hence
Tho that me loued and leued in my comming
And for this lesing lucifer, that heigh till Eue,
Thou halt ady it better, a bound him with cheynes
Astaroth and all the rout hyd hem in hernes,
Thei durst not loken on our load the boldest of he all,
But lette hi lead furth what him liked a let what him
Many hundred of angels harped and sange. (lyste
Culpat caro purgat caro, regna deus dei caro

Than pyped peace of poelie anote.

Clariozen folito pon maxima nebula phebo, pon inimicitias.

After tharpe thoures of peace, most theene is the fone.

Is no wether warmer then after watery cloudes,

Cc.iii.

15 letce 15 loughman.

De no loue leeuer, ne leuere frendes
Thá after warre a wo, whá loue a peace be masters
was neuer war in this world, ne wickednes so kene
That loue and him luste, to laught ne brought
and Peace through patience all perell stopped,
Trewle quod Truth, thou tellest bs soth by Jesus
Clyppe we in couenaunte, and eche of bs kisseother
And let no people quod peace, perceine è we thyo
for impossible is nothinge to him, that is almighty.
Thou saist soth or rightousnes, a reveretly him kissed
Peace and peace here, wer omnia secula seculorum,

og ilericordia et peritas obuiaucrunt libi. Julicia et par ofculate lunt.

Truth trumped tho, and longe, Te beum laudamus And than luted Loue in a loude note

Acce quambonum et quam Jucundum. ec.

Tyli the daye dawed thele damolels daunced

That merage to prelucrectio, aright why I waked

And called kit my wife, a Collet my daughter

Arise and reverence gods resurrection

And crepe to profle on knees, a kille it for a Jewell

for gods bielled body it bare for our bote

And it afereth the fende, for such is the myght

May no gryllye goste glyde, there it spadoweth.

19 affug. rir. be bilione.

Ind dight me derely, and did me to kithe And dight me derely, and did me to kithe To here wholy y malle, a to be houled after In mids of the malle, men wente to offrynge fell eftsones a slepe, and sodainly me mette. That Pierce the Plowman was paynted al bloudge And

And came in with a croffe before the comine people. Andryabelyke in all lyinines to our lorde Telus Than called I conscience to kenne me the foth Is this Jefus piulter of I, that Jewes did to beath Drit Dierce the Plowma, who painted him fo rede Quod Colcience & kneled tho, thele are Wiers armes his colour a his cote armour, a heg comety to blody Is Christe whis croffe, coquerour of thriftendome arohy cal ye him Chailt of A. Speh Tewes call him Tes Datriathes and prophetes prophetied before (fus That all kymnes creatures thoulde knele and bowe Anon as men named this bighe name of Telus Ergo is no name to the name of Jefus De none fo weadfull to name by nyght noz by daye for all the darke devels are a drade to beteft Ind fontull are folaced and faued by that name and pe call hym Chifte, for what cause tel me Is Christe more of myght, and more worthy name Than Jefu or Jefus, that all our tore came of Thou knowell wel quod coscience, & p can reason That knyght kynge conquerour may be one perfon To be called a knyght is fair, for me that knele to him To be called kying is fairer for be mai knights make And to becoquerour called, & cometh of special grace And of hardines of hert, and of hendines To make Lordes or ladyes, of land that he winneth And fremen foule thraies, that folow not his lawes The Jewesthat were getilmen, Jelu they despiled Both his love and his law, now are they tow cherles As wide as the worlde is, wonneth none therin But buder tribute and tallage, as tykes and cherles and the that became chaine by cousel of the baptime Are

pletce pleughman.

are frankelens fremen, throughfullynge g they toke and gentilmen wyth Jefu, for Jefus was fulled Andapo Caluery on croffe, cro wned king of Tewes It becommet b to a king to kepe and to defende As conquerour of conquette, his lawes a his large And so did Jesus P Jewes, he instified a taught heur The lawe of life that laste thal ever And defende from foule entles feuers and flures and from fendes that in them were, a falle beleue Tho was he Jesus of Jewes called getle prophete And singe of kingdome, and crowne bate of thornes Ind tho conquered he on croffe, as coquerour noble Dight no death him fordo, ne adowne brynge That he naroos and rayoned and raufched bell And tho was he conquerour called of quick a of dead for he gave Adam and Eue, and other moe blyfe That longe had layne before, as Lucifers cherles And forth he gave largely, all hys lelly lieges Places in Paradice, at her partynge bence De may wel be caled coquerour, a pis Chrift to mene And the cause p he cometh thus to crosse of position Is to withen by therw, that when y wee be tempted Therwith to fight and fend by .fro falling into finne And le by hys forowe, that who fo loueth fore To penaunce and to pouerty, he must put him selfe And much wo in thes worlde willen and fuffren And for to carpe more of Christe, a how he came to b faithly for to speke, his first name was Jesus (name The he was borne in Bethlem as the boke telleth And came to take mankind, kynges and angels Reverenced him fagre with riches of thys earth Angels out of beauen came, knelinge and fonge **610** Blotia in erceitis beo.

kynges commen after, kneled and offred,
Adyre and much golde without mede afkinge
Or any kinnes cattel, but knowledge him foueraigne
Both of londe funne and fea, a fithen they wenten
Into their kingdome kyth, by counfel of angels
And ther was that word fulfilled p which g of spake

mmia celeftia terreftria ficctantur in hornomine Jefe. for all the angels of beauen at his byrth kneled Ind all the wyt of the worlde was in tho thre kinges Reason and rightuousnes, and Truthe they offered amberfore and why, wyle men that tyme Maifters and lettred men, Magi hem called. That one king came with reason covered buder sence The fecond kyinge fothly, lithens he offered Ryantuousnes buder redde golde, reasons felome Golde is likened to leauty, that last thail ever And reason to tyche golde, to tyght and to truth The thyzdekynge tho came knelynge to Jeft and prefented him with pity, apperyage to mirre for myre is mercy to meane, a mild speach of tonge Thre in like honest thinges, were offred thus at once Throughe thre kinne kinges, knelinge to Jefus And for al thefe pressous presets, our lord prince Tei was nether king ne coqueroz, til be gå to wepe (Que In the maner of a man, and that by much aright As becometh a conquerour to konne man And many wylles and wytte, that woll be a leder And so did Jesus in those dayes, who so had time to Somtime be luffred, a comtime he byd him (tell it And sometime be fought fatte, and the other while And somtime he gave good and graunted heale both DD.i.

15 ieece Stoughman. Lyfe and lyme, as he lifte be wroghte As kinde is of a conqueroute, to comfed Jefu Tyli he hadde all them that he for bledde In his invente, this Jefus at Jewenfeaft materinto wone curned, as holy write telleth And there began god of his grace to bo well For wone is lykened to lawe, and life of holmes And lawe lacked tho, for men loued not hir enemies: And Christe councelleth thus, and comaunderhallo Both to learned and to lewde, to love our enemies So at the feaste firste, as I befoze sapde Began god of hys grace and his goodnes to dowell And tho was he cleved a called not onely Chaife but A faunt fine ful of witte, filius Marie, Before his mother Mary, made bethat wonder That the firste and formoste ferme thouse beleue That he through grace was get, a of no gome els the wrought that by no wpt, but by worde onely After & kind that he came of, ther comfed he to dowel And wha he was were more in his mothers ablence Demade lame to leape, and gave light to blonde Andfedde wyth two fothes, and with five locs Sozeafinared folke, moe than fiue thou fande Thus he coforted the carefull, a caught a great name The whiche was dobet, wher that he went Hoz deffe through his dorngs to here, a dobe to frek And al he heled a helpt phim of grace asked (he made And the was be called in cotrpe of the commo people For the dedes that he dyd, fill David Jecus, for Dauid was doutieft of dedes in his time. The birds tho log, Saul interfecit mille & Danio r. milia Therfore & cotrither Jefus came callid bim fili Danie and:

And named him of Aazareth, and no man to worthy To be kapler or kinge, of the kingedome of Juda De ouer Jewes inftice, as Jelus was bem thought 900 herof Cayphas had enuy and other of the Jewes And for to dohim to death, day a night they caften Killed him on croffe wife, at Caluery on a fepday And lithen buried his body a beden that me thould kepe it from night commers weth knightes armed for no frends thold him fetch, for prophets him told That that bleffed body, of buriels thoulde arife And gone into Galite, and gladden his aposties and his mother Mary, thus men befoze bemed The knyghtes that kepeit, beknew it hem felues That angels and archangels ere the day fpronge Comen kneling to the corps a fogen Ebridus refurges, viery man before bem all, a furth to bein be pede The Tewes praide peace, and besought the knightes Tel o tomen that ther came a copanic of bis apolies. And bewiched bein as thei woken, a away folle bing and Mary Magdalen met him by the way, Gornge to warde Galde in godbead and mahead A lyueand lokinge, and the a low de cried. In ech a company there the came chritus refurges Thus came it out & Christ ouer came, recouered alis Sic opertet Chaiftum pati et intrare. (ued

for that women witteth, may not well be counsel Peter perceyued thys, and purined after Both James and John, Jelu for to seke Thade and ten moe, with Thomas of Inde And as these wise weren togythers. In an house all be thette and the dozes barred Thriste came in and all closed both doze a gates.

Do,ii,

Bleece Bloughman.

To Peter and to his Apostles sayd pare bobis, And toke Thomas by the had a taught him to grope And fele with his fingers his sleshy herte, Thomas touched it and with his tonge sayde

Thou art my loide I beleve God loid Ihelu,
Thou dielt a deth tholest, and deme thall be all
And now art living and loking and last thall ever,
Chist carped than and curtelly layde
Thomas for thou trowest it, and truly belevest it
Blessed might thou be, and be thatte for ever,
And blessed might they all be in body and in soule,
That never thall se me, in sight as thou hast now
And sellye beleve all this I love them a blesse them

Beati qui non biberunt. ec. And when this dede was done, Dobest he taught. And gave piers power and perdon he graunted. To all maner of men mercy and forgenenes. mim might to affoile of all maner of finnes. Incovenant & they come and knowledge to pape. To Diers pardon the plouman, Medde quod debes, Thus bath piers power be his pardon payde. To binde and bubinde both here and els where And alloyler men of all lynnes lave of dette onelve Anone after an high by into be uen De went and wonneth there, and wyl come at last And rewarde him right well that meddit quod debets Daveth perfitely as pure Trueth would and what person payeth it, not punish be thinketh Ind demen bun at dome Day bothe quicke and deade The good to the Godhead and to good fove, The wicked to wone in wa without ende. Thus

Thus conscience of Chaist and of the crosse carped, And couceled me to knele hereto, a tha cae me thoube One Spiritus paracierus to Diers and to his felomes In likenes of a lightening he light bpon hem all And made hem kon and knowe all kinne languages. I wondred what that was and wagged conscience. and was aferd of the light for in fyres lykenes, Spiritus paracletus, querspred them all Duod conscience and knelid, this is Chailes messager And cometh from p great Goda grace is his name. knelenow & confcience and if thou cant ling eccome him and worthip him, meni creator friction Than lange I that long and fo did many hundred. and cryed with conscience helpe by God of grace. Than began grace to go with Diers plowman And councelled him a coscience y comune to somen for I wyll deale to day and deuid grace To all kinne creatures that have their fyue wittes Treasure to lyue by to their lyues ende And weaponto fight with that will never faile. for Antichapft and his, all the world thall greve, And acombre the conscience but if Christ helpe and falle Prophetes fell flatterers and glofers Shall come and be curatours, over kinges a Erles. And paydethalbe pope, Paince of holy kyake Couetyle and bukindenes Cardinals bem to leade. Therforem grace er I go I will grue you treasure. And wepo to fraht w whe antichtift you affayleth, Ind giue eche mana grace to guyde with hym felfe, That volenes encombre him not enuy ne probe Diuiliones graciarumfunt.

To some he gave wet with worden to the we

300 be

picece ploughman.

aceth As preachers and prieftes and prentifes of laws -They lelly to I yue by labour of tona And by wit to wille other as grace the wolde teache and some be kenned craft, and conning of sight with felling and bigging, they lyuelod to wynne And lerned to labout a lelly lyfe and a true. And some betaught to tyll, to dicheand to thetche To wyn with their lyuelod by loze of hysteachinge. Some to bluine and devidengmbres to beime And some to se and to say what wuld befall Both of well and of woe, tell it ozit fell. As aftronomers by aftronomi, a philosophers wife And some to ride a to recovery burightfully was wo He withed the winit agayn-thrugh wightnes of had And fetche it from falle men with foule wels lames and fome he lerned to live, in longinge to be bence In De uertie and in penaunce to pray for all chapiten And all he lerned to be lelli, and ech a craft loue other And for bad them all debate & none were among the Though some be clener then some, ve se wel o arace That men of p faireft craft to p foulit I could haue Think al o graces grace cometh of my gyfte, (put Loke that none lacke other, but loue all as brethern Ind who p mooft mafteries can, p mildeft of bering And crowne coscièce king, a make craft your fleward Ind after craftes counfell clothe you and febe, for I make prers p plowma my procuratour a my Ind register to recepte Redde quod debes, By power and my plowman prers thalbe on earth. And for to tell truth a teme thall be haue, Grace gaue Prets ateme fowge great oren, Chat That one was Luce a large beatt a a low chered, and Marke a Mathic the thyrd mighty beatts both And iogned to them one John, most gentle of all The pricenete of Pyers piow and palling al other, and grace gave piers of his goodness foure stottes, all that his open eried they to havow it after One hight Austen, and Ambrole an other Gregory the great Clarke, and Jerome the good These fower the fayth to teach followeth peers teme and harowed it in an handwhile all holy scripture, with two harowes that they had, an old and a newer

3 D cft betus teftamentum et nouum. And grace gaue greynes the Cardinalle vertues, And sewe it in mans soule, a sithen he told bernames Spiritus prubencie the firste lebe Light. Zind who so eateth that, rmagen be Coulde: Er he bid any dede, deuise well thende, And lerned men ladel be with longe fiele, That call forto kepe a crocke , to faue the fat abone The fecond lede bight, Spiritus temperancie, Be that eate of that fede had fuch a kynd Shuld neuer meate ne much drike make him to fwel De thould no scozner ne scold, out of fkill him bring De winning ne welch of wooldly riches. walt worde of yolenes, ne wicked speche moue Shuld no curious cloth come on his rigge De no meate in bys mouth, & mapfter Johan Spiced The third lede p piersfeine was spiritus fortitudinis 21nd who so eate of that sede hardy was cucr To fuffre alichat God fent fekenes or angres AB faht no lesinges neiver, ne losse of worldly cattell. Wake him for any mourning p be nas merie in foule: and)

Sterce 16 loughman.

and bolde and abidinge bifmeres to fuffer and playethall with patience, and parce mibi bomine. and conereth him buder countel, of Caton the wyle Alo forti animo cum fis Damnatus inique. The fourth lede that Dierce lewe was chiritus inticie Ind be that eateth of that fede, chalbe euer true with god and not agafte, but of gyle one for Gile goth so prively, that god fayth other while May not be elpied fro spiritus iusticie, Spiritus inficie, Spareth not to Spill, Them that be apltye, and for to correcte The kynac if he fall in aplte oz in trespace for couteth heno kinges wrath, whe he court litteth To demen as a domes man, adrad was he never Deither of Duke ne of death, that he ne dyd lawe for prefentes ne for prapers, or any princes letters De did equitie for all even forth his pomer These four sedes Biers sewe, a sith he did he harow with olde lawe and newe that love might were Amonge the foure vertues and vices to deftrop for communely in contries, came monkes a wedes fouleth the frute in the feld, ther they gro w togiders And to done bices bertues worthy, Duod Diers harroweth al that konneth kind wette, by counsel of these doctours And tilleth after her teachinge the cardinall bertues, Againe the graines of grace, ayuneth for to ripe Dideine the an house of Pierce to harber in p coine By god Grace, quod Piers, pe might giuerimbre And orderne that house or ye hence wende And Grace gaue him p croffe top crowne of thomes That Christe apon caluery for mankinde on pined and

And of this baptime and bloud that he bled on robe De made a maner moztare, and mercy it bight And therwith grace bega, to make a good fundamet And walled it a watled it is his paines a his pallion and of all holy wayte he made a roufeafter And called that boule buitie, holy churche in enalyth And whan this dede was done, grace denised A carte hight christendome, to cary pierces theues And gaue him caples to his carte, cotrition a cofellio And made priefthode bayward, while hym felfe wet As wide as the worlde is, to Dierce to tilly truth Powe is Dierce to the plower a pride it wied and gadered him a greate bott, to greue him be thins Cofcience a all chaiften and cardinale bertues (beth Blow he downe a breakehem, a bite atwo p mores And fent forth Sarquidons, his fargeant of armes And his fave fpill love, one fpeake ruil behynd Thefe two comen to cofcience, and to chiffen people And told hem tidinges that tine they holde the fedes That Diercethere had so wine, the cardinal betrues And Wierce barne were broken, a they g be in buitle Should come out, a conscience and your two caples Confession and contrition, and your cart the beleue Shalbe colozed so queintly, a couered buder your for That coscience that not know by contriction (philtry De by confession who is christen ne heathen De no maner marchant that to mony bealeth so hether he wyn to right or to wronge, or to blurge with such colour and couetife, commeth payd armed Be pth the lozde that liveth after the lufte of his bodye To walten on welfare, and on wicked kepynge All the worlde in a while throughour wit granyde Ce.t. Duod pferce pleughman,

Quod cofcience to al chrifte tho, my countel is to wen Pastely into buitte, and holde we by there And prai mes a peace wer in Dierces barne p plom for witterly I wot wel, p we be not of fregth (ma To gone agarne payde, but grace were with be Ind than came kinde to pere conscience to teache and cried and commaunded to all chaiften people for to delue and digge, depeaboute britte That holy kyzke stode in bnitie, as it a prie were Conscience commaunded tho all thristento delue And maken a much mote, that might be a livenoth To beloe holy kyzke, and bem that it kepeth Than all konne chaiften faue commen women. Repented and refused sinue, saue they onely And falle men flatterers, bluters and theues Lyers and queitmongers that were fortworne of: Wyttingelyand wilfully with the falle holden 2nd for spluer were for swoze, sothly they wyst it There has no chriften creature, that kind wit had Saue thewes onely fuche as I spake of That he ne halpe a quantitie holines to ware Some by bedes bidding, a fome by pilgrimage. and other prini paines, a some through paines delig And than welled water for wicked workes Carelyernynge out of mens even. Clemes of the commune, and clarkes cleane liuinge Made unitie holy kirke; in holynes to stande T care not quod Conscience, though prive come now The lorde of luft that be letted al this lent Thope Come quod Conscience, pe chzisten and dyne That have laboured lelly, all thys lente tyme pere is breade bleffed, and gods body therunder Grace

Grace throughegods worde, gave Pierce power

And might to make it, and men to eate it after

In helpe of their heale, once in a monthe

Or as oft as they had uede, tho that had payde

To Pierces pardon the plowman, neode quot betes

Howe, guod all the common, g councelest his to yelde

All that we owe any wight, er we go to housell

That is my councell quod coscience, a cardial bertues

That eche man forgine other, a that will the Pa. no.

Actumitte nobis debita nostra act.

and foto be afforled and futhen houseled. pea bawe quod a bruer, I wyll not be ruled By Telus for your langelyinge, in spiritus lunicte Reafter Conscience, by Chaifte while I can fell Both Dragges and Draffe, and Drawe it at an hole Thyche ale and thine ale for that is my kinde And not hacke after holines, hold thy tong Cofcience Of Spiritus iuflicie, thou fpeakeft much on ible. Cartife quod Conscience cursed weetche Unbleffed art thou bruer, but if the god helpe But if thou line by loze, of Spiritus inficie, The chiefe fede p pierce fewe, faued worttow neuer But Coscience the commune fedde, a cardinal bertues Leue well they be lofte, both life and foule Than is many a man lofte, quod a lewde bycozy That am a curatour of holi kyzke. a came neuer in mi Men to me coulde tell, of cardinal bertues De that couted Coscience at a cocks fether or an hens I ne knew neuer Cardinall, & he ne came fro the pope And we clarks wha they come, for their comens paie for their pelures a palfreis meat, a pilors p hem for The comune Clamat quotidie,ech ama to other (lowe Ce.ii. The Mietre Bloughman,

The contrey is the curseder that Cardinals come in And there theilia a lenge, moft lecherpthere regneth Therfore of this vicory by bery God I wold That no Cardinall come amoge the comme people But in their holynes helden them fixll At Anyon among the Jewes cum fancto fanctus evit Da in Rome as they rule well, the relikes to kepe and thou Conscience in kings courte, and thuldelt never come thense, And grace that thou gredelt lo of, gidar of al clerks. And Prees with his newe plom a eke with his olde, Emperonre of all p worlde pall men were chapiten, Imperfit is that Bope pall the worlde Chulde belpe, and fendich bem that fleeth fuch as he thuld faue, And well worth prets p plowma p perfieth God in Qui pluit fuper iuftoset iniuffos, attonce, And fent the fonne to faue a curfed mans tilthe As bright as to the best man or to the best woman Right so Prees the Plowman perneth him to tri As wellfor a wastor and wenches of the stewes As for him felfe a his feruauts faue heis first ferued And travelleth and tilleth for a traptor also fore, As for the true tide men all tymes plyke, And worthipid be he gwroght at both good a wikid And fuffreth & finfull be till some tyme & they repent, and God amed the Dopethat prileth holy kyzke and claymeth befozethe kinge to be kepe of chayften And coutethnot though christen be killed and robbed And find folketo fight and chaiften folke to fpyll, Agayn thold law a new lawe as Luke therof witnes Ron occides mihi bindiciam, etc, (Neth It semeth by so him selfe had hys well That

That hene retche right nought of all the remnant And Chaft of his curtely the Cardinals frame, And turne their wit to wifoome, a weale of her foule forthe comune & this Curatoure counten full lytle, The cousell of Constiene or Cardinall bertues, But if they fee as by fight form what to winning Dfaylene of gabing giue thou neuertale, for, Spiritus prudentie among the people is aple And all the foule bices as bertues they femed Echeman futtelleth a flight fynne forto bide and coloureth it for a cuming and a cleane lining Than laught there a lozd, and by the light fayde I holde it right and reason, of my reue to take All that mine auditour oz els my flewarde, Coucelleth me by their account a by clerkes wzitinge with & piritus intellectus, they leke the reues rollers And with Spiritus fortitudinis, fetchen it whole, And than came thera king and by his crowne layde. A am a king with crowne, p commune to rule And boly kirke and cleray from curied men to defend And if melacketh to lyue by the law will I take it There I may mooft haftely it have for I am head of for pe be but membres and Jaboue all Andlyth I am your allerhede, I am your allerhele, And holy church chiefe helpe a chefelt am of p como. Ind what I take of you two I take it of p teachig, Df Spiritus iufticle, foz I indge you all. So may I boldly be honseled, for I borowe neuer, De craue of my commune but as my kinde afketh, In condicion quod conscience that thou can Defende, And rulethy realme by reason as right wyll & truth, Take thou might in reason, as the law alketh **D**mnta pierce pleughman.

Omnia tua funt ab defendendum led non ad bepsedandum; The vicar had far home and faire he toke hys leue, And I awaked therwith and wrote as me met,

Baffus.rr.et primus be bobeft. Há I wét by ý waye whá I was thus awa Beuy chered I pede and eleng in hert (ked Ine wift where to eate ne at what place, and it nighed nye p none, and w nede I met That afrounted me foule, and faitour me called and thou not excuse the as dyd the kyng and other That thou toke to the bileue to clothes a to fustinace As byteachinge and by tellinge of fpiritus. teperancie, And thou nome namoze then nede the taught And nede hath no law ne neuer Gall fall in dette For thre thinges he taketh his lyfe for to fauc. That is meat wheme hi warne a he no money welde De wight p wilbe his bozow, a hath no wed to lique And he caught in that case a came therto by slenghtes De finneth not fothely, that so wynnesh hys fode And though he ca fo to a doth a ca no beter cheufface Dede anone right, winnerh him buder marne prise, And if him lyft for to lave the lawe of kynd wold. That he dronke at eche diche er he for thurst dred. So nede at great nede may nimen as for hys owne, Without couceil of confrience oz Cardinall bertues. So that he fewe and faue, Chiritus temperancie for ig no bertue by fer, to fpiritus temperancie. Depther Spiritus iuflicie, ne Spiritus fortitudinis, For spiritus fortitudinis forfeteth full oft He thall do moze then measure many a tyme and ofte. And beate men ouer bytter and some of them to litel,

And greueth men greater than good fayth it wolde, And spiritus maicie Chall funge will he myll be, After the kinges counsell, and the commen loke And coirieus prudencie in many pointes chall fayle Dethat he wencth wold faile, if his wittene were amening is no wilhomene wife ymaginacyon, Bomo proponit, Deus disponit, & gouerneth al good bers And nede is nert him for anon be meketh him, (tues And as low as a lambe, for lacking of g him nedeth, actie men forfoke weale, for they wold be nedve And weneden in wildernes and wold not berich And God all his great love goffly be left, And came and toke mankind and became nedy So nedy he was as fayth the boke in many fondaye That he faydin his forow on the felfe roode (places, Both fore and foule may fice and to hole crepe And the fythe hath fyn to flete with tozeft. Therenede hath innomed me p I muft nedes abide. And fuffre forowes ful foure, that thall to for turne. Therfore be nought abalbed to byde and to be nedy. De neuer none so nedyne poore died, mhan nede had bodone me thus anon I fell a fleve. and met full marueloully & in a mans forme Antichili came than and all the croppe of trueth Turned bplidoune, and ouer tilt the rote, and falle spring and spred and sped mens nedes In eche a contrepther he came he cut away trueth, And garte gile growethere as he of God were, frires folowed that fende, for he gaue hem copes And religious reverenced him and rang their belles. And all the couent furth came to welcome that tirant. And all his aswell as him, sauconely fooles ambich; sterce bloughman.

Whiche foles were well lever to dye than to lyue Lenger foth Leauty was fo rebuked And a faile fende Antechrifte, ouer all folke raygned and & were mild me a holy me, fino mischiefe brede Defieden all fallenes, and folke that it bled And what king & he coforted, knowing heary while They curled a her coulel, were it clarkes or lewde Antichaist had thus some hundaedes at his banner And pride it bare boldly about where he pede morth a Lord that liveth after the likenge of his body That came agayne Colcience, p heper was a gydour Duer kinde chailten, and cardinall bertues Froun ell quod Confrience, come with me foles Into bnitie, boly church, and bolde we by there and cry we to kinde, that he come and defende be foles fro thele fedes lims, for wiers love pplowma And cry we to all the commune, y they come to buitie And there abide and biker, againft Belials children. Kynd Coscience tho heard, a came out of the planetis And fent forth his fortiours, feuers and fluxes Coghes and cardiacles, crampes and toth aches Reumes and radgondes, and raynous scalles Byles and botches, and burnynge agues freneges and foule euill, fozagers of kinde Dadden pricked and praved polles of the people That largely a legion loften their live sone There was harowe and belpe here commeth kinde with death that is dreadefull to budone be all The lorde that lived after luft, tho aloude cried After confort a knight, to come a beare his banner A larme a larme quod p Lozd, ech life kepe his own And than met these men, their mynstrels myght pype and And their beraudes of armes . had beferfued Lordes age the hoose he was in the baw warde and bare p baner befoze beath, bi right beit claimed Expnde came after wyth many kene fores As pockes and peffiences, and much people thene So kinde through corruptions killed full many Death came dunyinge after, and to dust pashed. kynges and kaylers, knightes and Bopes Learned and lewde, he ne let no man frande That he hitte euen he neuer fode after Many a louely Ladge, and lemmans of knights Swonden and fweiten for forow of deathes dyntes Conscience of his curtefpe, to kinde be besought To cease and suffre, and se where they woulde Leue papde painelie, and be perfite chaiften 2 no kinde ceated tho, to fe the people amende fortune gan flatteren then, tho fewe that were alyus And hight bem longe life, and lechery We fene Amonges all maner men, wedded and buwedded 3nd gathered a great boff, all agarne Confctence This Lechery laybe on with a laughynge there And with a pringe speache and paynted wordes And armed him in idlenes, and in broth bearing Bebarea bowe in the hand, a many bloudy acrowes Mere fethered to faire behelt, a many a falle trueth worth hys butide tales, he tened full often Conscience and his company, of holy kirke p techers Than came Conetife and cafte howe he might Duercome Conscience, and cardinali bertues And armed him in anarice, and bongrily lyued His wepen was all wiles, to wynnen and to hiden with glolinges a to glabblinges, he giled the people Suno4 If.L

pleece plo ughman.

Symony bim fent to affarle conscience And preched to the people and prelates they maden, To hold with antichailt their temperalties to laue And came to kinges council as a kene bacon. And kneled to conscience in court afore them all, Andgarde good fayth flee and falle to abyde. And boldly bare downe with many a bright noble. Duch of the wit and wifedome of westminster hal Defutted tylla Judice, and infted in his eare And ouerifit al his truth, will take this apo amedmet And to the arches in hall he yede anone after, And turned cyule into fymonia fyth be toke thofficial For a mantell of minfuer be made lelly matrimonye, Departen er Death came, and deuourse Chaped Mas o conscience tho wold Chaift of his grace That couetife were a christe that is so kine a fighter. And bold and abiding while his bacce lafteth And than lough lyfe, and let dagge his clothes And armed him in half in harlottes wordes. And held holines a Tape and hendnes a wafter. And lete leautie a cherle, and ler a freman Conscience and councell he counted at foly, Thus leled lefe for a lytle fortune. And priked furth with pride, prayled hene bertue. He careth not how kinde fouth thall come at last And hyll all earthely creatures, faue confcience onely Lyfe lept afede and caught him a lemman. Bealth and I of he, and beautnes of herte Shall do the no crede nether Death ne Elde. And to forget death and grue nought of frame. Thus lyked lyfe and his lemman fortune. And gat in their glozy a gadling at last.

Dine

One that much we wrought fouth was his name, Slouth were wonder yerne, and some was of age and wedded one wanhope a wench of the flewes, Byz fyze was a fyfoz that never fwoze trueth One Tomme two tong, atteint of ech a quelt This Slouth was wate of warre, and a flyng mabe And threwe brede of dispapre, adoje myles aboute for care conscience the cereb apon ace. And bad him fend a light and afere wanhove. And age hent good hope, and haftely he thyfres him And warned awaye wanhop, a with lyfe he fighteth. And lyfe fleeth foz fere to philike after helpe. And befought him of his futcoure a of his falue bad. And gaue him gold good wonne p gladded his hart And they gave him agayne a glafen howne, Lyfe leucd that lechecraft let thuide Elde And brinen away death with dias and dragges. and Elde auentred him on lyte, and at latt he byt A philician with a furred hobe that he fell in the pally And their died that docter er thre dayes after, Row I fee land lyfe that furgery ne philike Day not a myte auayle, to medle agayne Cloe And in hope of his heale good harte he hente And rode fo to revell a tych place and a mery The company of comforth men clipped it some tyme And Cide anone after, and ouer my head thefrede And made me bald before and bare on my crowne, So hard he pede ouer my heade y it will be leue euer Sprenell taught Cloe Q I, bnheende ao wyth the. Sithe whan was the way over mens headese Baddelt g bene hende g J, g woldelt haue alked leue Pealeane lurdeng he, and layde on me with age, T.II. and Miercelolo ugh man.

And hit me buder the eare, bunneth may ich heare Be buffeted me about the mouth, and bet out my teth and grued me in goutes, I may not go at large, and of the wo that I was in my wyfe had ruthe, and withed full witterly that I were in heaven. To the lyme that the loued me for, a leef was to feele On nightes namely when we naked were, I ne might in no maner make it at hyz will. So Elde and the fothely had forbeaten it. And as I fatte in this folowe I fe kinde paffed And death drewe nere me, for drede gan I quacke. Ind cryed to kinde out of care me bringe Lo Elde the hoze hath me byfere. Awreke me if your wilbe for I wold be hence. Af thou wold be wroken, wend into wittie Ind hold the there ever tyll I fend for the. And loke thou konne fome craft ere thou come thence Counsell me kynd Q 3, what craft is best to learne, Learne to loue o kinde and leave all other. Dowe thall I come to cattel fo, to cloth me ato feder And thou love lelly o he, lacke thall the neuer, Meat ne worldly wede, whyle thy lyfe lafteth, And there by counsell of kinde, I comfed to tunne Through contricion & confessiotill I came to buitie, And there was conscience constable, christen to faue, And belieged Sothelie with fenen great Gyantes! That with antichzist holden harde agayn conscience. Sloth was his flyng and hard affatte made, Broude priefts come with him mo then a thowfand, In paltoks and piked thoes and piffers long kniues. Comen agayne conscience with couetyle they helben, By Bary o a manted prieft of the march of Treland,

I count no more conscience, by so I catche silver Than I do to brinke a braught of good ale, and fo fayd firty of the fame contrey and thorren againe with thote many a thefe of othes and brode hoked arowes, Gods hert and his nailes, and had almost buitye and holynes adowne Conscience creed beipe clergy or els 3 fall, Through imperfite prients a prelates of holy church freers harde him crye and came him to helpe. And for thei coud not wel her craft, colcience hem for Dede neighed tho nere, and cofcience he tolde That they came for couetyfe to have cute of foule, And for thefare pore peraueter for patrimony befate They flatter to fate well folke that bene ryche, (lith and forth they chosen chele and cheitif pouertie Let thechewe as they chole, a charge the w no cure, for Lomer he lyeth that lyuelode might begge, Than he plaboureth for linelod a leneth it beggers, Ind fith fryers for loke, the filicitie of the earth Let thein beas beggers or lyue by Angels foode, Conscience of this councell tho comsed to laugh, and curtelly comforted him and called in al fryers, and fard fres fothely welcome be you all To bnitie and holy church, onething I you praye hold you in bnitie and have no enuve. To lerned menne to lewde, but lyue after your rule; and I will be your bozow re thall have bred a cloth: and other necessaryes mowe re thall nothing farle, mith that re leave lodgike and learne to love, for love loft the lordthyp, both land and schole frer fraunces and dominite for loue to be holy. And if recouet cure, kynd wyll you teache. That:

Bictce Bloughman.

That in measure God made all maner thinges And let hem at a cecten and a leker nombre. And nempned names newe and nombred the flerres. mui numerat multitudinem fellatum & omnibus &c. Lynges and knightes that kepen and defenden, Bauc officers bnoer hem, and eche of hem certe And if they wage me to war they write bem innobre Dathey wil no treasure bem pay trauaile they neuer for all other in battel, bene holden bayboas (so soze Dylozs and pikeharneis, in eche a place accurfed, Monks and mongales and all men of relocion. Their order a their rule wold to haue a certe nombre Oflerned and of kwde, the lawe will and afketh, A certen for a certen, faue onely of fryers . Therfore or colcièce, by Chult kinde witte me telleth It is wicked to wage you, re were out of nombre, Deauen hath euen nombre, a bell ig without nombre Therfore I wolde witterly & pe were in p regiares, And your nobre undernotaries figne a neither mo ne Enuy hardthis and bad fryers go to schole. Andlerne logike and lawe, and eke contemplacion. And preache men of Plato, and prieue it by Senera. That all thinges bnder heaneought to be in comune And yethelyeth as I lene p to the lewde so precheth, for God mademen a lawe, and Boleg it taught. Bon concupilles rem prorimitui.

And evel is his holde in parithes of Englande, For parlons a paritie priestes y thuid y peple thrive Bene Curatuors called to know and to heale, To all p bene their parithens penance to enicigne and thuld beathamed in their thift, a thame makith Ind fice to p fryers , as falle folke to weftminder

That

That boroweth a beareth thider, a the biodithfreds perne of fogifenes orlenger yeres loone And while he is in westminster he wilbe befoze. And make him mery with other mens goods and fo it fareth with much folke p to fryers theineth As filours a executours they will grue the freers. A percell to pray for them a make them felfe merre, with p telidue a p renaut p other men be fwonken. and fuffce the dead in det to the day of dome, Enuy therfore hated conscience, And friers to philoliphy he found hem to schole, The while couetife and bukindnes, consciece affayled In buitie holy church, conscience healed him and made peace poster, to pinne the gates To all tale tellets and tutelets in voell. Proocrify and he an harde affaute they made Dipocrifyat gate bard ganto feight. And wounded well wickedlye many a wyle teacher. That w coscience accorded, and Cardynall bertues Conscience called a leche that could wel theyur, Go faluet bo p fick ben, and through finne wounded, Shaift Chope Charpe Calue and made hem do penance for their mildedes that they wrought hadden, And that piers were payde, kedde quod debes, Some lyked not this leche, and letters they lent-If any lurgeo were in the lege, & lofter could plaster Spr life to live in lechery lave there and groned, Forfaltyng of a fryday, he fared as he wold dre There is a lurgeon in this legethat loft can handle And moze of, philyke be can and fayzer be plattereth Die frier flatterer is philician and furgeon, Duod contricion to constience do him come to bnitte **#02** Micre Bloughman.

for here is many a man hurt through hypocrifie Que haue no nede & Conscience, I wot no better lech Than person or parithe priette, penitaucer or bithop Saue Bierce the plowman, p hath power ouer heal And indulgence may bo, but if that bette let it I may wel fuffet quod confcience, fringe pe befferen That frer flatterer befet,a philike pou leke The frer bereof harde, and hied full falte To a lorde for aletter Jeaue to haue curen As a curatour he were, and came to hys letters Boldely to the bythop, and his butefe had, In contres there he came in, confession to here And came ther Conscience was a knocked at o gate Deace bupinned it, was porter of buitie And in hafte asked what hys well were I farth quod this frier, for profit and for health Carpe I wold w corrition, a therefore I came bither Deis licke layde Peace, and lois many an other Proocrifie hath burt him, ful harde is be of couce am furgion layde the legge and falues can make Conscience knoweth me wel, and what I ca bo both I prave the guod Beace tho, ere thou palle further What hightest thou I pray the heale not thy name Certes layothys felowe, fyz penetrans domos. Go thy gates quod peace, by god for all thy philike But thou benne some craft thou comeft not berein I knewe such one once, not erabt winters passed Came in thug coped, at a court wher I dwelled And was my lordes leche, and my ladies bothe And at laste this limitour tho my lord was out He falued to our women, tril fome were to childe. Beende speach heete Beace to open the gates

Let in the frierand his felowe, a make him fair chere De may fe and heare, foit may befall That lyfe through his loze, thall leave couetife and be a drade of death, and withdrawe kim fro prid and accord to conscience, and kille either other. Thus through hende ipeach, entred the freez Ind came to Conscience, and curtilly him grete Thou art welcome o Colcience, canft f peale o liche Pere is contricion quod confcience, my cofin bouded Confort him quod coscience, a take kepeto his sores The playsters of person, and pouders beate to soze De letteth hem ligge ouer log, a loth is to chang hem from lenten to lenten, he let his playfters byten. That is overlog orhis Limitoz, I leue I halamed Ind goth a gropeth cotricio, a gaue him a plaifter it Dfa pryup payment, a I mal pray for you, And for all that ye bene holden to all my lyue longe And make you my Ladrein maffeg and in mattens As freets of our fraternicle, for a little lilner. Thus he goth a gadereth, a glofeth ther he thaineth Till contriction had cleaneforgoten to crye a to mene And wake for his works, as he was wont to bo for confort of hys confesionr, Contricton he los That is the fourteynest salue, for all kinnes synnes Solouthe feethat, and fo dyd price And commen with a bene wyll, conference to affayle Conscience cryed out and bade clearay belpe him Ind allo contricion, for to kepe the gate Belieth & dreameth laid Beace, & lo doth many other The freer with his philike, this folke hath enchauted And plaftred bem fo eafely, they bed no fynne Bi Chill & Coscience tho, I wol become a pilgrime duk

seterce soloughman, And walken as wybe as the world laffeth To leke Dierce the plowman, that paide may beffroy and that fryers had a finding, p for no nebe flatteren Ind cotrepledeth me Cofcience, now kind me aueng And lend me hap a heale,til I haue piers p plowma and fyth be grad after grace, til I gan awake. fints. TImpzinted at London by Roberte Crowley, dwellpng in Elpe rentes in Bolburne. The pere of out 1020. 20. D.L. *12421*

